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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Woburn Journal.

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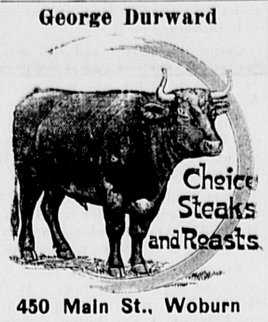
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MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.
On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,
From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR
Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.00 a. m., 12.30, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 5.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.
House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.
6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 5.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—
Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
22	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
34	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
36	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
38	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
39	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
40	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
65	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St.
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
261	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Meggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

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Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 a. m. and 12.45 p. m. denotes no session of schools.
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AN ODD MEETING

With One Who Had Been In a Different Position

By MILDRED LOUISE DODGE

The social world is a boiling pot. That which is under goes to the top and after whirling about awhile sinks again. The loss of fortune among the aristocrats of Europe produces disastrous effects on the losers. There is little or no hope of its recovery, and they must drop to a lower scale. They can't bear to live among people who have considered them far better than themselves.

There is now an American colony in every capital in Europe, and those who are financially able to entertain and be entertained have an easier entree to the one main social circle presided over by royalty than any other nationality, for the reason that since we have no titles in America no rank is expected of us. Some years ago a wealthy American gentleman named Tracy spent a month in Rome. His wife and daughter, Henrietta, had always moved in the upper circles of America, and, having friends in the



HE WAS LUIGI BRANDINI.

Eternal City to introduce them, they soon found themselves in the swim there.

Henrietta Tracy was much sought after by Italians, who would have been glad to marry a beautiful American with a fortune. Her only object in accepting their attentions was a natural desire to see the world in Rome. One young man she fancied, but he was supposed to be perfectly independent financially and did not seem inclined to join the throng of her suitors.

But the lady was not sure that indifference was the cause of his standing aloof, though she did not know. There are young men who are either too proud to enter into a competition for the hand of a girl pursued by fortune hunters or too sensitive to pay attention to such. But this young man, Luigi Brandini, was not a pauper and no such motive could be attributed to him, though his estate was said to be involved in a law suit of many years' standing.

Nevertheless Brandini showed Miss Tracy every attention he could without indicating that he was likely to become a suitor. The last time she saw him at a social function was a ball given at the Quirinal palace, where he was her partner more than once during the evening. He seemed gloomy, and Miss Tracy could not help wondering if her departure, which was to take place the next day, had anything to do with his depression. When she was leaving the palace the young man bid her goodnight and goodby with a far-away look in his eye that boded some impending calamity.

That was the last the Tracys saw of Rome for some time. From there they went to Berlin, thence to London and finally sailed from England to America.

Two years passed. One day Miss Tracy entered a restaurant in an American city with a party of friends for luncheon. When they were seated a waiter advanced with a napkin on his arm to serve them. Looking up at him Miss Tracy met his eye. The hot blood rushed to his cheeks and an expression of mingled pain and mortification showed itself in every feature of his face. The man recognized her as she recognized him. He was Luigi Brandini.

He turned and went away, and she saw him no more. Presently another waiter came and took the party's orders. It is needless to say that the luncheon had been spoiled for Miss Tracy. The face of one, she had last met as a guest in the Quirinal palace in Rome changed to a waiter in an American restaurant was appalling.

Being ignorant of what had caused this downward course in the social scale on the part of Brandini, she wrote a friend who made Rome her residence and who had recently come to America for a visit. In reply she was informed that soon after her departure from Italy an important suit of many years' standing between Luigi Brandini and a cousin had been decided in the court of last appeal against Brandini and made him a pauper. He had disappeared from Rome, and no one knew where he had gone. Rumor had it that he had enlisted in the French foreign legion; that he had committed suicide; that a bandit who was terrorizing a province in Sicily under the name of Catana was Brandini. For awhile these wild rumors went from mouth to mouth; then the poor man was forgotten by the social world as completely as if an ocean had closed over him.

Miss Tracy read the information imparted, and her sympathies went out all the more to her former acquaintance, especially at learning that his fall was not attended with disgrace. It was hard for her to understand that helplessness under which gentlemen of Europe who were not born to work experience when they are thrown out upon the world. It does not exist—certainly not to so great an extent—in America.

What could she do for Brandini? Nothing. The pride which had caused him to flee from such help as he might have received from his friends would prevent his accepting assistance from a woman he had known in that exclusive circle. One of the unseen abysses that beset the way of those who tread roseate paths had been suddenly exposed to her vision.

The only effort Miss Tracy felt herself in a position to make in Brandini's behalf was to inform her father of her meeting with the Italian with a view to learning if anything could be done for him. Mr. Tracy was disposed to help one who had contributed to his and his daughter's pleasure in a foreign land. He went to the restaurant where Henrietta had seen Brandini, described him to the proprietor and was told that a man answering that description had left his service on the day Miss Tracy had met Brandini. The proprietor did not know where he had gone. That ended the matter for the time being and possibly forever.

But Fate, who delights in arranging all sorts of complications for us, was working the matter in his own peculiar fashion. Many a man's career has been determined by some slight incident such as missing a train, falling into a river or running up against some one turning a corner. In this case the agent through which fate worked was a newspaper. Some eighteen months after Miss Tracy's meeting with Brandini in a restaurant she advertised for a chauffeur. Receiving several replies, she appointed a day and an hour when the applicants for the position might present themselves for inspection. When she entered the room where they were assembled and cast her eye over them whom should she see among the number but Luigi Brandini. His mortification was apparent in his scarlet face. He made a movement to retire but changed his mind. It was too late.

Miss Tracy questioned the men one after another, dismissing them as soon as examined until she came to Brandini. The two stood alone together. Brandini looking as if he would like to escape. Miss Tracy looked as if she would like to prevent him from doing so.

For a moment she hesitated whether to speak to him as a former friend or as an applicant for the position of chauffeur. She decided on the latter course.

"Your name?" she asked.

"Giovanni Ricadonna."

"How much experience have you had in running automobiles?"

"None whatever, signora. I am sure I would not suit you. I should not have answered your advertisement."

"Nevertheless I like your appearance and think that, after a little practice, you will be able to drive my auto very well. You are engaged."

"Pardon me, signora. I am quite sure I should not be able to"— He stopped, bowed his head and fixed his eyes on the floor.

"Signor Brandini," said the lady, "you are among friends."

There was no reply to this. He did not even raise his eyes.

"You Romans," she continued, "were very kind to us when we were in Italy. My father, my mother and I were indebted to you among others for a very pleasant sojourn in your Italian capital. Perhaps my father may be able to help you out of this quagmire into which you have fallen."

He raised his eyes to hers.

"I wish you would consult him in reference to your affairs. He would consider it a favor if you would permit him through you to return some of the favors received from your countrymen while we were in Rome."

"There is nothing he can do for me, signora."

"You mean that your ancestral pride will not permit you to accept anything at his hands. In that you are wrong. Indeed, you are absurd. You need some one to throw a switch to turn the rails of fate and place you on the main track."

"Signora, you are apt at condensing the expression of ideas."

"Give me your address."

He acceded to her request, and she secured a promise from him to answer any communication that might be sent to him. Then she permitted him to depart.

That was some years ago. Now Luigi Brandini is a member of the Italian parliament, and his wife, formerly Miss Tracy, is prominent in Roman social life and, possessing a fortune, can afford certain important charities. The Romans have often tried to learn where Brandini passed those years that he was lost to Rome, but have never succeeded. Of all concerned the Tracy family are the only ones who know that the legislator once swung a napkin in an American restaurant.

TAFT'S RECORD AGAINST TRUSTS

Sherman Law Enforced Without Fear or Favor.

EXCELS HIS PREDECESSORS.

Both in Civil and Criminal Prosecution Taft Administration Breaks All Records—Legal Accomplishments of Five Presidents Compared.

TAFT'S ANTI-TRUST RECORD.

Under the last five administrations prosecutions under the Sherman anti-trust law have been brought as follows:

	Civil suits.	Criminal suits.	Total.
Under Harrison (three years)....	4	3	7
Under Cleveland (four years).....	5	2	7
Under McKinley (four and one-years).....	Three bills in equity.		
Under Roosevelt (seven and one-half years).....	18	25	44*
Under Taft (two years and eleven months)..	22	40	62

*One property seizure.

The ratio of prosecutions, allowing for length of time in office, of the Taft administration as compared with the records of its four immediate predecessors is approximately as follows:

Taft over Harrison.....	9 to 1
Taft over Cleveland.....	12 to 1
Taft over McKinley.....	30 to 1
Taft over Roosevelt.....	4 to 1

President Taft's administration has broken all records for prosecutions brought and won under the Sherman anti-trust law. Without fear or favor it has brought to the bar of justice corporations and persons engaging in illegal combinations in restraint of trade, the ultimate purpose of each combination being to create a monopoly and to raise the prices on its products. In two years and eleven months of his administration President Taft has caused to be brought four more civil suits and fifteen more criminal prosecutions than Mr. Roosevelt brought in the seven and one-half years of his administration.

Until Mr. Taft became the president the administration of Mr. Roosevelt held the record in both particulars. Thus has President Taft, who was Mr. Roosevelt's right arm during his last administration, kept his pledge to the American people to uphold and maintain the policies of his predecessor in punishing the criminals and undesirable element in the big business of the country.

In the Republican national platform of 1908 reference was made to the prosecution of evil trusts and monopolies as one of the great accomplishments of the Roosevelt administration, and the platform declared that the Sherman anti-trust law had been a wholesome instrument for good in the hands of a wise and fearless executive. In his speech of acceptance Mr. Taft pledged himself to the enforcement of this law and has kept his promise.

Problems Confronting Taft.

Stripped of controversy as to the exact meaning of certain language of the Sherman anti-trust act, the questions that had to be determined by those in administrative authority and those who judicially determine their acts were, first, how effective the law was to reach the great aggregations of formerly competitive producers and dealers, individual and corporate, who, through intercorporate stockholding mergers, consolidations and otherwise, had acquired so great a control over a particular line of industry as to enable them to dominate it and to exclude or admit competition as they might choose upon their own terms.

Secondly, to determine whether that construction of the law was correct which had been given to it by some of the judges of the circuit court in New York in the tobacco case and in the opinions of some of the justices of the supreme court in other cases to the effect that any combination which in any respect operated to restrain to any degree a pre-existing competition in interstate commerce was necessarily condemned by law.

In the three years of the Taft administration all of the sixteen cases left pending by the previous administration have been disposed of except two, which have been argued and submitted to the supreme court of the United States and are now awaiting decision. Of the remaining cases the Standard Oil case was argued early during the present administration and, after an appeal, decided entirely in favor of the government. The same was also true of the tobacco cases, with the ultimate result of the disintegration of that big trust into four-teen separate and distinct corporations. This, it is believed, will effectively prevent a continuance of the monopolistic conditions complained of.

Taft Anti-trust Record.

During the Taft administration up to February, 1912, twenty-two civil suits have been brought and forty criminal indictments found under the Sherman law, making in all sixty-two proceedings. As a result there were fifteen indictments, and eleven of these involved eighty or more defendants. Eight out of twelve defendants were convicted on one indictment after trial by jury and their conviction confirmed by the court of appeals, and thirteen criminal prosecutions are pending.

A brief review of the cases brought under the anti-trust law during the administration demonstrates clearly its value to the American people in their protection of that equality of opportunity which is declared by the platform of the Republican party to be the right of every citizen.

Reference to a few of the anti-trust cases brought by the Taft administration gives an excellent idea of the hardships some of these illegal combinations entail upon consumers. In the prosecution of a case against a number of individuals who attempted to corner all the free cotton remaining of the crop of 1903 it resulted in a raise in the price of that commodity to the spinners, prevented some from making any purchases and was therefore restraining interstate commerce.

In like manner the government took cognizance of the pooling in the wire industry, with the result that nine indictments were found in New York against eighty-three persons engaged in that business. It was an illegal restraint of trade, and when the court proceedings had been finished the various defendants were fined in amounts averaging $1,000 each, with the exception of the supervisor of the pool, who was fined $45,000.

One of the most outrageous cases of combination in restraint of trade and a notable violation of the Sherman law was that of the hand blown window glass industry. Practically all of the manufacturers (eighty-three in number) formed a company which controlled the entire output of hand blown glass. As a result the price was advanced 100 per cent within less than a year. The indictment of the men responsible, the imposition of fines and the restoration of the business upon its former lines were followed by a substantial reduction in the price of hand blown glass.

The federal government is prosecuting suits against the beef trust and the lumber trust with every promise of victory.

No Brass Band.

Brass bands and megaphones have not been needed to herald the accomplishments of the administration of President Taft. All of the great achievements for which the president is directly responsible have been accomplished quietly and without the slightest semblance of noise or bluster. The voters of the country displayed their faith in President Taft and his policies in 1908, and they are prepared to renominate and re-elect him.

Turkish Medicine.

Old fashioned Turkish physicians have plenty of remedies for cholera. An agate in the pocket and a hyacinth on the neck are much esteemed, but the bone of a dead child carried in the pocket is nearly as efficacious. Cholera, we learn, is caused by the moon. Therefore a sufferer should drink decoctions of laurel while Mars or Mercury is in the ascendant, since these planets are unfriendly to the moon.

First Mail Coach In 1784.

A theater owner was responsible for the first mail coach in 1784. John Palmer, Bath, England, saw that it took four days to get his actors from London. He went to the government authorities and persuaded them to start a number of coaches to carry the mails and that these coaches should be built for speed and drawn by the fastest animals in England. In a little while a revolution was worked.

Promise and Performance

What the Republican Platform of 1908 Pledged.

And What President Taft and His Party Have Performed.

PROMISE.	PERFORMANCE.
Tariff revision along protective lines, with a maximum and minimum provision.	Payne bill, reduction downward, tariff board, maximum and minimum, veto of bills which violated principle of protection.
Free interchange of products with Philippines.	Embodied in Payne tariff act.
Development of permanent currency system.	Report of currency commission submitted and pending.
Establishment of postal savings banks.	Postal banks in operation. Millions already deposited.
To increase power of government to control trusts and secure greater publicity of corporation methods.	Federal incorporation act recommended, anti-trust law strictly enforced, corporation excise tax, providing for publicity imposed by Payne tariff act.
National supervision of railroad stocks and bond issues.	Stocks and bonds commission created, exhaustive report on subject submitted.
Enactment of employers' liability law and other laws further advancing interests of American workingmen.	Employers' act submitted, law limiting hours of employment enforced, compulsory compensation act pending, bureau of mines established.
To define authority of courts with regard to writ of injunction and uphold integrity of courts.	Measure based on president's recommendation pending, Arizona recall provision vetoed.
Extension of rural free delivery.	Rural free delivery extended.
More federal aid in agricultural experiments.	Operations of agricultural department vastly enlarged.
Enforcement of fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth amendments to the constitution.	Strictly enforced. Sixteenth adopted by congress, submitting income tax amendment to the states.
Conservation of natural resources and improvement of waterways.	Bond issue for irrigation projects, "pork barrel" method of river and harbor appropriations abolished, comprehensive conservation policy adopted.
To maintain and promote American army and navy.	Army reorganized, maneuvers that gave it mobility, two battleship program submitted.
Expansion of foreign commerce.	China opened to American finance, increased commerce with all the world.
Liberal pensions for war veterans.	Pension roll liberally maintained.
Protection of American citizens abroad.	Russian treaty abrogated because of discrimination against American citizens.
Obedience to and maintenance of civil service laws.	Laws obeyed to the letter and enforced, extensions put in effect and others recommended.
Greater efficiency in public health agencies.	Bureau of health recommended, pure food laws enforced.
Statehood for New Mexico and Arizona.	New Mexico and Arizona admitted.
Extension of principle of arbitration.	Arbitration treaties with Great Britain and France negotiated, ratified with amendments.
Citizenship for Porto Ricans.	Measure pending.

Deserves Another Term.

Representative J. Hampton Moore, who is well known in many different sections of the country on account of his active interest in waterway improvements, in discussing the administration of President Taft has this to say:

"President Taft ought to be renominated and elected because he stands for stability. He should be nominated because it has been generally conceded by Republicans since the first day he entered the office that the same treatment would be accorded him with respect to a second term that is usually accorded to Republican presidents who have done well. There is no good party excuse for not nominating him. He should be elected because, while not a political president in the sense that he has played politics to the satisfaction of all elements of his party, he has in fact been a broad gauge president, conservative in all matters affecting the dignity of the office and the obligations assumed by him to sustain and uphold the constitution and the laws of this country."

Taft's Efforts For Peace.

Honesty of intention, stability of purpose and a firm faith in the principles of the party of Lincoln, Grant and McKinley are some of the characteristics of President Taft. Familiar with the horrors of war, as well as the enormous expense that it always entails, independent of the vast expenditures required to keep a great nation upon a constant war footing, the president has persistently sought to promote a worldwide peace of nations by international agreement. Any failure of accomplishment in furthering this worthy cause cannot be charged to the president.

DELEGATES FOR TAFT.

On Saturday, March 23, 1912, the number of delegates elected to the Republican national convention pledged to President Taft were as follows:

Alabama	20
District of Columbia	2
Florida	12
Georgia	22
Indiana	4
Iowa	8
Michigan	4
Missouri	6
New Mexico	7
Oklahoma	4
Philippines	2
South Carolina	14
Tennessee	14
Virginia	24
Total	143
Necessary for choice	539

One Whole Day.

Every day is a little life, and our whole is but a day repeated. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal. Those that dare misspend it desperate.—Bishop Hall.

His Threat.

"He must be a perfect savage."

"Why?"

"He threatens his wife with his club when they have a difference."—Variety Life.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1912

MAINE'S WEALTH.

The principal sources from which the State of Maine derives her wealth are lumber, fisheries, potatoes, apples, and hay. To these might be added others of but slightly less productive importance, such, for example as their dairies, ice, quarries, summer residents, cattle, game, manufacturing industries; but the outputs of the staples mentioned are those now and in the future will be mainly depended on for increase of the State's riches.

These facts are realized and fully appreciated by the leading wealth producers on whose condition largely depends that of all other business interests. With the exception of lumber, perhaps, more attention is being given and capital invested every succeeding year in the other staple, or fixed, sources of Maine's wealth.

Maine leads in the production of apples and potatoes, her fisheries yield a large and steadily increasing income; in the Boston market may always be found the products of her forests and farms.

Operators have discovered good money in these pursuits and are turning their attention more generally to them.

Eventually apples and potatoes will "rule the roost" in the State of Maine.

FEELS PROUD.

Woburn congratulates itself on its rare good fortune in securing a valuable relic of the illfated U. S. warship Maine, of which the JOURNAL gave a brief notice last week.

There were only three of her Ventilator Cowls to be distributed as presents by the Naval Department among the numerous applicants for them, and of these Woburn secured one; Los Angeles, California, one; and the Rock Island Arsenal located on an island in the Mississippi River between the city of Rock Island on the Illinois shore and Davenport, Iowa —the largest arsenal owned by the U. S. Government—the third. It was commanded by Col. Frank Hobbs at the time of his death last year.

There was a great rush and scramble for relics of the Maine, especially for those cowls, and Woburn has a right to feel proud of the possession of one of them, the credit for which and the thanks of this city being due to the good work of Congressman Samuel W. McCall, Arthur W. Whitcher, and other patriots.

THE PRIMARY.

The Massachusetts Presidential Preference Primary is to be held on April 20, for which Delegates at Large and District Delegates have been chosen.

The Republican candidates are Taft, Roosevelt and La Follett. The Democratic candidates are Foss, Clarke, Wilson.

☞ No person has been able to trace to a reliable origin the rumor set afloat a couple of weeks ago that President Charles S. Mellen of the N. Y., Hartford & N. H. Railroad Company is to become President of the New York Central, and it is generally thought there was no basis for it. It is said that there has been friction in the Directory of the Hartford Company for some time which reached such a pitch that President Mellen, so it was reported, threatened to resign. An "armed neutrality," the story went on to say, was temporarily established, and peace in the Board now reigns. All of which was rumor.

☞ That the Woburn National Bank is managed by skilful and careful financiers—John W. Johnson, President, and John C. Buck, Cashier,—and that its benefits to this city are realized and appreciated by people who have and handle money, is abundantly proved by the fact that from March 1906, to March 1912 its daily average deposits were increased from $292,000 to $714,000. This shows a remarkable growth of the Bank, and confidence of the public in its soundness, as well as approval in the conduct of its business.

☞ In the interests of suffering humanity as it is found in country printing offices the Massachusetts Milk Consumers Association ought to be squelched. It is "run" solely to boom the "Ellis Bill," whatever that may be, and its literature is getting to be Oh! so stale and tiresome!

☞ The School Board have wisely postponed uniforming J. M. Portal's W. H. S. Cadets until next fall. There isn't time enough left of the present school year to install a uniformed Military Department in the High School.

☞ The Legislative Committee on Metropolitan Affairs had bad weather last Tuesday in which to come out here and study the Woburn Boulevard question.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

A. F. Converse—Citation.
Wood, Putnam & Wood—Crosby's.
Woburn Co-operative Bank—Notice.
City of Woburn—Assessor's Notice.
Edison Elec. Illum. Co.—Mazda Lamps.
Wood, Putnam & Wood—Macullar Parker Co.

— According to the testimony of the Kicker Pleasant street is out of repair again.

— The Woburn Co-operative Bank are to hold their annual election Thursday evening, April 11.

— Ward W. Hart possesses all the qualifications needed in the makeup of a firstclass Mayor of Woburn.

— The Spring Poet has not been numerous here yet. He generally comes with the daffodil, parsnip, and frog.

— Last week the Board of Cemetery Commissioners elected Stillman S Hovey Superintendent to succeed Marcus H. Cotton.

— The Platt Iron Works Company of Dayton, Ohio, have sued the City of Woburn in the sum of $15,000 which they claim is due for the new pump.

— This is Good Friday, the meaning of which is well known to the readers of the JOURNAL Day after tomorrow will be the first Sunday in Easter.

— "The Lady of Doughty's Falls" left Woburn last Saturday via Auburndale, Lynn, and Quampiggin Landing, for her pleasant home in the State of Maine.

— At 7 o'clock last Wednesday morning, April 3, a smart snowstorm was in progress; an hour later the sun was out with a strong N. W. wind blowing.

— The Woburn Board of Assessors are out again listing property for taxation. It is to be hoped that they will discover a material increase of taxable personal.

— A generous use of Farmer Copp's pure cider vinegar on raw cabbage will be found a sure preventative of the "Spring Fever" and other malarial complaints.

— "As true as preaching" Col. George B. of Bennett street worked in his flower garden last Saturday preparing it for this year's use. Verily, the Col. is smart.

— For firstclass boasting of its job printing feats commend us to our cotemporary on Main street and Church avenue every time. He lately gave a fine sample of it.

— On last Saturday morning, March 30, a flock of wild geese were discovered flying northward over this city, a sure sign of the end of winter weather and the arrival of real Spring.

— Mr. William Horatio Clarke, the eminent organist and composer, has lately written a song entitled "Our Naval Heroes," which will be sung at the Memorial Day ceremonies in this city on May 30.

— The advertised inspection of the Woburn Boulevard by the Legislative Committee on Metropolitan Affairs of which Mr. Joe Henry Parker of this city is an active member, did not materialize last Saturday.

— The engagement is announced of Miss Louise Kittredge to Mr. Samuel B. Haynes, both of Boston. Miss Kittredge is a daughter of the late Henry G. Kittredge of Reading, and is well known in this city.

— She wrote to her folks here a few days ago that potatoes were then fifty cents a peck at Mattapan with a prospect of going higher. She said she would like to know why this is thus. Ask the Aroostook farmers why.

— Some surprise has been expressed that Dr. Stewart, Chairman of the Woburn Board of Health, was not a speaker at the Health meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in Lyceum Hall the other afternoon.

— At 2 o'clock last Sunday afternoon, March 31, the temperature in Boston was 64 degrees, the warmest day in the year 1912, and the last day of March in any year. It must have been higher than 64 out here in the country.

— First church was thronged with people last Sunday evening who gathered there to enjoy the Lenten musical entertainment. It was a great concert that would have delighted Minister Carter who founded the church, had he been present.

— Messrs. John G. (Judge) and Frank W. Maguire, Lawyers, are to abandon their office in the Angelo Crovo Block, which the Senior has occupied for more than 20 years, and take their business quarters in the Johnson building.

— The following are the polling places designated at which to hold the primaries: Ward 1, Music Hall; Ward 2, Hose House, Prospect street; Ward 3 and 4, Lyceum Hall; Ward 5, Hose House, Thorne street; Ward 9, Vidette Hose House, Main street; Ward 7, Cummings' Hose House, Willow street.

— The Lenten entertainment at First church last Sunday evening was fine. A large assembly enjoyed it. The weather was also fine. The Managers had put in a good deal of work and money to insure its success, which was fully accomplished. The series, continued through Lent, have given the people much pleasure.

— "March went out like a lamb" all right last Sunday, which was one of the hottest days of the present Spring. It "came in" without any special happenings to distinguish it from other days; but its exit furnished a subject for general remark by its untimely and extraordinary heat. How March came in or went out is not a matter of vital importance, anyway.

— The JOURNAL heartily congratulates Mr. Benjamin A. Tripp, the well known undertaker of Prospect street, this city, and his good wife on reaching the 61st anniversary of their wedding day last Tuesday, April 2. They are estimable people, who, their host of friends are glad to know, are enjoying the best of health and are happy.

— The delegates from the Burbank W. R. C. 84, who attended the W. R. C. State Convention held in the Shawmut Avenue Congregational church, Boston, last Tuesday, were: President, Mrs. Annabelle Brown, Mrs. Pauline Whitten, Mrs. S. A Woodside, Mrs. Lottie A. Greene, Mrs. Henrietta Dickenson, Mrs. Minnie Phillips. It was a large, pleasant and profitable occasion.

— "Telephone Topics for March is a beauty.

— Today occurs Woburn's regular Good Friday holiday.

— Mr. Charles B. Bryant celebrated his 90th birthday on April 2, 1912.

— They say there is going to be a good deal of extra fine Easter music at the Woburn churches next Sunday.

— The Sunny Corner Class of the M. E. church are making arrangements for their annual Patriotic Supper and entertainment, to be held Friday, April 19.

— If you are after a suit of clothes made of the best spring fabrics, latest styles, fashionable cut, thoroughly sewed, pockets ad lib., lowest prices, warranted not to rip, rag or ravel, interview Fred Flint.

— Mr. H. D. Hemenway of Northampton gave an excellent lecture on "How to beautify Home Grounds" in the Burbeen Free Lecture Course last Wednesday evening. It furnished points for Charlie French's Village Improvement Society to work on.

— Successful liquor raids were made by the police under the direction of Chief McDermott last Sunday. Considerable quantities of intoxicating drinks were seized. Our police are doing good temperance work in Woburn.

— Chairman James A. Connolly of the Board of Principal Assessors remains in the Board's rooms to look after visitors this week while the other two members, Clancy and O'Neil, are on the warpath accompanied by the Assistant Assessors, viz: Ward 1, Rufus Hayward; Ward 2, Thomas Martin; Ward 3, Charles Porter; Ward 4, Al Jones; Ward 5, William Greenough; Ward 6, J. Joseph McHugh; Ward 7, Edward Aylward.

— News reached the JOURNAL establishment early last Tuesday morning that the price of potatoes had advanced to $1.80 a bushel, with prospects of a still further rise before night. Durward and Linnell, leading Woburn marketmen, say there is no relief from this heavy burden in sight. With coal at $8 75 a ton; potatoes from $1 80 to $2.00 a bushel; cabbages 5 cents a pound, and other necessaries of life in proportion, how can we poor people live.

— Matrons for the annual May Party have been named as follows: Mrs. F. Leroy Pratt will be in charge of the May Pole dance, Mrs. Herbert S. Dennison will be matron for the butterfly dance, Mrs. W. G. Stretton will have charge of the Japanese girls, Miss Esther Bean will be the matron of the Danube dance and the Pierot-Pierotte dance will be in charge of Mrs. George B. Russell. Preparations for the Party are well advanced and give promise of a grand affair.

— "April showers bring forth May flowers" If by May flowers is meant the trailing arbutus, then it should be written as one word—Mayflowers; if it means all the flowers that bloom in the month of May, then it should be made two words of. Compound words are an abomination and but little used in English composition. A few antiquated writers still cling to them. By the way, isn't it about time for Mayflowers to put in an appearance.

— On the authority of a P. C. mailed at San Antonio, Texas, a few days ago the JOURNAL is plesed to announce that Rev. Henry C. Parker, its beloved Pastor, will preach in his pulpit at the Unitarian church of Woburn, at 10 30 A. M., on April 7, 1912, and that the theme of his Easter sermon will be "A Religion of Joy." For several weeks last past Rev Mr. Parker, accompanied by Mrs. Parker and their daughter, has been pruning the Lord's vineyard and planting gospel seed in the Lone Star State.

Easter Services.

Easter Concert at First Baptist Church, Sunday, April 7, at 4 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

Organ Voluntary. W. Lowell Brown
Chorus. God Hath Sent His Angels.
Scripture Reading. Assistant Supt.
Invocation. H. B Williams, Pastor
Chorus. Near the Tomb Where Jesus Slept.
Recitation. The Child at the Door. Emily Bromley
Recitation. To Give Is To Love. Anna Matson
Recitation. Life and Promise. Eleanor Johnson
Solo and Choir Chorus. O Risen Lord. Master Chesterton Gordon
Remarks by the Pastor. H. B Williams
Reading. Superintendent
Reading. Miss Ada Dorr
Reading. Deacon W. H. Lewis
Chorus. Twine the Easter Garland.
Reading. Mrs. Joseph Cole
Reading. Miss Bessie Barrett
Reading. Miss Eva Ward
Reading. Deacon J. W. Hammond
Reading. Mrs. George Gordon
Male Quartette.
Offering.
Hymn 137. School and Congregation
Benediction.

First Congregational Church, Easter Evening at 7 o'clock.

PROGRAMME.

Jesus Lives *Schnecker*
Awake Thou that Sleepest *Schnecker*
Magdalene *Warren*
Church Quartette
Alto Solo Miss Nira Donnelly Coffen
with violin obligato by
Mr. Harold Eaton Riegger
Duet Power Eternal from Stabat Mater *Rossini*
Miss Mary C. Oglivie
Miss Nira Donnelly Coffen

AMUNDSEN.

Skalds of the Northland! arouse from their slumbers
Runes that were old in the red dawn of Time:
Never such hero-deed wakened their numbers
In your proud race's impetuous prime.

Have ye mused, drearily: "They have all vanished—
Sea-kings who made the wide nations their slaves,
With their grim gods to oblivion banished
Dark as the waters that roll o'er their graves?"

Lo! a clear trumpet-blast blown from the regions
Locked in the grasp of perpetual ice,
Telling man's victory over the legions
Leagued to exact the most pitiless price.

Homeward sweep tidings of stirring Norse glory
From the antipodal pivot of earth,
Sequel sublime to the Sagas' strange story,
Climax of centuries' daring and worth.

Spirit which fired the old war-lords intrepid
Still dost thou breathe in bold Norway's strong sons!
'Tis no degenerate stream, dull and tepid,
Flows in the veins of these resolute ones.

Challenging rang in their ears the defiance
Obstacles hurl at the valiant of soul;
Forth then they sailed, their stout hearts their reliance,
Passed through all barriers straight to the goal.

Honor the brave band who followed the leader
Firm in the faith life's appointed ones know:
Age-guarded secrets unfaltering reader,
On through the years his just praises shall grow!

Hail and proclaim him victorious Viking,
Globe-girder dauntless, elect pioneer,
Out of the world its last mystery striking,
Winning for knowledge its final frontier.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

The real novelty of the season is promised for B. F. Keith's Theatre next week, when an all-women vaudeville show will be the attraction. Of the sixty odd artistes on the program, everyone will be of the fair sex. Aside from the unusual nature of this attraction, the week will be notable for the return to Boston after several years' absence, of Caroline B. Nichols and her famous Fadettes and Willa Holt Wakefield. The Fadettes return from a long tour of the South and West, where they won fresh laurels.

THE HOLLIS STREET.

Miss Billie Burke is coming to the Hollis St. Theatre, Boston, to begin her annual two weeks' engagement on Easter Monday (April 8) Miss Burke was the Easter attraction at the Hollis last year too and it is a custom that ought to be encouraged for Miss Burke, more than any other actress on the American stage, represents springtime and youth and all that sort of thing. Charles Frohman is presenting her this season in "The Runaway" and the critics have agreed that this is "the best of all Billie Burke's comedies." Miss Burke played a long and very successful engagement in "The Runaway" at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, last autumn and since then she has taken the piece to Philadelphia, Chicago and numerous other cities and has scored a triumph in it wherever she has gone.

THE TREMONT.

THE OPERA WILL REMAIN IN BOSTON ONLY A LITTLE WHILE LONGER.

The most noteworthy musical event of the entire season is the engagement at the Tremont Theatre of Marguerita Silva and her excellent company in Franz Lehar's newest light opera "Gypsy Love." It is no exaggeration to say that "Gypsy Love" has been the musical sensation of the past year, while Mme. Sylva, already recognised as a beautiful and fascinating diva of exceptional attainments in both Europe and America, has literally achieved a triumph in the leading role of Zorika. Mme. Sylva has been received with such unbounded enthusiasm in the realm of grand opera the past five years, that it is superfluous to say that only a role like Zorika could have tempted her from the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Woods has mounted the production lavishly, has engaged an augmented orchestra, and has surrounded Mme. Sylva with a strong company and a large and beautiful chorus. The leading tenor role of the gypsy will be sung by Arthur Albro, a new Austrian singer. Others in the cast are George Bickel, the well known comedian; Frances Damarest, Dorothy Webb, Carl Haydn, Robert J. Pitkin and Charles Morrison.

A Quarter Century Before The Public.

Over five million samples given away each year. The constant and increasing sales from samples, proves the genuine merit of Allen's Foot Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes for Corns, Bunions, Aching, Swollen, Tender feet. Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Methodist Church.

Sunday morning the pastor, Rev. F. M Estes, will speak on "The Significance of the Empty Tomb." The chorus under the direction of Mrs. H F. Keeler, will render special Easter music.

At 6 o'clock the Easter exercises will be given by the Sunday School and the chorus will render the cantata "The Risen King."

North Woburn.

The dedication of the organ given by Mr. B. Frank Kimball in affectionate memory of his wife at the North Congregational church last Sunday was largely attended It was a pleasing and impressive ceremony. It is a fine organ, and a valuable gift to the church. It was presided over by Mr. Saunier during the exercises.

Crosby's RESTAURANT
19 School St., Boston

7 Doors West of Washington St.
Half a Block from the Tunnel.
Two Blocks from the Subway.

Crosby's is a clean, modern restaurant in a convenient location.

CROSBY'S RESTAURANT 19 SCHOOL ST.

Phases of Woburn History.

The Period Between 1857 and 1861.

BY WILLIAM R. CUTTER.

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

Our readers, I am sure, will peruse with great interest the following communication from a former resident of Woburn, whose address is now Machisport, Maine. The distance of this place will show how extensively the *Journal* is read. I take this opportunity to thank our friend for his letter, which contains another reason for the action of the religious council which agitated this community in years long ago. The subject is worthy of serious attention, and all the more so, because the writer of the letter is an experienced clergyman. I have entitled the communication.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL COUNCIL AT NORTH WOBURN. ANOTHER VIEW.

DEAR MR CUTTER:—I have been much interested in your articles on Woburn history. Although they, as yet, refer to a period previous to our residence there, they touch upon persons whom we knew and were interested in. For example, on that notable Fourth of July, Annie and Lizzie were archers, while Miss Josie Coburn (Seward) was the Goddess of Liberty, and a handsome one.

I was also interested in the theological rumpus over the attempted ordination at North Woburn. The fact is that the man's examination showed something "rotten in Denmark," as was afterward shown by his going over to the Unitarians. The ministers probably felt it by certain signs that would not be obvious to a layman, just as a scientist may draw certain deductions in an experiment that would not be marked by any one ignorant of science. If you have read Philip Schaff, on the "creeds of Christendom," you will see that there is a consensus of faith in the whole Christian church on the fundamental doctrines, and that one doctrine cannot be altered without a corresponding alteration in the rest. One who is educated in the history of doctrine can tell from what might seem a chance phrase in a sermon or examination just where the utterer stands in belief.

If, for example, he talks much of the divinity of Jesus (seldom Christ) and never refers to the Saviour as God, it is a pregnant hint as to the whole of his Christology. So he may speak much of Jesus as a Son of God, and mean little, or much of Christ's sacrifice, while he believes that the sacrifice did not essentially differ from that of St. Paul.

I must beg pardon for inflicting this disquisition on you. I rejoice, however, whenever a minister is tracked to his hole, for a minister should be a man and come out flat-footed with his belief, whatever it may be.

Yours, most sincerely,

J. C. BODWELL

The following two statements are made on the authority of one who was personally cognizant with the facts.

The Woburn Natural History Society performed some valuable work It discovered that Woburn is one of the best places for objects of natural history: "rich in comparison with other places with which I am acquainted with." John Cummings, Rev Dr. Stebbins and Dr. Truman Rickard were among its most active members Some were too busy to properly attend to it One discovery was the hatching of land snails Another was the development of lichens. Others might be mentioned, such as the existence of coal oil in this vicinity. A great coral like polypus was found, big as a bushel basket. "An intelligent Baptist clergyman from Winchester demonstrated that he found coal oil at Revere Beach. From my own observation I think it came from soft coal smoke. The smell of the same oil distilled from the air is found about the wharves of Boston, and I have found Adams Square full of it."

Mr. Page's boy, who died of the smallpox, was unvaccinated, and caught the disease from some old clothes, which his father, an auctioneer, had bought to sell. The son was an only child, and the disease was a confluent one. "As the undertakers did not dare to bury him, Mr. Page and I wrapped him in a sheet and comforter, and buried him late at night in the cemetery on Railroad Street present [Montvale Avenue]. A weird task."

The above statement sets at rest a number of baseless rumors, current at the time, regarding this gruesome occurrence. Whatever blame may be attached to any one connected with this sad case, its necessities were apparent, and immediate action on the part of some person was necessary. The father and the physician naturally took the situation in hand, and performed what was evidently their bounden duty The old Roman poet, with remarkably good sense, as I regard it, said, that it was not well to inquire too closely into the meaning of some occurrences, which caused our friends grief Questions concerning them would do no good, nor allay the distressed feelings of the unfortunate participants In the case of young persons who perished before their time, as in this instance, he said:

"The fates only show them upon the earth, and permit them not to exist longer"

The event was more than fifty years ago, and yet I can well remember the personal appearance of the little boy, who was one of the younger school pupils in the building where I attended. The child's mother had died a short time previously to his death, and his father was left a widower, with this one child.

DURABILITY OF GAS FITTING.

Gasfitting as performed by Thomas V. Sullivan from 1857 to 1860, is the subject of the following contribution.

As to the service and durability of gasfitting, as performed more than fifty years ago, by that pioneer gasfitter Thomas V. Sullivan, the following anecdote is related. A prominent citizen of Woburn, dissatisfied with modern workmanship, which was, he declared subject to renewal every few years was approached by a journeyman of comparatively recent date, who said to him, "Your house needs refitting; it was so long ago since it was piped." The prominent citizen replied, "I think not! It was done by Thomas V. Sullivan, who did his work right, and I defy you to find a leak or imperfection in the pipes in my house." The modern fitter did not get a job in that house, for everything was found to be all right after a rigid examination.

(To be continued)

Saved By His Wife.

She's a wise woman who knows just what to do when her husband's life is in danger, but Mrs. R. J. Flint, Braintree, Vermont, is of that kind. "She insisted on my using Dr. King's New Discovery," writes Mr. F. "for a dreadful cough, when I was so weak my friends all thought I had only a short time to live, and it completely cured me." A quick cure for coughs and colds its the most safe and reliable medicine for many throat and lung troubles—grip, bronchitis, croup, whooping cough quinsy, tonsilitis, hemorrhages. A trial will convince you. 50c & $1.00. Guaranteed by All Druggists.

WINCHESTER.

Well, how do you like the new Episcopal Rector? They say he is smart, genial, learned, and pious.

I have not heard of much planting of corn hereabouts this spring But the crows have come up from the seaside and are waiting for it.

Carpenters, masons, and real estate dealers are expecting a large amount of building here during the coming season. All the signs point that way.

The Tax Collectors of the Metropolitan District have organized an Association and elected Collector A. W. Rooney of this town President of it.

Palm Sunday was duly observed by the Congregational church last Sunday, March 31. Our Orthodox Protestants are getting to be pretty good Catholics.

Cheap Gas, or None" is the watchword and slogan of this town. If the Gas Co. don't give us a square deal the Edison E l. Co. Boston will take the cake.

After voting an appropriation of $24,000 for surface drainage, and $6,000 for auto chemical fire machine, the last supplementary Town Meeting adjourned.

I don't believe this fair and prosperous town is quite ready to abandon its present form of local government, surrender its individuality, and get lost in the crowd, just to make Boston bigger.

The vernal vacation of our public schools begins tomorrow, April 6, and ends on April 14 They are very prosperous, with excellent teachers.

The following nominations for officers of the Winchester Boat Club have been made: President, Charles A. Gleason; Vice President, James H Gerlach; Secretary, T. Price Wilson; Treasurer, G. Dwight Cabot; Fleet Captain, Frank H Gerlach; Directors, Vincent Farnsworth, Schuyler F Herron, Preston E. Corey, Dexter P Blaikie, Hermann D Murphy, Fred M Bates, Charles S. Tenney, George B. Smith. The date of the annual meeting will be Tuesday, April 9th It will be held at the Club house as usual.

A Log On The Track

of the fast express means serious trouble ahead if not removed, so does loss of appetite. It means lack of vitality, loss of strength and nerve weakness. If appetite fails, take Electric Bitters quickly to overcome the cause by toning up the stomach and curing the indigestion. Michael Hessheimer of Lincoln, Neb., had been sick over three years, but six bottles of Electric Bitters put him right on his feet again. They have helped thousands. They give pure blood, strong nerves, good digestion. Only 50c at All Druggists.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "A Religion of Joy."

12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45.
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday from 2.30 to 4.30.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, March 27, Addie S. Robertson, aged 49 years, 6 months, 27 days.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

On petition of Sarah Goldman of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, the wife of Wolf Goldman of parts unknown, representing that she has been deserted by and is living apart from her said husband for justifiable cause, and praying that said Court will make a decree establishing the fact of such desertion and that she is so living apart from her said husband.

It is ordered that the petitioner give notice to the said Wolf Goldman to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in the County of Middlesex, on the twenty second day of April, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, by delivering to him a copy of this order fourteen days, at least, before said Court, if he may be found within this Commonwealth, that he may then and there show cause, if any he has, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted; or if he shall not be so found, by either leaving such copy at his usual place of abode, or by mailing such copy to him at his last known post-office address; and also, unless it shall be made to appear to the Court by affidavit that he has had actual notice of the proceedings, by publishing the same once in each of three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of March in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

29-5-12 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT,

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Alice Gray Preston, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate by William A. Preston who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex on the twenty-second day of April A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

5-12 19 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Alfred Willoughby, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Charles E. Tripp of Woburn, in said County, or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifteenth day of April, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, or by mailing, postpaid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

22 5-12 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

THE LATEST NEWS ABOUT
MAZDA LAMPS
(The trade name given to the Improved Tungsten Lamp by the manufacturers.)

First—New Low Prices
REDUCTION IN PRICE

Customers entitled to free renewals of carbon incandescent lamps can, beginning today, April, 1, obtain Mazda lamps at the following excess prices:

	Old Price	New Price
15 watt		$ .35
25 watt	$ .45	.35
40 watt	.45	.35
60 watt	.55	.45
100 watt	.65	.50
150 watt	.90	.75
250 watt	1.15	1.00

Second—New Small Lamp

The company now offers for the first time a 15-watt lamp. Just the lamp for economy service. One cent's worth of electricity will light this lamp for 6 hours and 40 minutes.

Third—Increased Use

Our customers increased their use of MAZDA lamps from 45,000 in 1908 to 160,000 in 1911. During the past three months they have been using them at the rate of over 200,000 per year.

During these four years the excess prices of these lamps have been reduced over 50%.

The Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston

Boston, Edison Building, 39 Boylston Street
Newton, 399 Centre Street, (Nonantum Sq.)
Waltham, 431 Moody St. South Framingham, Howard St.
Lexington, Depot Square Walpole, West Street
Chelsea, 275 Broadway Winchester, 557 Main Street

April 1, 1912.

THE Family Man



is especially appreciative of the substantial features of the Clothing made and sold by MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY. For over half a century the name of this firm has been synonymous with New England Qualities and Values as applied to Clothing. *Honest Clothes; Maximum Values; Newest Styles; Best in the World*

Men's Spring Suits - $25 to $40
Men's Spring Overcoats, $20 to $45

Inspection of Workshops invited at all times.

Exclusive "Stetson" Hat Department for Men and Young Men

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY 400 Washington Street Boston, Mass.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Henry Harnden, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, Catherine Harnden, administrator of the estate of George F. Harnden, who was the executor of the will of said Henry Harnden, has presented for allowance, the first account of said George F. Harnden's administration upon the estate of the said Henry Harnden.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of April, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said Catherine Harnden is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, or by mailing, postpaid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

29-5-12 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons, interested in the estate of Charles H. Hopkins, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Frank H. Alexander, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifteenth day of April, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

5-12 19 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Charles H. Hopkins, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament and one codicil of said deceased have been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William P. Shea, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifteenth day of April, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fifth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

29-5-12 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed executor of the will of Charles H. S Newcomb, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

GEORGE E. ADAMS, Executor.
18 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.
March 21, 1912.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Richard Morris, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

EDWARD A. MORRIS, Admr.
61 High St., Boston, Mass.
March 27, 1912.

NOTICE.

LOST—Savings Bank Book.

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank:

I, Martin Lally of Spectacle Island, in the County of Suffolk and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, formerly of Winchester, hereby gives notice that deposit book number 29995, issued to me has been lost or destroyed; and pursuant to the provisions of Section 40 of Chapter 590 of the Acts of 1908 and amendments hereto, I hereby make application to your corporation for the payment of the amount of the deposit represented by said book.

MARTIN LALLY.

The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank hereby consents that public notice be given of this application by advertising the same once a week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treasurer.

WOBURN Co-operative Bank.

NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS.

A Meeting of the Shareholders of the Woburn Co-operative Bank will be held on

Thursday, April 11, 1912,
At 7.30 P. M.,

in the Banking Rooms, Dow's Block, for the purpose of electing the necessary Officers and Auditors to serve the ensuing fiscal year

LENTEN Specials

— AT —

Reasonable Prices!

Shrimp, 10c can, 3 cans for 25c.
Alaska Salmon 13c can.
Crab Meat 20 and 35c can.
Little Neck Clams 12c can.
Minced Clams 15c can.
Norway Mackerel 17c can.
Soused " 10 and 15c can.
Kippered Herring 15c can.
Herring in Tomato Sauce 15c can.
Smoked Sardines 10c., 3 for 25c.
P. & C. " 30 and 41c.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242-3.

OUR
Store Policy

has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—$20.

Whitcher's
PILL BOX
LET US SHOW YOU.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1911.
[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for
MALDEN SQ. at 5.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.15 A. M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, *11.15 P. M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 3.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, †11.15, ††11.45. P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, ††11.15, ††11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for
SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Centre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

* Melrose Highlands Only.
† To Stoneham Square Only.
GEO. H. GRAY, Supt.

HAVE YOUR
OLD CARPETS
Made into handsome and durable
RUGS
For full particulars address
C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.
Caneseat Chairs Reseated.
Telephone 492 W

NOTICE.
Hair Mattresses Made Over. Ticks Washed and New Ticks furnished when required. New Hair added when needed.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
Violin and Piano-forte
INSTRUCTION
Season opens October 2.
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Telephone 446

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS
WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY
FOR COUGHS COLDS PRICE 50¢ & $1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE
AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

CITY OF WOBURN

ASSESSOR'S NOTICE

Pursuant to the provisions of Section 41 of Chapter 490 of the Acts of 1909, all persons, firms, and corporations, domestic or foreign, subject to taxation in the City of Woburn are hereby notified and required to bring in to the assessors of said Woburn, **ON OR BEFORE THE FIFTEENTH DAY OF MAY NEXT,** in case of residents, true lists of all their polls and personal estates [not exempt by law from taxation], of which they were possessed on the first day of April in the current year, and in case of non-residents and foreign corporations true lists of all their personal estate in said city of Woburn [not exempt from taxation', which lists must be verified by oath as required by Section 43, of said Part 1.

Under the provisions of Section 42 of said Part 1, as amended by Chapter 5 15, Acts of 1909, the above-mentioned lists must be in form prescribed by the Tax Commissioner of the Commonwealth. These blank forms may be had at the Assessors' office, or will be mailed to any address upon application.

Section 45 of Part 1 of Chapter 490, Acts of 1909. A mortgagor or mortgagee of real estate may bring in to the assessors of the city or town in which it lies within the time prescribed by the notice under section forty-one, a statement under oath of the amount secured thereon or on each separate parcel thereof, with the name and residence of every holder of an interest therein as mortgagoror mortgagee. If such property is situated in two or more places, or if a recorded mortgage includes more estates or parts of an estate as security for one sum, such statement shell include an estimateeof the interest of the mortgage in each estate or part of an estate. The assessors shall, from such statement or otherwise, ascertain the proportionate interests of the mortgagor or mortgagee, respectively, in said estates, and shall assess the same accordingly. If, in any year, such statement is not brought in, the tax for that year on such real estate shall not be invalid merely for the reason that the interest of the mortgagee therein has not been assessed to him.

In accordance with Section 41 aforesaid, all persons and corporations are hereby required to bring in to the assessors, on or before the 15th day of May next, true lists of all real and personal estate held by them respectively, for literary, temperance, benevolent, charitable, or scientific purposes on the first day of April, in the current year, together with statements of the amounts of all receipts and expenditures for said purposes during the year next preceding said first day of April; such lists and statements to be in accordance with blanks furnished by the Tax Commissioner.

JAMES H. CONNOLLY
BARTHOLOMEW T.CLANCY
JOHN T. O'NEIL
Assessors of Woburn
April 1, 1912.

Saves Leg Of Boy.

"It seemed that my fourteen-year old boy would have to lose his leg, on account of an ugly ulcer, caused by a bad bruise," wrote D. F. Howard, Aquone, N. C. "All remedies and doctors treatment failed till we tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and cured him with one box. Cures burns, boils, skin eruptions, piles. 25c at All Druggists.

In the Cause of Freedom.

"I told the lawyer I wanted an absolute divorce," said Mrs. Flimgilt.

"And what did he say?"

"He told me he was an old friend of my husband and as a favor to him he would take the case."—Washington Star.

Not That Kind.

"A man should strive to be satisfied with his lot."

"That's a hard thing to do when his lot happens to lie under a suburban frog pond."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Fortunes In Faces.

There's often much truth in the saying "her face is her fortune, but its never said where pimples, skin eruptions, blotches, or other blemishes disfigure it. Impure blood is back of them all and shows the need of Dr. King's New Life Pills. They promote health and beauty. Try them. 25 cents at All Druggists

A Mean Retort.

"If you don't stop talking," cautioned the husband, "I'll not be able to catch any fish." "That's funny," answered the wife. "When a girl angles for a husband she has to talk a great deal." "I know. But there's a difference between fish and lobsters."

Why He Escaped.

Agnes—Why didn't you arrest the burglar who was found under your bed? Gladys—He said that if I would not have him arrested he'd never tell how dusty he got.—Harper's Bazar.

SOILED POSTAGE STAMPS.

If They Are Ink Splashed They Won't Do to Put on Letters.

"How dirty can a postage stamp become and still retain its usefulness in the eyes of the government?" was a question propounded to muddle the already overworked brain of a busy man. Happening to meet a postman who was collecting mail, the man handed him a stamped letter.

"That won't go," said the postman. "Stamp's dirty."

As was his wont on special occasions the busy man resorted to sarcasm.

"Since when," he demanded, "did the United States government become so immaculate that it requires none but unsullied stamps stuck on its letters?"

"Well, they've always been pretty particular," returned the unperturbed postman, "but there are some kinds of dirt that count for more than others. That stamp's got ink on it. Inky stamps don't go because an ink spot could be used to disguise a canceled stamp."

"Then I suppose every stamp I happen to drop a speck of ink on is wasted?"

"Oh, no. Turn it in to the office where you bought it, and after a certain period you will get your money back."

"How long will that take?" the man asked.

"About three months."

"I'm afraid I can't wait," said the man, and over the discredited stamp he stuck a spotless stamp.—New York Times.

SCARS THAT STAY.

They Come From Cuts That Go Down to the True Skin.

There are people who tell you that everything in the body is changed every seven years and that there is no part of it which was there seven years ago. This does not mean that we slough the whole thing off at once, as a snake does its skin or a deer its antlers, but simply that the innumerable and tiny atoms which are used up by the daily wear and tear are replaced by fresh atoms supplied by our food and drink, which keeps the body going, just as coal and water keep the steam engine at work.

But these changes are so minute and gradual that the form of the body remains the same, although such things as scars take a long time to disappear, and sometimes they remain for life, although they always lose a great deal of their prominence.

You have noticed that if you cut your finger slightly it will soon heal up and the scar will soon disappear, just as the marks of a superficial burn will gradually go away, but if the cut is deep the scar remains. This is because it went down to what is called the true skin. Any cuts or burns on the outer skin are gradually pushed up and worn or washed off, just as the hair on the back of your head wears off without your cutting it and grows again, but anything that goes down to the true skin, like tattoo marks, always remains.—New York Sun.

Punishing Bachelors.

This punishment of the bachelor has been common in many ages and countries and extended down to the early days of our own history. In Connecticut in 1636 a law was passed which would not "allow any young unmarried man to keep house," and Hartford taxed "lone men 20 shillings a week" for the "selfish luxury of solitary living." In 1682 a special town order gave permission for two bachelors to keep house together, "so they carry themselves soberly and do not entertain idle persons to the evil expense of time by day or night," while as late as the eighteenth century a general statute of Connecticut forbade any householder under penalty of a fine to "give entertainment or habitation to single persons without special allowance of the selectmen."—Forum.

First Come, First Served.

A woman was in a New York elevator which also had some men passengers.

"Ninth," said one of the men after the car was fairly started.

"Sixth," said the woman.

The car sped by the sixth floor and was halted at the ninth.

On the way back the woman asked:

"Why didn't you stop at the sixth floor? The sixth floor is lower than the ninth."

"I know that," said the elevator boy. "But the man said ninth first."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Cure For His Dyspepsy.

Hogan—Phwat makes ye swally all your dinner in two minutes, Grogan? Are yez atin' on a bet?

Grogan—It's for the good av me dyspepsy, Moike. Sure the docther tould me to rist an hour after atin', and how else am Oi goin' to git the hour of rist in onless Oi ate loike the mischief.—Exchange.

Breaking a Will.

"So you were successful in your efforts to break your uncle's will in which he left you only $20,000?"

"Yes, I won out easily."

"And how much did you finally get?"

"After paying the lawyers I took down $3,500."—Detroit Free Press.

Not So Bad.

"Did you tell the landlord what an awful leak there was in the roof?"

"Yes, I told him."

"What did he say?"

"He said he'd fix the roof as soon as you pay the rent you owe."

"Did he? I guess it ain't much of a leak."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Money In Shakespeare.

"So your Shakespeare club is a great success?"

"Yes. We have accumulated enough fines for nonattendance to take us all to a matinee party."—Exchange.

Must Earn It.

"De world owes you a livin'," said Uncle Eben, "but you's liable to have to go after de world wif a hoe or an ax to make it give up."—Washington Star.

His Brand of Reform.

Knicker—What sort of reformer is he? Bocker—He wants other fellows to abstain from food to make the price go down while he eats it.—New York Sun.

It takes a man with a wad of money to see the romance in being poor.—Washington Post.

You will never "find" time for anything. If you want time you must make it.—Charles Buxton.

JOGGED HIS MEMORY.

A Bit of Humor That Brought Phil May to His Senses.

The most refractory among dumb beasts may sometimes be won by persistent kindness. It is also evident that the obstinate of the human species may be influenced by an assault of humor.

Phil May, the English artist "of most fear memory," had promised to do a colored design for the Christmas number of an illustrated weekly publication. The date fixed on for its delivery passed by, and no design had been forthcoming.

Letters and telegrams were unanswered, and when a messenger was sent to May's house it appeared that he had gone to Paris without leaving any address. This, according to London M. A. P., is what happened next:

The publishers were at their wits' end, but one of them, paying a day's visit to Margate, was overjoyed to see May basking in the sunshine by the water. The publisher did not make himself known, but cannily ascertained where May was staying. Then he hired six sandwich men to parade up and down before the artist's window with boards bearing different legends. This was their tenor:

"What about our Christmas cover?"

"We are waiting for that cover."

It was a delightful reminder, and in a few days the publishers received one of the most brilliant designs May had ever executed.

ENLIVENED THE PLAY.

Juliet Wanted Limelight and Got More Than She Expected.

At a small seaport town in England a lady star actress of the third magnitude appeared as Juliet. "I cannot do justice to myself," she said to the manager, who combined theatrical enterprise with the conduct of a row of bathing machines, "if I do not have a lime (limelight) thrown on me when I appear on the balcony."

"We ain't got no limelight, miss, but I think we could get you a ship's blue light," replied the obliging manager, and to this the lady agreed. The lad who went to the shop to buy the blue light brought back a signal rocket which was given him by mistake. The prompter was her own man, and in his ignorance took the rocket in good faith.

Romeo—He jests at scars who never felt a wound.
(Juliet appears. Prompter lights the match.)
But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?
(This was the match lighting the fuse.)
Arise, fair sun!

The sun, or rather the rocket, did rise with a hiss that sounded far louder in a theater than it does in the open air. Juliet was knocked off the balcony, the fly borders were set on fire and the theater was filled with sulphurous smoke, while the audience, which was fortunately a small one, made a stampede to the doors.—Exchange.

Hibernation of Mosquitoes.

That cosmopolitan pest, the mosquito, does not necessarily perish with the coming of winter. On the contrary, mosquitoes have been observed to hibernate, adult specimens living from November until the succeeding April or May with all their powers of torment unimpaired, although their activity is suspended in winter. The mosquito needs but little food, and it is the female that thirsts for blood, the males contenting themselves with water and vegetable fluids. The fact that mosquitoes are often found upon dry prairies many miles from water is ascribed to the longevity of the adults of certain species which enables them to survive seasons of drought. Railroads have been responsible for the transmission of mosquitoes into regions where they were previously rare.—Harper's.

Keeping Out the Wind.

Willie was a smart boy and ambitious. His first job was a post in a local bank.

"Well, Willie," asked his uncle one day, "how are you getting on in business? I suppose you will soon be manager?"

"Yes, uncle," Willie replied. "I'm already a draft clerk."

"A draft clerk! Good boy! And what are your duties?"

"I open and shut the windows accordin' to orders," said Willie, "and close the doors after people that leave 'em open."—London Ideas.

Three Manifestations.

"You may give three important illustrations of the power of the press," says the teacher to the class.

The pupil who had not hitherto particularly distinguished himself was the first to reply:

"Cider, courtship and politics."—Judge's Library.

Wasted Effort.

"I don't like the way they reported my speech," complained the new congressman.

"Why, they sprinkled in plenty of laughter and applause."

"Yes, but how about all them gestures?"—Pittsburgh Post.

Bunkoed.

"Hans," said Gottlieb as they reached a pause in the conversation, "dit you efer puy a golt brick?"

"Nein, nein!" replied Gottlieb. "I nefer puyed a golt brick, but once I puyed vat I t'ought vas one."—Everybody's.

The Island of St. Helena.

St. Helena has been an island of tragedies—tragedies that have been lost sight of wailing over the Corsican. On the second day of my visit the governor took me by carriage road through the turns over the island. At one point of our journey the road, in winding around spurs and ravines, formed a perfect W within the distance of a few rods. The roads, though tortuous and steep, were fairly good, and I was struck with the amount of labor it must have cost to build them. The air on the heights was cool and bracing. It is said that since hanging for trivial offenses went out of fashion no one has died there, except from falling over the cliffs in old age or from being crushed by stones rolling on them from the steep mountains! Witches at one time were persistent at St. Helena, as with us in America in the days of Cotton Mather. At the present day crime is rare in the island.

Where He Fails.

"It's too bad the average man can't be satisfied with a good living and not be hungering for more money."

"The average man is satisfied with a good living. The only trouble is that his idea of a good living grows with his income."—Exchange.

TWO STRANGE WOMEN.

What They Would Do if Closeted Together For a Night.

Edna Ferber writes a fiction story in the American Magazine in which the principal character is Emma McChesney, a traveling saleswoman. On one of her trips she took her son with her, a boy of seventeen. This boy had to spend the night with a stranger in a country hotel. Next morning his mother asked him about his roommate. The boy knew very little, not even the name of the man with whom he stayed, whereupon Emma McChesney broke out as follows:

"Men are the cussedest creatures. This chap occupied the same room with you last night and you don't even know his name. Funny! If two strange women had found themselves occupying the same room for a night they wouldn't have got to the kimono and back hair stage before they would know not only each other's name, but they'd have tried on each other's hats, swapped corset cover patterns, found mutual friends living in Dayton, O., taught each other a new Irish crochet stitch, showed their family photographs, told how their married sister's little girl nearly died with swollen glands and divided off the mirror into two sections to paste their newly washed handkerchiefs on. Don't tell me men have a genius for friendship."

SUSPENSION BRIDGES.

They Were Common In Peru In the Days of the Incas.

Suspension bridges, some of them of considerable length, were common in Peru in the days of the Incas. They were formed of cables of twisted osiers passed over wooden supports and stretched from bank to bank, then bound together with smaller ropes and covered with bamboo. The road from Cuzco to Quitto is still noted for frail bridges of this sort, which are in constant use and span deep chasms.

The Chinese also, according to Kircher, have for centuries been familiar with the "suspension" theory and have constructed chain bridges in which the weight of the roadway is supported by the tension of the chains.

The first iron suspension bridge in Europe was built over the Tees, near Middleton, in 1741, for the use of miners. Two chains were stretched in a straight line, steadied by ties from the banks below, and the roadway for foot passengers was supported by the chains.

The modern suspension system practically dates from 1816, when bridges, both over 100 feet in length, were successfully completed at Galashiels and Peebles.—London Standard.

Barefooted Children.

People who visit Mrs. R. for the first time usually look surprised, and some have been known to make hysterical exclamations if while they are under the hospitable roof they get a glimpse of the children, a boy of five and a girl about two years younger. To the friends of the family they are known as the "little barefoots," for they have never worn shoes or stockings except when they are in the street. When the boy was learning to walk, the mother explains often, he showed a tendency to "toe in," and by the advice of a physician the baby shoes were cast off. The remedy was so effective that shoes are now used for street wear only. "The children take them off," said the mother, "when they come in the house, as we do our gloves, and we all think they are better for doing so."—New York Tribune.

It Pleased the Composer.

A curious story is told as to how the Rothschilds supported Carafa, the composer. The latter was far from rich. His principal income was derived from a snuffbox. And this was the way of it: The snuffbox was given to the author of "La Prison d'Edinbourgh" by Baron James de Rothschild as a token of esteem. Carafa sold it twenty-four hours later for 75 napoleons to the same jeweler from whom it had been bought. This became known to Rothschild, who gave it again to the musician on the following year. The next day it returned to the jeweler. This traffic continued till the death of the banker and longer still, for his sons kept up the tradition, to the great satisfaction of Carafa.

Reversed the Terms.

An old negro who lived on a southern plantation went to the nearby city for a visit and while there went to see his young "marster," who was living in the city at the time. On his return the young man's mother asked if he was in good spirits.

"Well, mum," responded the old negro, "I reckon I'll 'spress it a little diffunt an' say de good sperrits wuz in Marse Jeems."—Exchange.

Her Banking Plan.

"I should like to open an account at this bank, if you please."

"We shall be glad to accommodate you, madam. What amount do you wish to deposit?"

"Oh, but I mean a charge account, such as I have at the big dry goods stores."—Chicago Tribune.

The Wrong Verse.

A man who was staying at home during the past summer, not having received his weekly letter from his wife thought he would be smart and send her a quotation from the Bible that would surely bring a letter by next mail. Not having a Bible handy, he depended on his memory and wrote as follows:

My Dear Wife—Proverbs xxv, 24.
JOHN.

He did not get any more letters. When his wife returned he asked her why she had not written. She showed him his quotation. He looked at his Bible and said:

"Oh, Lord! I quoted the wrong verse. It should have been Prov. xxv 25."—Life.

Perversity of Nature.

His father was busy and had cautioned him not to ask any foolish questions, so he said to the boy when he came into the room:

"As long as this isn't a fool question, what is it?"

And this is what the boy propounded:

"When you've a sore throat, dad, and it hurts you to swallow, why do you want to swallow all the time?"—New York Times.

Companions In Misfortune.

Robbed—I do pray of you to give me my things back. My hot tempered wife will kill me if I go home without them. Robber—Sorry. I'm married myself, but what do you suppose my wife will do if I go home without anything?—Fliegende Blatter.

The Acrobatic Gibbon.

A great ape which makes its home in Borneo is the gibbon, which is a small animal compared with the orang, weighing only about forty or fifty pounds. It is very frail in its bodily makeup. The head is set squarely on the shoulders, and it looks upward. When walking on the ground it balances itself along like a walker on a tight rope. Its remarkable power of grasp and dexterity in using its hands are equally with the shape of its cranium indexes of its superior intelligence, perhaps because it is able to take hold of a greater number of things and examine them. The gibbons go in droves, whereas orangs live by families, and one of the most interesting spectacles imaginable is to see a troop of them crossing a great gap in the forest by throwing themselves in succession through the air, each one taking a swing or two to gather momentum before launching himself. So great is their agility that in executing feats of this sort they seem like birds.

Fitting.

Tommy—Pop, what are the highways and byways? Tommy's Pop—The shopping district, my son.—Philadelphia Record.

This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children relieve Feverishness, Headache, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and destroy Worms. They break up Colds in 24 hours. Used by mothers for 22 years. All druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A Lover of the Wind.

Tennyson had an extraordinary sympathy with the sound of the breeze. As a child of four years old he was blown along the garden path at Somersby, shouting to his brothers his first line of Tennysonian blank verse—

I hear a voice that's calling in the wind.

So, writes Arthur Waugh, the mother in "Rizpah" hears Willy's voice in the wind, and so, again and again, in his poetry does he endow the storm with the invisible voice of nature. And it is so that he is best remembered in Freshwater, battling the wind upon the wintry ridge with his poet's cloak fluttering about him.

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To meet this legitimate demand and to extend increased banking facilities to the people of Woburn and vicinity, the WOBURN NATIONAL BANK has opened a new department to be known as its SAVINGS DEPARTMENT, and will receive deposits of money to bear interest FROM DATE OFDEPOSIT at the rate of three per centum per annum on sums not less than $100. These deposits however will not be subject to check.

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These directors give its affairs their personal attention:

Daniel R. Beggs of Beggs & Cobb, leather manufacturers.
William E. Blodgett, Treasurer of R.Guastavino Co.
John C. Buck, Cashier.
Robert Chalmers, Physician.
Everett P. Fox of W. P. Fox & Sons, leather manufacturers.
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Woburn, January 30, 1911.

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TRUE LOVE

A Story Attempting to Prove That It Is Immortal

By T. G. APPLEBY

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Professor Markham, who occupies the chair of anatomy at —— college, is a materialist. His friend Taylor, professor of psychology, is an extremist on the opposite side, taking the ground that man is an eternal spirit, inclosed in a material body. The two were discussing questions based upon these two very different opinions, when Professor Markham said:

"Take, for instance, love. To be more particular, let us confine ourselves to love between the sexes. You men of spiritual bent consider that this is a spiritual condition, a mingling of two souls. We materialists take it to be, in the initiative at least, simply a device of nature to compel obedience to one of her laws, procreation."

"Which we deny. Love is eternal."

"Then when a couple who love are separated by death why is the place of the one who has been taken filled by another?"

"Cases of real love are rare. In such cases the place of the departed one is not filled by another. I have known or heard of several instances of this true love, but only one where the conditions I have stated were fulfilled. It was related to me when I was studying medicine in Paris, and the principal figure in the story had been a professor in the university where I received my education.

"Jean Leroux, a bachelor of thirty-six, a botanist, was one morning tramping through the southern provinces, hunting for plant specimens, when he came upon a chateau in whose gardens were many beautiful flowers. In his enthusiasm he jumped the wall and was soon lost to everything except the objects of his study. He was bending over a variety of azalea which he had never seen, though he was familiar with it through his books, when suddenly he was recalled to himself by a musical feminine voice saying:

"'Monsieur is absorbed in the flowers.'

"Leroux looked up into a pair of eyes that were looking into his.

"Now, if you anatomists were to claim that love acts as two chemical affinities, which on meeting become one and the same substance, I could in a measure sympathize with you. Both these persons admitted afterward to the other that the moment their eyes met they loved.

"'Pardon,' said Leroux, 'I am a trespasser. I have been led by my love for my profession to examine your plants. I will withdraw at once.'

"'On the contrary, you are welcome to study my plants to your heart's content, and if there are any that you covet I shall be happy to give them to you.'

"For the rest of that morning Leroux and the lady wandered about in the gardens, he giving her much information about her plants. She loved them for themselves; but, loving them, it pleased her to learn of their nature. She was Mlle. de la Fontayne, who lived with her old mother on the place, her father being dead. Mademoiselle was some half dozen years Leroux's junior, and since both of them had passed the heyday of youth it cannot be claimed that the love which flashed into being between them was of the grosser type. Leroux when asked afterward if that was not the happiest morning of his life replied that it was far happier than any he had known before, but no happier than those that followed.

"Mlle. de la Fontayne would not permit Leroux to depart without partaking of luncheon, or, rather, the second breakfast of the French people, and after the meal they returned to the garden. In spirit the professor never left the chateau so long as Mlle. de la Fontayne remained there. But she did not remain there very long—at least permanently, for Leroux was obliged to be at the university in Paris, where he lectured, and the two found it excruciating to be apart. No great time, therefore, passed before they were married, residing during the winter in Paris and in the summer at the De la Fontayne chateau.

"These two lived, so far as their relations to each other were concerned, in perfect happiness. No word of anger ever passed between them."

"Was not that the result of normal nervous system perfectly assimilated?" asked the listener.

"I do not admit it. I believe that from their meeting they had become one being. Nor can it be said that they were united through their children, for no children were born to them. It was a case of unity between two individuals whose individuality was lost in each other. And I shall show you by an incident which occurred that this love continued after they were separated by death. I cannot prove that the love of the one who was taken continued the same as before, for we cannot see beyond the veil that Providence has hung between us and that which lies beyond. I must confine myself to the one who remained here among us.

"Mme. Leroux fell ill and died ten years after the pair were married. The changed condition of her husband after her death was simply that he did not now see her, did not hear her voice; there was no contact. The wife was buried in Pere Lachaise cemetery, not that the widower might go there to weep, for he did not consider her mortal past as aught except corruption, but that he might conveniently visit her grave occasionally to see that the plants she best loved and which he had placed there be nurtured."

"Why," asked Professor Markham, "if there was only corruption beneath the sod were the shrubs the woman had loved planted there? Corruption has no appreciation?"

"In you materialists," responded Professor Taylor, "there is a vacuum where the faculty of sentiment should exist. The widower did not place the flowers there for the dead, but for the living woman. To him the thread of her life had never been broken. Moreover, in our natures there is that which we call association, and there was to him a pleasure in associating the plants she loved with the place where her mortal part lay.

"One evening about sunset Leroux entered the cemetery of Pere Lachaise to visit his wife's grave and see that all was in order there. As he approached it he was astonished to see a man, uncovered, bending over the mound, apparently absorbed in grief. What could it mean? Leroux had never heard his wife speak of a brother or other male relative near and dear to her, and he wondered who this mourner could be. Advancing, he addressed the stranger:

"'Pardon me. May I ask why you are thus grieving for my wife?'

"The man turned. The grief his countenance had worn was turned to anger.

"'Your wife! Then you are the man who robbed me of my love.'

"'Your love! She never had but one love, and that surely was not yours. Who are you?'

"'One who loved the woman who lies there'—

"'She does not lie there,' interrupted Leroux. 'She is in heaven. Had you loved her as you say, you would not speak of her as lying there.'

"'I say I loved her,' reiterated the other fiercely, 'and she loved me. We parted in anger'—

"'Real love is never angry. It may grieve for another's fault, but it cannot be angry.'

"'I left her for a foreign land, America. There I have been since then; there I prospered. I returned to do penance and claim my love. I heard that some one had won her hand, though I know that no one but myself could have won her heart; that she had died and was buried here. I came to her grave to weep for her, and fate has brought me the man who believed he occupied my place.'

"'I know not what this means,' Leroux rejoined. 'If my wife had a love affair before she married me she knew that it was not true love and would pain us to speak of it; therefore she refrained.'

"'Who are you to assume this—you, who if you received any love at all, received a dead love.'

"The man, provoked by the uncompromising certainty of one he considered his rival, was by this time beside himself with anger.

"'Had we weapons I would soon convince you that I am the rightful mate of the woman who lies there; that you are an interloper. The only recompense you can grant me for the robbery you committed is a meeting tomorrow morning in the Bois de Boulogne,' he said.

"'Since my wife through a mistake once may have thought enough of you to engage herself to you I shall not harm a hair of your head.'

"The stranger felt convulsively for a weapon he knew he did not have about him, then, taking out a cardcase, threw a card at Leroux's feet, saying, 'If you are not a coward I shall hear from you.' Then he strode out of the inclosure and down the avenue toward the cemetery gate.

"The card bore the name of Jules Bombardier. Leroux, calm as when he entered the cemetery, attended to what he had come to do, then returned to Paris. On the way he tried to think of some mention of a love affair his wife had passed through before meeting him, but he could not. Nevertheless he was content to remain in ignorance concerning it.

"This is what I call true love, and I will show you that the stranger who manifested all the outward appearance of love had not experienced it. Not six months after Professor Leroux had met him weeping at the grave of the woman he believed he loved Leroux, taking up a newspaper, read a notice of the marriage of Jules Bombardier, a Franco-American, who had recently returned on a visit from his adopted country.

"Leroux lived the same life, so far as women were concerned, that he had lived with his wife. In other words, after her death he continued to live with her in the spirit."

The narrator paused for a moment thoughtfully, then concluded:

"If I have not proved my case I have at least made it equally strong and far more acceptable than your theory that love is but a means by which nature produces procreation."

"I admit that you have," replied Markham. "There is a barrier that neither of us can pass. I reason from analogy based on cause and effect that I see in material things about me, while your reasoning is based on the same premises in a spiritual sense. We are both confined within our narrow sphere. Nevertheless from the foundation of the world love has been recognized as a divine attribute indeed, the only divine attribute we possess in the flesh. If it is not eternal we may well assume that all things die."

Bothering a Duelist.

Brantome, a French author, in "Dueling Stories of the Sixteenth Century," tells of the code then in vogue. It was allowed in the challenge to stipulate as many different weapons as one pleased without specifying the particular ones with which one would actually fight. The antagonist was bound to provide himself with all. One duelist insisted "on the provision of no less than thirty different kinds of armament, for foot and horseback; nay, he even specified the kind of horse—coursers, blood horses from Spain and Turkey, thoroughbreds, cobs, some in harness with ears and tail clipped, some saddled in jennet style, some with heavy plated armor and so on. The object was not only to take his adversary by surprise, but to put him to enormous expense and exhaust his resources."

A Frank Critic.

Louis XIV., who, like many humble rimesters, somewhat overrated his poetical powers, showed a copy of verses to Boileau and asked his candid opinion of them.

"Ah, sire," said the poet, "I am more convinced than ever that nothing is impossible to your majesty. You desired to write some poor rimes, and you have succeeded in making them positively detestable!"

James Gow, Pirate.

The original of Captain Cleveland in Scott's novel "The Pirate" was James Gow, who for many years terrorized the Orkneys and who was finally captured by a trick and was hanged in June, 1725. Defoe, by the way, wrote a conscientious account of his exploits and execution, the sole known copy of which is now in the British museum.

He Knew Him When—

"Why do you hate him so? Has he ever done anything or said anything to injure you?"

"No, but, confound him, I can remember when he had nowhere near as much as I had—when, as a matter of fact, I didn't always care to recognize him."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A STUDY IN SMOKE.

Beauties That Greet the Eye From Any of Pittsburgh's Hills.

Robert Haven Schauffler, writing in the Metropolitan, says: "I never come within range of the unique spell of modern Pittsburgh without wishing that I might personally conduct thither the sage who so mendaciously declared that there is nothing new under the sun, for Pittsburgh is something new.

"From any of the city's hundred hills one can enjoy more varieties of smoke in an hour than there are kinds of cloud in a month. These range all the way from fairy shavings of ice and curls of driven snow, through geological strata of pure cream, mischievous, evanescent ringlets of bluish white, smudges faintly tinged with olive, aerial bushes of delicate rose, trees of orange and rusty red, through a hundred tones of gray, from the most ethereal fawn to sheer brutal dirt, then deepening to a black as rich as the glossy, tarry coal from which it sprang.

"One convenient thing about the smokescape is that you can enjoy some part of it wherever you happen to be. Looking west in the canyon of Fourth avenue one morning, the lower parts of the office buildings were quite obliterated by a dense, low lying bank of soft, dusky smoke. But as the eye traveled upward this cloud began to thin until, when it reached the cornices, every detail of them stood out sharply in the sunlight against a sky of pale sapphire. Such effects are as interesting as they are characteristic of the place."

IRON AND POWER.

The Link Between the Metal and the Great Nations.

In the sixteenth century the greatest iron making nations were Spain, France and England, and beyond all fear of contradiction these were the three countries which were then reckoned greatest, says the London Telegraph.

While Cortez was carrying the flag of Spain into the then unknown world and while the great galleons were bringing home to that favored nation treasures beyond the wildest hopes of the adventurers the myriad forges were alight in Catalonia and the armor of Castile was enabling a handful of men to seize the riches protected by many thousands of natives who had reached a high state of civilization, but knew not the methods of manufacture of iron.

And so it ever was, and, much as we may in theory and in sentiment regret the fact, so it is today. We hear a great deal about the reasons for the rise of modern Germany as a world power. It is worth noting that that country has risen rapidly into prominence as the iron and steel output has increased by leaps and bounds.

In the olden days it was the same. The Romans carried into Spain the knowledge of working iron and steel, and upon that foundation Spain rose to the might and majesty of a great world power.

Not Extraordinary.

On a Broadway surface car two well dressed women were highly amused at a woman with a baby. As the conductor came along the woman with the child said:

"Hold the baby a minute; I want to tie my shoestring."

He took the youngster and the woman tied the string. Then the conductor gave the baby back to her. As he passed the two well dressed women one of them said:

"You have all sorts of queer passengers on your car, don't you?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Imagine that woman asking you to hold her baby! Wasn't that a crazy thing for her to do?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the conductor quietly, "That's my baby. The woman's my wife."—New York Telegraph.

The Great Siberian Refrigerator.

To appreciate the severity of the climate of northern Siberia it is only necessary to understand the practical purposes it is made to serve. The entire country is used as a refrigerator for the preserving of articles of food. One day a traveler, dining at Tomsk on a plump fowl, asked how long the bird had been killed. The landlord evidently softened his reply as much as possible, knowing the repugnance of most foreigners to any food not quite fresh.

"Two months only," he said; "not a day more."

No precautions are required for the preservation of beef, for it takes care of itself. Nearly all butchers kill at the beginning of the cold weather a sufficient number of animals to furnish provisions for the entire winter and allow the meat to freeze. There is no fear of any food changing in such a temperature. Fish become so solid and stiff that they are set up on their tails against the walls of the market.—Exchange.

A Curious Species of Birds.

Among the curious birds of the East Indies is a species that is nearly extinct. These birds always travel in pairs that are hardly ever separated. The beak of the male is short and strong, while that of the female is fine, long and curved. The male's work is to break with his strong bill the tough bark of trees in order that his mate may introduce her pointed beak into the holes dug into the trunk by insects and so extract food. When the male detects an "insect haunt" he lays it bare, and the female pulls forth the prey with her beak, divides it in two, gives the male his portion and eats the other, continuing the process until both have had enough. Consequently the death of one or the other means starvation to the survivor, the female being unable to break the bark of trees and the male to take out the prey when its presence is exposed.

"Hard" Drinking Water.

Many persons have long believed that it is injurious to the health to drink "hard" water. Medical authorities now assert that there is no foundation for the belief, and some maintain that hard water is even superior to soft water for drinking purposes. They point out the fact that ordinary food contains a great deal more lime than is to be found in even a larger quantity of water than any one would be likely to drink. Gout is said to occur alike among those who do and those who do not drink hard water. According to the statistics quoted in the London Engineer, the death rate in "hard water towns" is actually less than in "soft water towns." It is also the fact that most of the natural waters that have proved valuable in treating diseases attributed to the drinking of hard water themselves contain no small proportion of lime salts.

WEIGHT OF A TRAIN.

The Dining Car Alone, Ready For Service, Weighs 140,000 Pounds.

The heaviest of all the cars in a "limited" train is the dining car, which is ordinarily of a weight in excess of the other cars by 10,000 or 15,000 pounds. Between the car construction and the necessary kitchen equipment and icebox contents, a full size standard dining car tips the scales at 140,000 pounds when ready to make its customary division run.

Therefore, on the principle that in case of collision a passenger is safer in the strong, heavy coach in the center of a vestibuled train, the dining car is a good place to remain.

A sixteen section sleeping car may weigh from 110,000 to 125,000 pounds, while the buffet-library car of the transcontinental type comes next in weight at 107,000 pounds. The baggage car, weighing 85,000 pounds, may be the lightest in a train, but the postal car next to it weighs on an average 103,600 pounds, a reclining chair car is full weight at 87,000 pounds, while the ordinary passenger coach weighs 93,000 pounds.

With a locomotive and tender weighing 260,000 pounds, one may estimate by these figures the enormous weight of some of the through modern railway trains of seven cars.—New York Press.

Sir Thomas More's Head.

When the wise and witty Sir Thomas More was beheaded his head was stuck on a pole on London bridge, where it was exposed for fourteen days, much to the grief of his daughter, Margaret Roper, who resolved to secure it. "One day," says Aubrey, "as she was passing under the bridge, looking at her father's head, she exclaimed: 'That head has lain many a time in my lap. Would to God it would fall into my lap as I pass under!' She had her wish, and it did fall into her lap."

Probably she had bribed one of the keepers of the bridge to throw it over just as the boat approached, and the exclamation was intended to avert the suspicion of the boatmen. At all events, she got possession of it and preserved it with great care in a leaden casket until her death, and it is now inclosed in a niche in the wall of her tomb in St. Dunstan's church, Canterbury.—London Notes and Queries.

The Canny Grocer.

The canny grocer sized up his customer.

She had ordered six strictly fresh eggs.

He took down the paper bag and, going to the basket, picked them out.

Twisting the top of the bag together, he handed it to the woman, who paid him and went away.

The canny grocer smiled.

He had given the women seven eggs when she ordered but six.

He knew that when she reached home and found she had seven instead of six eggs she would be so delighted with the supposition that she had overreached him that she would entirely disregard the fact that six of the eggs were storage and one was dubious.

For the grocer understood human nature.

And he was canny.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Deep Grief.

Throughout his career as a newspaper reporter the young man's assignments had taken him into demonstrative crowds whose periods of noisy demonstration it was his duty to time. "Mr. A. finally appearing, the audience cheered for fifteen minutes." "Senator X. finished his second joke amid laughter that lasted for ten minutes," or "At the close of the speech the audience applauded wildly for thirteen minutes."

These and similar records of the public pulse plentifully adorned nearly every story the young man wrote. One day he was sent to attend the funeral of a rich and crusty tempered old gentleman whose young wife had notoriously repented her choice. The man wound up his story of the funeral thus:

"In the silence that ensued the widow wept for sixteen seconds."—Washington Star.

Discovery of Speed of Light.

One of the greatest discoveries of science is due to observation of the eclipses of Jupiter's moons. It was found that when the earth was in the part of its orbit nearest to Jupiter these eclipses occurred sixteen minutes earlier than when it was in the farthermost part, whereas by all rules of astronomy they should have occurred at the same minute each time. It was deduced from this that the light was not instantaneous and consequently took sixteen minutes to traverse the diameter of the earth's orbit, a distance of about 200,000,000 miles, thus giving to light a velocity of 186,000 miles a second, which was accurately shown later by other experiments.—Chicago Tribune.

Voltaire's Retort.

That famous politician, orator and man of fashion the fourth Earl of Chesterfield was on one occasion at a grand assembly in France, where Voltaire was one of the guests. Suddenly the French writer accosted his lordship with the words:

"My lord, I know you are a judge. Which are the more beautiful, the English or the French ladies?"

"Upon my word," replied Chesterfield, with his usual presence of mind, "I am no judge of paintings."

Some time afterward, says a biographer, Voltaire, being in London, happened to be at a nobleman's party with Chesterfield. A lady in the company prodigiously rouged directed her whole discourse to Voltaire and engrossed his conversation. Chesterfield came up, tapped him on the arm and said:

"Sir, take care that you are not captivated."

"My lord," promptly replied the French wit, "I scorn to be taken by an English craft under French colors."

A Costly Bed.

At Knole park, Sevenoaks, England, in the king's bedroom is one of the most extravagant bedsteads ever made. It was prepared by Richard, third Earl of Dorset, for the reception of James I. It is twelve feet high by seven feet six inches long. The curtains, valances, tester and lower valances are composed of cloth of gold and, together with the ceiling, are lined with brilliant coral taffetas, now much faded, all closely embroidered in a floral design in gold, silver and colored silks. The pillows and quilt are of the same embroidered coral silk and trimmed with many rows of most elaborate fringe made of gold, silver, coral silk and black tassels. A London Times writer says that the cost of this astounding extravagance amounted to £8,000, which represents at least £40,000 of present currency.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson I.—Second Quarter, For April 7, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, I Cor. xv, 1-11. Memory Verses, 10, 11—Golden Text, Acts ii, 32—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

We turn aside this week from the regular lesson to spend an hour on the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, a topic on which we should meditate continually, for if Christ be not risen all are lost and preaching and faith are equally in vain (verses 14-19). Consider well His own testimony that He would rise again the third day (Matt. xii. 40; xvi. 21; xvii. 9, 22, 23; xx. 17-19; xxvi. 32; John ii. 19-21). Then consider the testimony of those who saw Him after He rose from the dead—Peter, John, Stephen and Paul. Take two testimonies out of many—"This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we all are witnesses," * * * "God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ" (Acts ii. 32, 36). Our lesson begins with the words, "I declare unto you the gospel," and in verses 3, 4, he defines it in these words: "Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures; He was buried, and He rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures." In Rom. i. 1-4, he speaks of it as "the gospel of God concerning His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, declared to be the Son of God with power by the resurrection from the dead." In II Tim. ii. 8, he says, "Remember that Jesus Christ of the seed of David was raised from the dead, according to my gospel." Before He ascended He ordered that repentance and remission of sins should be proclaimed in His name among all nations (Luke xxiv. 47), and we need only to listen to Paul in Acts xiii. 38, 39, to understand how simply and fully it was done. "Through this man is proclaimed unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things." As in verse 2 of our lesson, "By which also ye are saved * * * unless ye have believed in vain." In verses 5 to 8 Paul mentions five appearances of Christ between His resurrection and ascension, and there were five more, including three others on the resurrection day—His appearance to Mary, to the other women and to the two on the way to Emmaus. His appearance to Paul on the way to Damascus (verse 8) was after His ascension, as was also His appearing to him at Corinth and in Jerusalem (Acts xviii. 9, 10; xxiii. 11). Stephen and John also saw Him after His ascension. The statement in Acts i. 3, concerning His resurrection appearances is full and clear, "He shewed Himself alive after His passion by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God." The testimony of Peter in Acts ii, iii, iv, v, concerning the resurrection is very strong, notably that in Acts v, 30-32. Our daily testimony to the risen Christ should be such as to compel people to see that we have been with Jesus. If we know the power of His resurrection it will be so, and He who will finally subdue all things unto Himself (verses 24, 28) will so subdue us and bring every thought into captivity that the daily life shall be the life of Jesus made manifest in our mortal flesh (II Cor. x. 5; iv. 10, 11). Seeing Jesus lays one very low in his own estimation, so Paul speaks of himself as the least of the apostles not meet to be called an apostle (verse 9). He elsewhere speaks of himself as less than the least of all saints and again as the chief of sinners (Eph. iii. 8; I Tim. i. 15). Compare the experience of others in Job xlii. 5, 6; Isa. vi. 5; Dan. x. 8; Rev. i. 17. Where there is the least good opinion of self it is because the King has not been seen in His beauty. We must learn to say as Paul said in Rom. vii. 18, "I know that in me—that is, in my flesh—dwelleth no good thing," then we can add, as he does, in our lesson (verse 10), "By the grace of God I am what I am," and concerning all service, "Not I, but the grace of God which was with me." We should be conscious also, as he was, that we have only to receive from the Lord and deliver to others what we have received (verse 3 and chap. xi, 23). When I consider that the words and works of the Lord Jesus were always the Father's words and works I can only desire to so yield and abide that I may be His messenger with His message and that He may work in me to will and to do of His good pleasure (John xii. 49; xiv. 10; Hag. i. 13; Phil. ii. 13). This is restful and gives great quietness and, according to verse 58 of our lesson chapter, makes one steadfast, unmovable and always abounding. The resurrection of Jesus Christ makes certain our own resurrection or translation (verses 23, 50-54), and the assurance of a body, like His glorified body, which will never again be weak or weary or suffer or die, is a great inspiration while we continue in these mortal bodies. In verse 28 we have what seems to me the highest mountain peak in all Scripture, "That God may be all in all." Christ shall then have reigned and His saints with him until all things shall have been subdued unto Him. Then shall there be no more curse, no sin nor suffering, no more death, but the long expected kingdom of peace and righteousness shall fill the earth (Rev. xxi. 3-5; xxii. 3, 4; Isa. xxxii. 1, 17). As these truths hold us we shall know Him and the power of His resurrection (Phil. iii. 10).

Barbers In the Orient.

In the east the barber plays a very important part in the social system. The shaving of the head is still practised among Mohammedans, just as it was by the Israelites in the days of long ago.

The first time a boy's head is shaved, usually at the age of three or four, the operation becomes quite a ceremony. Prayers from the Koran are chanted and a goat is ceremoniously slain, which seems to be rather unfortunate, from the goat's point of view. The barber of the east wears a long, smock-like garment, and round his waist he fastens a towel. Depending from waist to feet is the razor strop. When the shaving of a customer is completed, the barber, with a bow, presents him with a hand glass. No Moslem, however, will look into a glass without first invoking the name of the prophet, for fear he might look on his own features with undue admiration. As he returns the glass to the barber the piece of money in payment is placed upon it.

AN ARMY OF PECCARIES.

Fierce Fighters Are These Tusked Wild Pigs of South America.

The peccaries of South America are formidable because they attacked their enemies in large bodies and with great vigor and bravery. The method and skill of their charges suggest that they are led by chiefs skillful enough in predatory warfare to direct the surrounding and destruction of a powerful jaguar.

The object to be stormed is surrounded in silence by a circle of hundreds of peccaries. At a given signal a simultaneous snapping of teeth occurs, which is followed by a converging rush toward the center. The largest and strongest reach the front first, and the smallest and weakest bring up in the rear. Those in front are pushed on by the mass in the rear, so that the enemy is constantly confronted by a rank of foes, no matter how many he may have disabled.

An American engineer while surveying a Brazilian forest for a railway route encountered a herd of peccaries one night and with difficulty drove them off. His experience affords an illustration of the bravery of these wild pigs.

One day he and his party came upon a morass, the furrowed ground, trodden grass, turbid pools and pigsty odor of which indicated that it was the headquarters of all the peccaries in the vicinity. But not a pig was to be seen.

The camp was fortified. In the night there came an alarm. Suddenly from all around rose the sound of simultaneous snapping of teeth, and then came the charge of hundreds of black animals rushing toward the fort.

Guns were discharged, and the occupants reached down and slashed with their knives at the swarming pigs below. Numbers of these were cut down by the men in the fort, but others, impelled by those in the rear, threw themselves forward, ripping and slashing with their sharp tusks.

Suddenly the attack ceased. The animals had silently withdrawn. Then without a moment's warning save the crash of teeth came another wild charge, and the fight was renewed. Again the pigs drew off, and again they renewed the battle. Seven times they charged during the night, and not until daybreak was the last grunt heard.—Harper's.

WASTE OF SUPPLIES.

A Business Problem and the Way One Factory Solved It.

In one manufacturing plant the superintendent found that his men were careless with supplies. He decided that too much material was kept on hand in the shop. Mechanics found it an easier matter to throw away slightly damaged or spoiled work and begin on a new piece than to take precautions in turning out their work, remarks a writer in Business. He therefore devised a stores order which made every foreman responsible for raw material issued to his department. New material could not be had from the general store except on requisition, and the general store would honor no requisition unless it was O. K.'d by the foreman. These lists were kept on file and totaled at the end of each month to enable the superintendent to make comparisons.

This put the foreman on his guard not to fill out a requisition for something which he did not absolutely need, and the first six months after adopting this rule expenses in one department alone were cut nearly 20 per cent without sacrificing efficiency. The foreman also claimed that it had a tendency to develop his men into more skilled mechanics because they were under the necessity of accounting for the work they spoiled in machining.

The Postmark.

Great Britain, it is said, can, without fear of contradiction, claim the honor of having originated the postmark. The first one, which was used in London as long ago as 1660, was a very simple affair, consisting of a small circle divided into two parts. In the top portion were two letters indicating the month, while in the lower half the day of the month was shown. No endeavor was made to denote the year, and it is only by the dates of the letters on which the mark is impressed that it is possible to fix the date of its use.—London Standard.

Venus.

Venus is both a morning and evening star because she always accompanies the sun, never receding from him beyond certain limits, while the rest of the planets, with the exception of Mercury, are seen at all possible angular distances from the sun. When Venus is to the west of the sun she rises before him and is a morning star, but when she is to the east of the sun she rises after him and is an evening star.

Granted.

"Ah," cried the count gallantly as he bent low before the American beauty, "I would I was ze glove upon your hand."

"You may act in that capacity, count," she replied graciously. "I never wear a glove more than once, and then I give it to my maid."—Harper's.

Two Unpleasant Habits.

"Isn't it 'orrible the way 'Obbes drops 'is haspirates?"

"No more 'orrid than the way he drops 'is vowels. I've got 'alf a dozen of 'is IOU's!"—London Mail.

Opinion of Him.

Blobbs—Does young Dr. Squills know much about medicine? Slobbs—Well, I should say that what he doesn't know about medicine would fill a morgue.—Philadelphia Record.

Restless Nature.

Nothing in nature is absolutely permanent. Changes are going on slowly, but steadily, every moment, parts of the earth being elevated above the sea, parts sinking below it, the ocean wearing away the coast in one place and building it out in another, and so on to infinity.

A Use For It.

Young Hardfax—But, dad, there can't be any real harm in sowing a few wild oats. Old Hardfax—Mebbe not. 'Cause if you're as much of a donkey as I think you are you can eat the crop.—Chicago News.

Or Seem To.

"I suppose even a rich man has his troubles."

"Yes, but he can always find somebody to take an interest in them."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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Emotions and Exclamations.

Why do we say "ah" in pleasure, "oh" in surprise and "oo" in displeasure or pain? These sounds are the vocal representations of emotions. Every emotion has certain bodily expressions, some of which are exhibited in movements of the muscles of the face giving the facial expressions, as of fear, anger, pleasure, pity, etc., and some of the facial expressions are associated with other instinctive acts, as movement of the eyes, emission of sounds, raising the arms, clapping the hands, etc. In the emission of sounds the simplest vocalization, the "ah" sound, is produced and modified by the action of the muscles of the lips, their action depending upon the facial expression of the emotion. Expectancy allows reason to act, and we withhold such sounds if we expect the cause of the emotion. The scream of pain is instinctive and in the nature of a means of defense. It has a paralyzing effect on the enemy and, in fact, on every one else. Nobody who has been startled by a woman's scream will forget the momentary paralyzation of muscles and mind which it caused.—New York American.

A Bit of Railroad History.

"There is a grave in Greenwood cemetery," said an old time railroad man, "the stone at the head of which bears only the name of the man whose remains are buried there, the date of his birth and the date of his death. Yet that man, John Raymond, built the first mile of railroad for commercial use and designed for locomotive power ever put down on the American continent.

"That was in 1828, and that initial mile of railroad was the beginning of the Delaware and Hudson Canal company's railroad between the head of its canal at Honesdale, Pa., and its coal mines at Carbondale. And on that first mile of track the first locomotive to turn a wheel in America was run in August, 1829.

"John Raymond was a native of Walton, Delaware county, N. Y., and died in Scranton, Pa., in 1883. He ought to have a place in railroad history, seems to me."—New York Sun.

Supplanting Mr. Howells.

Professor Brander Matthews at a dinner in New York once said of literary criticism:

"A good deal of it, too, is biased. A good deal of it is like Mr. Walton's. Mr. Walton's daughter, a college girl, wrote, at the age of eighteen, a novel which her father brought out for her at his own expense. During the Christmas holidays Mr. Walton gave a party in his daughter's honor, and at this party the young girl read from an improvised platform chapters out of her book. Her fond old father was carried away by the reading. So tremendously indeed did his admiration for his daughter's talent enkindle him that as the girl read on the man could be heard muttering over and over:

"'Howells be hanged! Howells be hanged!' "—Exchange.

The Point of the Cape of Good Hope.

Cape point, which terminates the mighty headland known as the Cape of Good Hope, consists of a towering promontory of sandstone, which rises from the sea to an altitude of 840 feet. At the base of this stands a big solitary column which is known as Vasco da Gama's pillar. The lighthouse which here illuminates the meeting place of the Atlantic and Indian oceans is one of the most important and most useful of its kind. It is visible from a distance of thirty-six miles. The cliff scenery is wild and sublime, the rocks are magnificent, and the far reaching sea, with the fierce surf beating on the iron bound coast, is impressive. In the water directly beneath the cliff sharks are abundant.

Soldiers' Superstitions.

Among the numerous superstitions of the Cossacks there is none stronger than the belief that they will enter heaven in a better state if they are personally clean at the time they are killed. Consequently before an expected battle they perform their toilets with scrupulous care, dress themselves in clean garments and put on the best they have. This superstition is not confined to the Cossacks alone, but is widely prevalent in all branches of the Russian army.

Where Algernon Lost.

"No," said the disconsolate girl, "I am sure Algernon does not love me. His mind is not on me as it should be."

"How do you know?"

"I played bridge at the same table with him and he could remember what the trump was all the time."—Washington Star.

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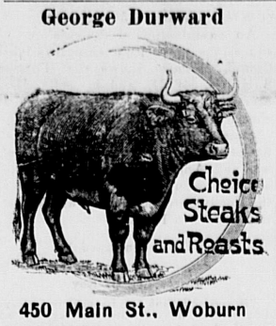
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From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

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AN EASTER HOUSE PARTY

Some of the Guests Voted It a Great Success

By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ

The region of northern New Jersey is extremely beautiful. There are rolling hills, some of them approaching the dignity of mountains. There are splendid lakes, some of them closed in between the hills producing scenery to catch the eye of an artist.

There are country places that are veritable palaces, for many of the wealthiest and most fashionable New Yorkers have built them for their summer homes.

The most famous of all these localities is Tuxedo, where are gathered many whose ancestors were prominent when the state of New Jersey was a colony of King George III.

It was Easter week and Mrs. James Fenton was giving a little house party in one of these beautiful homes.

April was still weaving its birthday garments, spring's coronal of blossoms remained yet folded, buds and song birds were not quite ready with their richest song.

But it promised to be a prodigal spring. In the woods the bloodroot and anemone were in bloom and the violets were peeping forth from their protecting leaves.

Now and then a cardinal or scarlet tanager would flash from the cedar trees. And in Mrs. Fenton's flower beds yellow daffodils, the white narcissus and blue hyacinths made sweet places.

Of course Mrs. James Fenton had gathered together all sorts of men, from the up to date man with a fad for motor science, talking grandiloquently of lubricators, radiators and



"AH! DON'T LET US FENCE, LITTLE WOMAN."

pumps, grademeters, magnetos and odometers, to the rather old fashioned man with a fad for the camera boringly au fait on iris diaphragms and wide angle lenses, the telephote attachment and "hypo" and "sollio" print.

Somewhere in between these two poles of contemplation came the ordinary, wholesome, every day man. Tom Ormsby, a handsome young widower, was one of them.

But although he was exceedingly nice to all his hostess' feminine guests, it could not be said that he was especially attentive to any one. At least not on the first day.

"Heigh oh!" yawned Miss Chase, in dressing robe and slippers as the maid brushed out the tawny lengths of her tresses that first night. "Well, tomorrow is another day. We'll see if we can't wake him up a bit tomorrow."

Miss Chase was a gay, enterprising beauty, all unused to the dull sensation of ineffective charms. And to her particular way of thinking Tom Ormsby seemed the only eligible man worth while in Mrs. Fenton's collection. He was a widower, but what of that? They always made the best husbands, did they not? So she said to herself. "Tomorrow."

However, when tomorrow came, so, also, did another guest. Miss Chase met her on the staircase as she was going up to her room after a little chat with her hostess. There was nothing unusually pretty about her, yet instinctively Miss Chase turned to look after the ascending figure.

"Who is she—your new guest?" she asked of Mrs. Fenton a little later.

"Molly Hargraves, a dear old school friend of mine, just back from the other side. You'll like her lots; everybody does." And Mrs. Fenton was off to attend to some of her numerous duties of hostess.

That afternoon while most of the guests were playing bridge Mrs. Fenton, Miss Chase, Miss Hargraves and Tom Ormsby strolled off for a little ramble through the woods.

"At the top of that slide of rock," said Ormsby to his hostess, pointing ahead, "there used to be a little colony of white violets. I'm going to look for them now."

He sprang up the slaty embankment. "Just as they were long years ago," he exclaimed, fetching back a cluster in his hands. He divided the flowers between the women. As he handed them to Molly Hargraves Miss Chase heard him say:

"Do you remember the white violets in the myrtle bed by the old spring?"

An expression of tender remembrance flitted over the girl's face, but she answered with cold precision:

"That must have been long ago. And I have a poor memory."

"Humph!" ejaculated Miss Chase to herself, scenting a romance of bygone days. "And who would have suspected it?"

A heavy rain came on that night and was the beginning of a two days' deluge. It was hard on the house party. That dreadful gulf between luncheon and 5 o'clock may become impossible even to fascinating bridge. There were many who yawned.

Although it had been Mrs. Fenton's express purpose to bring Ormsby and Molly together, never once had she received the gratification of finding them alone. And Miss Chase watched in vain for the progress of her romance.

On the second day of the rain Molly was lying in a great cane chair reading, half screened by palms, out on the empty side porch. The dampness didn't take her hair out of curl, and she liked it. Mrs. Fenton happened to spy her and, like the kindly little woman that she was, gave Ormsby the hint.

Molly smiled rather enigmatically as he approached and gave expression to an easy commonplace or two, then her eyes dropped a moment to the open book on her knees. It was a volume of Bliss Carman's poems.

"Rather pretty, don't you think?" she murmured, handing him the volume and indicating the poem beginning:

Make me over, Mother April,
When the sap begins to stir—

She could think of nothing else to say, her heart was thumping so. And silence might lead to melodrama, a thing above all others that she hated.

"Look here," Ormsby said, closing the book gently, "this is the very first chance I've had, Molly, and there are some things I've been waiting to say to you for eight years."

There was a pitiful curve to the girl's lips, but her eyes smiled mockingly.

"Indeed?" said she.

"Ah, don't let us fence, little woman." The man's voice was almost a cry. "Life is so short that once in awhile surely we can afford to be blunt"—

"Can we?" broke in the girl. "I believe we can." Her soft eyes suddenly looked like a purple black cloud that has in its heart the forked lightning. "Well, then, before you tell me anything let me speak. Eight years ago I was more of a child than a woman and I broke our engagement. Tom, because"—she moistened her dry lips—"somehow there had stolen in upon me the childish fancy that you had engaged yourself to me simply because you knew I loved you so"—

"Ah," broke in Ormsby hotly, "that was only an unreasonable sensitiveness that came between us, love. Now that you are a woman, you must surely know better."

"Yes," she answered simply; "I do. But when I received your wild, incoherent note a week after we'd separated, when you told me you'd married your cousin—well, all the sun seemed to have been stolen from the day and the moon and the stars from the night. That's all. Now, because it was my fault in the first place, I've done my duty. I've made my confession. Of course I was too proud to grieve long for another woman's husband, so at present you owe me no debt."

There was an icy hauteur in her voice which the trembling of her lips belied.

"I was true to her, dear, while she lived—indeed, at least," said the man reverently.

Tom Ormsby had a generous heart and he never thought of his poor wife without a feeling of remorse for ever having felt harshly about the bonds that bound them. "But she's been dead now for nearly two years, and you've been traveling in Europe with your aunt for nearly three and"—

"We only arrived the week before Easter," said Molly casually, and then changing her tone, "There is a child is there not, Tom?"

Ormsby leaned toward her, his face transfigured with adoration.

"There is a little girl, and we call her Mollie."

He could say no more for a second. Then he crossed to Miss Hargraves side, put his hand beneath her chin and lifted the oval face till her eyes looked into his.

"Sweetheart," he added huskily, "I would like nothing better on earth than to give her to you. But you'd have to take me too. Could you? Would you?"

Ah, the old mesmeric entreaty of his voice! She longed to throw herself into his dear, big arms and tell him that never, never once in all these years, though she had fought hard against it, had she forgotten him, that nowhere else in the whole world but with him could happiness be found.

He was wrapping her around with the old, old spell.

She made an effort to get out of her silence, but she found herself rooted to the spot as one is sometimes in dreams. A tide of rich, young blood surged over the delicate face and made the man's heart throb with inexplicable joy.

"Would you, dear?" he pleaded again, bending slightly over her.

Molly did speak finally, rising calmly and reaching for the book. And she said a wonderfully clever thing. Considering the fact that Miss Chase was at that moment curiously strolling out to the side porch, both the remark and the action were apropos:

"I know you'll like Carman's poem, and if the sun comes out tomorrow I'll read it to you down by that little colony of white violets."

The next day the sun came out.

THE LIMIT OF COLD

Absolute Zero and the Way It Is Defined by Science.

POINT OF MOLECULAR DEATH

At 459.4 Degrees Below the Fahrenheit and 273 Degrees Below the Centigrade Zero There Is No Heat, No Energy and No Motion Within Matter.

Few people have any definite idea of the meaning of absolute zero. When temperatures or degrees of heat are mentioned it is natural for most people to think of these degrees as given on the household or Fahrenheit scale, with its freezing point at 32 degrees and its boiling point at 212. The space on the Fahrenheit thermometer below the freezing point of water is divided into thirty-two equal spaces down to zero. The other thermometer scale in common use is the centigrade scale, with its boiling point at 100 degrees and its freezing point at zero. The zero points on these two scales are not the zero of absolute temperature or absolute zero, but are only two relative points.

Temperature as used and spoken of in ordinary practice is only relative and is measured in reference to two points—the boiling and freezing points of water at sea level. But science and scientific investigation requires another scale for its measurements, which has a theoretically correct zero point. This scale is called the absolute scale, with its zero point 273 degrees below the zero of the centigrade scale and 459.4 degrees below that of the Fahrenheit zero. This is what is meant by the zero of absolute temperature.

Absolute temperature has been defined. According to science, all matter is composed of small particles or molecules in ceaseless vibration in the spaces between them. This molecular motion, as it is called, is much greater in gases than it is in liquids or solids, and the ultimate particles are farther apart. The idea of absolute zero and the place assigned to it on the absolute scale is based on this property of matter—motion. In gaseous forms of matter the motion is greater because of the greater space between the particles.

To illustrate the meaning of this point and to explain how it was got, imagine a volume of air of 273 cubic inches at the temperature of freezing water on the centigrade scale. Heat this volume of air to 1 degree centigrade and its volume will have increased to 274 cubic inches, and if heated to 2 degrees its volume will be 275 cubic inches. Likewise, if the original volume be cooled 1 degree below the freezing point of water its volume will be decreased by one cubic inch and become 272 cubic inches. For every additional decrease of 1 degree the volume will contract one two-hundred and seventy-third part of what it was to begin with, so that, if the cooling is carried far enough, it is easy to see that at 273 degrees below the freezing point of water the volume will become nothing.

The volume of a gas is due to the real volume of its individual particles, together with the volume of the spaces between these particles. At ordinary temperatures these particles are in swift motion. But for every degree of cooling this motion is slackened, and the paths of vibration become shorter. This motion continues down to 273 degrees below the centigrade zero, where the motion has entirely ceased and the paths of the particles are infinitely short. Of course the gas under consideration at —273 degrees will have a volume due to the sum of the volume occupied by the molecular particles themselves.

This 273 degrees then is the absolute zero. It is the point of molecular death. No heat is there, no energy and consequently no motion. Matter at this point is entirely motionless within itself.

The thermometer scales of the world should be based on it as the logical starting point. The freezing point of water, which is zero on the centigrade scale, referred to the absolute scale is —273 degrees, while the freezing point of 32 on the Fahrenheit scale is —459.4 degrees on it. The ordinary temperature of a room is about 68 degrees F., or 527.4 degrees on the absolute scale. On the same scale summer heat is about 558 degrees F.

The zero of absolute temperature has nearly been reached in the preparation of solid hydrogen gas and liquid helium. The temperature of liquid helium (one of the rarest of gases) is only about 4 degrees above absolute zero, so that the individual particles of liquid helium have almost become motionless. Probably in the near neighborhood of absolute zero this gas, which is the only one that has not been solidified, will become solid and represent matter in its state of molecular death.—W. C. Dumas in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Longest Novel.

The "Story of the Eight Dogs" is the longest novel that has ever been published. Fortunately, perhaps, it is written in Japanese, so no one will set himself the task of reading it. It contains 106 volumes, several hundred characters and numerous dogs, all of which are successfully disposed of by the time the last chapter is reached. Just imagine reading through that—one book that would last a lifetime!

The world's great men have not commonly been great scholars nor its great scholars great men.—Holmes.

A Gossipy Mother.

"A gossiping woman makes me tired," observed small Donald.

"What's a gossiping woman?" asked his younger brother.

"One who tells everything she knows," explained Donald. "Mamma is one. Every time we misbehave she runs and tells papa."—Chicago News.

He alone has energy who cannot be deprived of it.—Lavater.

CHICAGO IN ITS YOUTH.

It Got One Weekly Mail, by Horseback, From the East in 1832.

Extracts from the first city directory of Chicago reprinted in the Record-Herald show, for the most part, a feeling of satisfaction in the compiler. The directory appeared in 1844. "Our common schools," he writes, "are worthy of special notice." Regarding entertainment for the stranger within the gates, he is able to note definite improvement. Whereas, "In early times our inns were miserable in the extreme," now "we have eighteen hotels and houses of public entertainment, many of them large and splendid establishments, not inferior to any in the west."

He hazards a prophecy which has been more than fulfilled when he says: "We have four large packing houses, and all of them have done a heavy business thus far. The pork packing is only just commencing, but will, it is thought, be extensive."

The progress that had been made in postal facilities is shown by this record: "A weekly mail from the east was received here on horseback in 1832. The next year it was received in a one horse wagon weekly. In 1833 a two horse wagon was substituted. In 1834 a four horse stage line was established semiweekly; triweekly in 1835. In 1837 there was a daily eastern mail. There are now received and made up at this office forty-eight mails weekly, and the receipts of the office amount to about $10,000."

In one or two respects the narrator cannot speak so cheerfully. He is compelled to acknowledge a debt of $8,977.25. He adds, however, that "The credit of the city is now established upon a permanent foundation and cannot easily be shaken." But for the stage he sees no immediate hope. This is his plaint: "Our theater—a very pretty one—has been in operation the past season and met with some encouragement, but it must be confessed that at present the prospects of the drama are not flattering."

TWO DORE SKETCHES.

One That Was Stolen and Another That Was Confiscated.

While Gustave Dore was at Ischl and wandering about the mountains he became much interested in a country wedding and sketched it on the spot. He put the sketch in a book in the pocket of his paletot and went back to the hotel to dinner. After dinner he looked for the sketch. It was gone.

Angry at the theft, the artist called the landlord and made complaint, but no trace of the book was found. From Ischl Dore went to Vienna, and there he found a letter and a parcel awaiting him. The letter, which was anonymous, read thus:

Sir, I stole your book at Ischl. The sketch was so charming that I could not resist the temptation of having it in my possession, and I knew very well that you would never consent to sell to me. But theft is neither my trade nor my habit, and I beg you to accept as a souvenir of my crime and my enthusiasm for your talent the walking stick which will reach you at the same time as this letter.

The cane was a massive one with a gold head, in which was set a gem of value.

On another occasion the artist lost his passport while on a tour in Switzerland. At Lucerne he asked to be allowed to speak to the mayor, to whom he gave his name.

"You say that you are M. Gustave Dore, and I believe you," said the mayor, "but," and he produced a piece of paper and a pencil, "you can easily prove it."

Dore looked around him and saw some peasants selling potatoes in the street. With a few clever touches he reproduced the homely scene and, appending his name to the sketch, gave it to the mayor.

"Your passport is all right," remarked the official, "but you must allow me to keep it and to offer you in return one of the ordinary form."—New York Sun.

Hymns In Theaters.

In south Wales when the people are pleased with the work of an actor they have a custom of showing their appreciation by singing hymns at the close of the performance. Henry Irving was once playing at Swansea when he was surprised to hear the audience burst into "Lead, Kindly Light," when he appeared before the curtain in response to a call. At the close of the engagement the great actor was deeply touched by the singing of "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," rendered in the most reverent manner.—London Spectator.

Too Inquisitive.

"Bridget, didn't I hear you quarreling with the milkman this morning?"

"Sure not! His hired girl's sick, an' I was inquirin' afther her. But he's an impolite divil."

"How's that?"

"Says I, 'How's your milkmaid? An' he looked mad an' says, 'That's a thrade secret.'"—Kansas City Journal

A Mean Hint.

"What did she play?"

"The 'Last Hope'—such an appropriate selection!"

"Why do you say so?"

"Because it matched the expression of her hearers when they heard her begin it."—Baltimore American.

Demure, but Determined.

A bride looks so modest and demure at a wedding that it is hard to suspect her of having bossed the affair with an iron hand.—Atchison Globe.

Counting Up.

"I started to work on my twentieth story yesterday," said the bustling man, "and I tell you I'm making it pay."

"You are an author?"

"Certainly not! I'm an architect."—Washington Star.

And He Was the Man.

Mrs. Benham—My new dress is a poem. Benham—The man who has to pay for it loses his love for literature.—New York Press.

SPOTS ON THE SUN

They Indicate the Aging of Our Orb of Life and Light.

THE GREAT SOLAR TRAGEDY.

A Grim Play In Which the "Star" Is Fighting For Existence, Has Absolutely No Chance to Win and Whose Death Means the End of the World.

Life is a tragedy, the earth a stage, men and women the actors, the "gods" the audience. Some pessimists believe that this great play of life is more comic than tragic in the opinion of the spectators.

However this may be, there is another, vastly greater, tragedy of life at which man himself is an onlooker, although, unfortunately, his own ultimate fate is bound up with the denouement of the play.

It is the life drama of the solar system. Its chief actor is the sun, and men are beginning to rub their eyes and wipe the specks from their glasses as they perceive more and more plainly indications that the "star" of the play is aging.

The fact is becoming only too clear that for him this is no sport, but real, deadly tragedy. He is not acting a part, but fighting for life. He cannot win; he can only prolong the struggle, and when he falls exhausted the stage, the theater, actors, spectators, pit and galleries will go with him in one universal ruin.

Until recently we were only troubled a little in mind by the sun spots. It was evident that they must cut off some radiation, but the amount appeared to be trifling, and their maxima are far apart, ten or eleven years. But now we are confronted by a much more disquieting phenomenon. The sun appears to "fluctuate at irregular intervals of several days and sometimes of several months."

Here is the crux of the whole matter. What does the recognition of the fact that the sun is a veritable star mean? What may it mean to the earth and its inhabitants? These questions can best be answered by considering other variable stars.

Let us take an extreme example. There is in the constellation of the Whale a famous variable star known as Mira the Wonderful. In a period of about ten months on the average it changes from the third—sometimes the second—magnitude to about the ninth and then back again.

That means, in the extreme, a probable difference of between two and three hundred times in the amount of light and heat which it radiates around it at maximum and at minimum.

When it is faintest it cannot be seen with the naked eye; when it is brightest it is a conspicuous object. As it fades it turns reddish in color, and when it brightens it blazes with brilliant spectroscopic lines.

It is probably a sun at least as great as our sun, and it has recently been found that its spectrum resembles in some striking peculiarities the spectra of sun spots.

Did it ever have any worlds to light and nourish? If so think of the condition of those worlds now.

A sun is like a living organism—it wears out. As it ages it becomes more and more variable. It maintains itself and its planets while its radiant power lasts, but it cannot do so forever. It contracts, flickers, struggles, fades and goes out. Its lifetime is millions of years, but it has an end.

"Let us account as a mere nothing," cried Bossuet, "everything that ends, for, though we should multiply years beyond the reach of numbers, yet all would be nothing when the fatal term is reached."—Garrett P. Serviss in New York American.

Ham Experts.

In certain watering places of Europe men make fortunes in ham shops. There is said to be such a shop in Carlsbad, where a man in white garments slices the lean Prague ham or the fatter Westphalian for the people who are at the springs. It is said that none there are really judges of ham until they can argue every morning outside the shop for a quarter of an hour as to what breed of pig gives the most appetizing slice. At Marienbad the representatives of the most exclusive circles of society in the world lunch on lean ham.—Argonaut.

The Sign of Equality.

Robert Recorde introduced the sign of equality into algebra. Recorde was the first English author who wrote on the subject of algebra. In his treatise called "Whetstone of Witte," published about 1557, he says: "To avoide the tedlouse repetition of these words, is equalle to, I will sette, as I doe often in worke use, a paire of parallel lines of one lengthe, thus: =, because no 2 thynges can be more equalle."

Just the Other Way.

"I suppose," observed the envious person, "that when you go to Europe the whole continent tips up."

"Not at all," said the experienced traveler. "When I go to Europe I usually have to tip the whole continent."—Chicago Tribune.

An Offset.

"Did you lend that forgetful friend of ours the book he asked for?"

"Yes. But I took care to borrow his umbrella the same day."—Washington Star.

Debt has a small beginning, but a giant's growth and strength.—Beaconsfield.

Full Deck.

Irate Wife—That's the fifty-second falsehood you've told me this week. Unabashed Husband—Well, now, you can see what is meant by the expression "a pack of lies."—Pittsburgh Post.

Never Finished.

He (anxiously) — About how long, darling, will it take to complete your trousseau? She—All the rest of my married life.—Life.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1912

A NEW PLAN.

A few days ago the Massachusetts Real Estate Exchange chose a committee of three of his leading members to visit Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston and enlist his interest and secure his support of a Bill to be introduced in the Legislature to establish a Metropolitan Council as the first step towards building a Greater Boston. The Mayor told the committee he would take the new plan under advisement.

The scheme provides for the division of the present Metropolitan District into six sections to extend from Reading on the north to Hingham on the south, the city of Boston being No. 6. Number 2 in this proposed District organization includes Woburn, Everett, Malden, Melrose, Stoneham, Wakefield, Lynnfield and Reading. Boston is to have 3 members of the Council and the other Divisions one each.

Among its many changes the Bill provides for the abolishment of the Metropolitan Park Commission and the Metropolitan Water and Sewerage Boards.

The new plan for a Greater Boston is complicated and looks better as a map than in cold type.

GENERAL GRANT DEAD.

General Frederick D. Grant died suddenly of heart failure in a New York hotel just after midnight this morning.

☞ We trust that readers of the JOURNAL will not skip out this item but give it careful attention, and then join heartily in observing the seventh anniversary of Humane Day next Tuesday, April 16: The American Humane Education Society has arranged through its State Organizer, A. Judson Leach, for the due observance of Humane Day among the public, private and parochial schools throughout the Commonwealth, Tuesday, April 16, 1912. It is estimated that nearly two hundred thousand pupils, with twelve thousand teachers, will join in observing the same with suitable exercises.

☞ An esteemed correspondent writes the JOURNAL that Hon. Nathaniel Hobbs of North Berwick, Maine, lacks only a few weeks of being 88 years old. He is now serving his 40th consecutive year as Probate Judge of York County, and a candidate for reelection next fall. If he is again chosen and lives to serve another term he will be 92 at the end of it. Verily, Maine ozone is the stuff to preserve health and prolong life. Our correspondent writes that the Judge is good for another turn on the Bench.

☞ What has become of Senator Lodge's Congressional committee appointed last year to ascertain the cause and find a remedy for the increase of cost of living? The price of potatoes and cabbages has doubled since he took hold of the question.

☞ One week from today, April 19, will occur the 137th anniversary of the Battle of Lexington and Concord Fight. The legal name of it is Patriots Day and was substituted for the ancient New England Fast Day.

☞ George Fred Williams of Dedham and Boston is General Manager of Champ Clarke's Presdential campaign in this State. Governor Foss has retired from the contest.

☞ Per courtesy of Congressman S. W. McCall of this District the JOURNAL is enabled to distribute among the people of Woburn free packages of flower and vegetable seeds.

☞ The managers will please accept our thanks for a copy of the 36th annual Report of the Musuem of Fine Arts in Boston for the year 1911.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

Danchy & Co.—Rugs.
Burbeen Free Lecture—Lecture.
J. W. & E. F. Johnson—Citation.
Channing & Frothingham—Citation.
Edison Elec. Ill. Co.—Electric Automobiles.

— The police made some more liquor raids last Sunday.

— The shiploads of potatoes on the way here from Europe won't amount to a drop in the bucket.

— The employees of Hart's Express are dancing to the melodious strains of Hern's Orchestra this evening.

— If some stories in this city are true, there is going to be a notable wedding up street a piece pretty soon.

— Hope Rebekah Lodge are to give another salad supper on Tuesday evening, April 16. Get your ticket early.

— A fine entertainment was given by the Social Benevolent Society of First church in the vestry last evening.

— On Saturday the temperature here was 80 degrees: on the Monday after the weekly wash froze on the clothesline in the back yard!

— That housefly came out again last Saturday and paid us another short visit. He was as lively as ever, and seemed to be in the best of health.

— Rev. Patrick T. Higgins will open Pavilion Park at Montvale on April 19.

— Under the will of Louisa J. Morrill widow of George H. Morrill of Norwood, Carrie Tidd of North Woburn, a neice, was given $5,000.

— During the first week in April, current, the thermometer reports of the weather ranged from 23 to 80 degrees. Is it any wonder the Doctors are kept busy?

— Rev. William S. Barnes, former pastor of the Woburn Unitarian church died at West Mount, P. Q., on April 3, at 71 years of age. He left Woburn 33 years ago.

— Governor Foss enjoyed the privilege of hearing Maude H. Littlefield of Woburn play the violin in the choir of the First Baptist church at Jamaica Plain on Easter Sunday, at which she is an expert.

— A pair of beautiful bluejays daily assist the sparrows in the destruction of a nest that the robins built and occupied last year in a pear tree within a few feet of our Editorial workbench. They are welcome visitors.

— Rev. Henry C. Parker, wife and daugter received a hearty welcome at the Unitarian church last Sunday on their return from a lengthy visit in Texas, where the Pastor was engaged in denominational work several weeks.

— Rev. Henry C. Parker has been pastor of the Woburn Unitarian church 24 years, or about that period, and grows in popularity all the time. He is an able preacher and faithful pastor. It looks as though he is "settled" there for life.

— This is the right time for brush fires and care should be taken to guard against them. The person who throws an unextinguished match or lighted stub of a cigar into dry grass or leaves should be made to pay for the damage that act causes.

— We stop the press to announce that the thermometer at Callahan's Crossing near the residence of Dr Caulfield indicated, at 11 o'clock last Saturday, April 6, strong 80 degrees in the shade, and, like the price of potatoes, still going up.

— Burbank W. R. C 84 were the guests of Representative Joe Henry Parker, Jr., at the State House last Wednesday. So delighted were the ladies with his reception, polite attention and chaperonage that they will work for his reelection next fall.

— There was a partial eclipse of the moon on April 1, and an eclipse of the sun will occur on April 17, partial in New England. The eclipse of these luminaries has become so common of late years that they are no longer feared and dreaded by the ignorant as formerly.

— Mr. E. P. Marion is building another fine dwellinghouse for sale at Central Square. He is helping to build up that desirable section of the city. If other of our wealthy men would go and do as Mr. Marion is doing there would be less need of Charles French's Village Improvement Society.

— The next lecture in the Burbeen Free Course is to be given by Ernest Harold Baynes, a Naturalist, at 4 30 P. M. Tuesday, April 16, in Lyceum Hall, the doors to open at 4 P. M. The subject of the lecture will be "The Dog—Man's Noblest Friend, and illustrated by stereopticon. Children are to be admitted.

— The JOURNAL was the grateful recipient of many beautiful Easter cards last week. They were mostly ornamented with pictures of Easter emblems — lilies, rabbits, chickens, eggs, etc. We have never been able to see what these things have to do with a "Risen Savior," but it is all right no doubt.

— The flurry of snow on last Tuesday afternoon covered the ground in spots, but the rain, to which it turned later, left the grass and dry leaves bare again. In olden times a snowfall like that of Tuesday was called a "robin storm." But there were no robins in sight at this one.

— The remains of the widow of the late Luther Harris of this city were brought here for burial last Sunday. She died last week at the home of her son Louis Harris in Brooklyn, N. Y. Luther Harris was the son of William B Harris who for many years was a prominent resident of Woburn.

— Meeting of Mothers Association in parlor of First church, Wednesday, April 17 at 3 P. M. On account of the illness of Mrs. Earl William Smith, whose name was given for this date, Mrs. Robert Park of Wollaston, Mass Portrait Painter, Author and Lecturer, will speak on "Honesty in the Home."

— FIRES.—The alarm from box 64 at 7 30 last Sunday evening, was for a fire that did considerable damage to the dwellinghouse and store of Samuel Miller, No. 88 Winn street. The alarm from box 66 at 10.55 last Monday morning was for a grass fire at the home of B. H. Nichols, Warren Ave.

— Last Friday was the hottest April 5 in Boston that history or government records give any account of. It was 69 degrees in the shade and a roaster. The same degree held good in Woburn. The day began with a slight snowfall, but soon the hottest kind of a hot wave struck this city and things sizzled. At 4 P. M. it was plum 70 above. The night before it was below 30.

— The Woburn JOURNAL acknowleges with thanks the receipt of complimentary tickets from the Managers to the 18th annual entertainment and ball of the Stoneham Fire Department which is to be given on Thursday night, April 18th at Armory Hall in Stoneham Village. In years past the laddies over there have never failed to give a fine evening's pleasure.

— Mr. Amariah V. Haynes, a worthy member of the "Sons of '24," celebrated the 88th anniversary of his birthday last Monday, April 8, and was affectionately remembered by the Masonic fraternity and numerous friends. A remarkable fact connected with his Masonic life is that in the 48 years that he has belonged to Mt. Horeb Lodge, A. F. A. M. of Woburn he has never missed one of its regular meetings. Who can match that experience? Mr. Haynes is also a member of the Woburn Royal Arch Chapter. Long may he live!

— The alarm from Box 46 at 3.45 Thursday afternoon was for a slight fire in a house on Central street, Montvale.

— The Sunny Corner Class of the M. E church will hold their annual Patriotic Supper on Friday evening, April 19, at 6 30.

— The Ladies' Industrial Society of the First Baptist Church held their monthly supper last evening followed by an entertainment by the Y. P. S. C. E. entitled District School, which was witnessed by about 250 people.

— The Sunday evening concerts that were carried on at First church during Lent closed in fine shape last Sunday night with one of the best of the series. They were liberally patronized from start to finish and nearly or quite paid for themselves.

— It war the biggest "scoop" of the season. When the Editor, in a little paragraph of only 480 words, told its story it created a commotion here. No wonder it made Deacon Grimes sick when he read it in Mr. Haggerty's newspaper competitor for the good Deacon is Associate Editor of Mr. Haggerty's paper, and his competitor had "scooped" him bad.

— Woburn W. R. C. 161, and guests, including members of G. A. R. Post 161, enjoyed a refreshing season last Tuesday night. The 25th anniversary of the birth of Corps 161, and the surrender of Lee were celebrated in a pleasant manner. A fine entertainment and supper were provided; speeches were made by Commander E F. Wyer of Post 161, Mrs. Abbie French, President of the Corps, and several visiting members of the order; and the balance of the evening was devoted to dancing, singing, recitations, and pleasant social intercourse. About 200 people sat at the supper tables.

The Fire.

An alarm from Box 62 summoned the Fire Department to a serious blaze in the business center of this city at 2.30 o'clock Monday morning, April 8, and a second one, immediately pulled in, brought out the full force in great haste.

They found the property involved to be the store and hardware stock of H. B. Blye & Co.; Cuneo & Halliday, fruit; the Flanders bowling alleys; and J. F McGrath's dry goods store and big spring stock of goods.

The firemen quickly had several streams of water pouring into the buildings, but they were obliged to work to serious disadvantage because of the proximity of the structures to the hill in the rear, and uncertainty as to the exact location of the fire, the origin of which could not be ascertained. The total amount of damage done, which was caused mainly by water and smoke, was estimated at between $25,000 and $30,000, the largest sufferer being McGrath, who set his loss at $20,000. Patrolman Edward Gorman of the Police discovered the fire and at once gave the alarm, his promptness probably saving much other valuable property from destruction. The loss of Blye & Co. was estimated at about $6,000, and that of Flanders, whose alleys and furnishings were practically a total loss were reported at $4,000. The firemen did splendidly in keeping the blaze from spreading to other buildings, and it was 7 o'clock before the recall was sounded.

Methodist Church.

Next Sunday the pastor, Rev. Fred M. Estes, will be away from the city attending the annual session of the New England Conference which meets at Springfield. The pulpit will be supplied in the morning by Miss Springham, a Deaconess from Boston who will speak on Deaconess Work. The 7 o'clock service will be conducted by the cabinet of the Epworth League, Miss Maude G. West, President. At six o'clock the Epworth League service will be in charge of Mr. Earle True, the subject being, "Isaiah's Jerusalem Home; the Decadent City America's Peril."

Mrs. Feeney.

The funeral of Mrs. Delia Fay Feeney, who passed away at the Medfield Hospital on Thursday, April 4, 1912, was held at the residence of her son, Mr. Thomas J. Feeney, on Warren avenue, this city, last Sunday afternoon, April 7. Her husband, Mr. Coleman Feeney, preceded her to the grave several years ago. She was born in Ireland, and was 67 years old at the time of her decease.

Mrs. Feeney left to mourn the loss of a mother four sons, Thomas J., William H., and James E., all of Woburn; and Hon. John P. of Boston, a former Mayor of this city; and two daughters, Mrs. Richard F. Dacey of Woburn, and Mrs. John J. McDevitt of Leicestershire, N. Y.

The funeral was a very large one. It was attended by many past and present city officials and promiuent residents.

What men want is not talent, it is purpose; not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.—Bulwer-Lytton.

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Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

What is unquestionably one of the strongest all-star bills ever seen in Boston is promised for B. F. Keith's next week, headed by Edward Abeles & Co.; Eddie Leonard; and Lydia Barry. As the star of "Brewster's Millions," Edward Abeles has made thousands in all parts of the country laugh, and in his latest vehicle he has one of the best roles that ever fell to his lot. The comedy is entitled "He Tried To Be Nice," and deals with the mishaps that befall a young husband who attempts to be nice to his wife.

THE PARK.

Hattie Williams, Boston's favorite musical comedy star, returns to the scene of her former triumphs—the Park Theatre—on Tuesday evening, April 16th with an all star cast in a new farce with music entitled "The Girl From Moutmarte" which is now in the seventh month of a sensationally successful run in Berlin. Miss Williams—a Boston girl—has scored many big hits in musical comedy productions, the most famous of which are the "Little Cherub," "The Girl From Kays" and "The Rollicking Girl" but in "The Girl From Moutmarte" which will have its first American presentation at Atlantic City on Monday, April 8th and comes direct from there to Boston, she is said to have an even greater vehicle for the display of her talents as comedienne, singer and dancer.

THE BOSTON.

In "The Old Town," George Ade's musical comedy, is a farcically-inclined story which might as well be played without music as with the tuneful illustrative score furnished by Gustav Luders, providing of course, that David Montgomery and Fred Stone continued to play the two leading characters "The Old Town" ran nearly the entire season of 1909 at the Globe Theatre, New York, and the Studebaker Theatre Chicago, five weeks at the Colonial Theatre, Boston, November, 1910, and two very successful weeks at the Boston Theatre, last season. Stone has some marvelous "stunts" with a lasso, a la cowboy, and in addition to about every known variety of dancing, he introduces by way of variant a tight rope specialty and some first class acrobats. Montgomery has an extraordinary singing and dancing number with ensemble called "The Modern Japanese" which is esteemed one of the hits of the performance in New York.

THE HOLLIS STREET.

Miss Billie Burke will begin her second week in "The Runaway" at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, on Monday evening, April 15. Miss Burke has made the biggest kind of a hit in her new play and her admirers are saying that she is on the way to becoming one of the cleverest comedi ennes on the American stage. Of course there are some very enthusiastic persons who think she is that already. And certainly there is no other actress of the day who can more accurately depict the moods of innocent girlhood Little Colette, the heroine of "The Runaway" is ingenuous to a fault. She says whatever comes into her pretty head and shows her love and hate, her rage and jealousy without reserve—just as any little country girl of eight een would do if placed in the Bohemian environment in which Colette finds herself in Paris.

THE TREMONT.

Considerable interest is attached to the forthcoming engagement at the Tremont Theatre beginning Monday, April 15th of the musical farce called "Alma, Where Do You Live?" This production which is made by Joe Weber has been one of the most widely discussed theatrical offerings of recent years. It was originally produced in Paris and then was translated into German under the title of "Alma, Wo Wohnst Du?" In both Paris and Berlin it ran for over a year and was then brought to New York and played at the German Theatre there in the German version, where it created nothing short of a sensation. Joe Weber then had it adapted into English by George V. Hobart the noted humorist and librettist and this English version was presented at Weber's Theatre a year ago and ran at that house for the entire season. The role of "Alma" will be played by Miss Nina Collins, a young woman who has won for herself within the past two years a notable position on the lyric stage. There will be the regular Wednesday and Saturday matinees with an extra one on Patriots Day, April 19th.

A Log On The Track

of the fast express means serious trouble ahead if not removed, so does loss of appetite. It means lack of vitality, loss of strength and nerve weakness. If appetite fails, take Electric Bitters quickly to overcome the cause by toning up the stomach and curing the indigestion. Michael Hessheimer of Lincoln, Neb., had been sick over three years, but six bottles of Electric Bitters put him right on his feet again. They have helped thousands. They give pure blood, strong nerves, good digestion. Only 50c at All Druggists.

Phases of Woburn History.

The Period Between 1857 and 1861.

BY WILLIAM R. CUTTER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Before 1857 lamp posts for lighting the streets with gas had been put up in Woburn, and the people then complained that the light was shut off too early for their convenience. The excuse then made was that of economy. This, as was intimated then, and as all believe now, was short sighted policy.

We should remember also that the fire engines of that day were hand tubs, manned by large companies, and worked by a system of breaks, where many hands caught hold and pumped vigorously a stream of water, obtained from a brook, a pond, or a reservoir (a species of large cistern) upon a conflagration, large or small. The machines were drawn from place to place by a long drag rope, capable of accommodating the entire company. The rope was doubled on itself, and company members caught hold by one hand, leaving the other hand free. The pace to a fire was a rapid run. The return to the engine house was a walk, until near the quarters where the machine was kept, the gait was increased to a run, and the door was reached amid yells from the men, and yi, yi's from the officers. After this comparative silence ensued. Some of the men remaining in the hall, and others retiring to their homes.

While running with the machine was doubtless exhilarating work, at the same time it was dangerous, if one fell while dragging at the rope, and he might be thrown in the pathway of the wheels and run over before he could rise. Thus small boys, who got in the way, or who had succeeded in catching hold of the rope, were apt to get hurt, and we have mentioned an incident of this kind.

KEROSENE LAMPS.

Coal oil, or kerosene lamps, introduced into Woburn, in February, 1858, have since become such familiar objects, that the time of their first appearance is the most interesting thing about them. The original name was rock oil, and its first use was medicinal. It was not procured in marketable quantities until 1845. The oil fever did not occur until 1859, so Woburn must have got its supply early.

CEMENT CONSTRUCTION.

Sewing machines, mentioned as coming into public notice in Woburn in February, 1859, have, I am informed, a still earlier introduction than that, only in a less public and spectacular way than I have mentioned regarding their domestic use. They were used previously in shoe manufacturing, and were introduced from Woburn into shops at Stoneham. These were a different looking and certainly a different acting machine than those used in the domestic households of later date. Mr. Edward Ernest Parker informs me that his father, Robert Whipple Parker, born at Lee, N. H., Jan. 17, 1815, and died in Woburn, June 30, 1891, brought into Woburn when he first came here in 1853, one of Elias Howe's sewing machines, which he had secured from Howe himself, who was a tenant of Parker in Cambridge. The introduction of the sewing machine is due entirely to American enterprise. Howe having secured a patent in 1846, by this means influenced the entire project of inventing other machines. Howe, it is related, got his idea from another person, and immediately went to work, but his contemporary inventors, Grover and Singer, becoming interested, all three together, by a succession of efforts, brought forth the machine very nearly in its present perfection. The early litigation assisted Howe, because of his securing the first patent. He controlled by that means, parts which all other inventors must use. It has been stated that a mechanic alone could not build a machine by his own skill for less than five hundred dollars, and Mrs. Parker (mother of Edward E.) owned an early Grover sewing machine, which she brought to Woburn, whose original cost was one hundred and fifty dollars.

Our thanks are extended to the writer of the following letter.

Hingham, Mass., March 12, 1912.
WILLIAM R. CUTTER ESQ:

The building erected in Woburn in September, 1857, of gravel cement, as it was then called, attracted considerable attention in its time, but buildings of cement or concrete construction are becoming so common in present days, that buildings of that material cease to attract especial notice.

FRANKLIN COAL

Franklin coal arriving, in December, 1858, shows the advance in the improvement in fuel. It is doubted if much coal of any kind was used in Woburn before 1850. In the eight years between 1850 and 1858, I can remember the burning of peat and spent tan bark in the stoves of many of our houses.

SEWING MACHINES.

My Dear Sir:—I can not refrain from telling you of my pleasure in reading your "Phases of Woburn History" in the *Journal*. In the last two issues, incidents are reached that are monumental in my personal history. Each one records a serious accident and a narrow escape in which I figured. How I remember the faintness, and pain, and the loving tenderness of those who came to the rescue. Then the interminable weariness and dizziness of recovery. I was seven years old at the time.

Every thing you mention is of the greatest interest to me. How your notes could be extended, if only a few of your readers would tell of their personal relations to incidents mentioned, of the influence of them on their future lives, and how things have come out. Permit me to thank you for the pleasure you have given me, in calling up these boyhood memories. I am

Very truly yours,
GEO. A. KIMBALL

ADDENDA ABOUT PHYSICIANS

Two physicians of Woburn, whose career was contemporary with the year 1861, and who have not been previously mentioned in these articles, deserve some notice, because both were well known and successful practitioners.

The earliest of the two, to arrive in the town was Dr. Thomas Spencer Scales, of the Homeopathic School, and who had many friends, and an extensive business. He was the son of a Congregational minister, and, as I remember, an attendant of the Woburn First Congregational church, and many a pleasant ride have I had with him, as he picked me up on my long walks about the country. He never attempted to convert me to his way of thinking, but his kind and courteous treatment is a thing to be remarked to his credit. Recently some published facts have appeared concerning the genealogical history of his family, and from these I quote:

Dr. Thomas Spencer Scales was born at Colchester, Conn., March 28, 1322, and died at Woburn, Mass., June 15, 1881. He was married three times: first, to Maria Gray of Franklin, N. H.; secondly to Mary C. Snow of Woburn; and thirdly, to Mary Jane Matthews, of Lowell, who survived him. Dr. Scales was the first physician of the Homeopathic School to settle in Woburn, and on the opening of the Civil War, volunteered his gratuitous medical services to the families of soldiers whose fathers entered the service of their country. Dr. Scales was of Woburn before 1850.

An examination of the cata'ogue of admissions to the First Congregational Church, Woburn, shows that Thomas S. Scales, M. D., and his wife, Mrs. Maria S. Scales were admitted to that church, May 6, 1849.

He was the eldest son of Rev. Jacob Scales, a graduate of Dartmouth College and Andover Theological Seminarr, and who was ordained pastor of the Congregational Church at Colchester, Conn., in 1820.

(To be continued.)

Saves Leg Of Boy.

"It seemed that my fourteen-year old boy would have to lose his leg, on account of an ugly ulcer, caused by a bad bruise," wrote D. F. Howard, Aquone, N. C. All remedies and doctors treatment failed till we tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and cured him with one box. Cures burns, boils, skin eruptions, piles. 25c at All Druggists.

The Minute Men Of '61.

The Massachusetts Association of the Minute Men of '61 are to celebrate the 51st anniversary of their response to President Lincoln's first call for men to come to the defense of Washington, the meeting to be held in Wesleyan Hall 36 Bromfield street, Boston, on Monday, April 15, 1912.

The following is a copy of Adjutant Schouler's summons, for which the JOURNAL is indebted to Capt. Edwin F Wyer of Woburn, who was one of the Minute Men, and participated in the first Battle of Bull Run. He is at present Lieutenant Commander of the Fifth Regiment by organization:

[First Call]
Commonwealth of Massachusetts
Adjutant General's Office
Special Order
Number 14

Boston, April 15, 1861.

Sir: I am directed by His Excellency the Commander in Chief to order you to muster your Command on Boston Common forthwith, in compliance with a requisition made by the President of the United States. The Troops are to go to Washington.

By order of His Excellency, John A. Andrew; Commander in Chief
WILLIAM SCHOULER,
Adjutant General.

The first Commander was General Benjamin Butler of Lowell; the second General Samuel C. Lawrence of Medford; and the present incumbent of the office is Major John M. Deane.

Commander Deane urges every one of the remaining Minute Men of '61 who can do so, to attend this 51st anniversary of the First Call for Massachusetts soldiers.

Many Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.



HATTIE WILLIAMS, in "The Girl from Montmarte," Park Theatre, Boston, April 16.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "The Religion not imposed by External Authority, but the Natural Gesture of the Normal Man."
12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.46 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Main Street
Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45.
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday from 2.30 to 4.30.

Married.

In this city, April 3, by Rev. Henry B. Williams, Chester H. Barker and Catherine N. Alton, both of Wilmington, Mass.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., April 2, Lucile B. Harris, wife of Luther M. Harris, formerly of 16 Charles Street, aged 71 years.

In this city, April 6, Michael Norton, aged 54 years.

In this city, April 8, Mary H. Emery, aged 58 years, 3 months, 10 days.

Free Public Lecture

IN

Lyceum Hall, Woburn

ON

Tuesday Afternoon, April 16, 1912,

Under the auspices of the Burbeen Free Lecture Fund founded in 1892 by the late Leonard Thompson, Esq.

LECTURER:

Ernest Harold Baynes

SUBJECT:

"THE DOG—Man's Noblest Friend."

(ILLUSTRATED BY STEREOPTICON)

The doors will be opened at 4 P. M. Lecture at 4.30 P. M.

No Tickets Are Required.

CHILDREN WELCOMED.

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for the little fellows must have Style and Dignity, as well as the very best of Wearing Qualities. MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY select Fabrics as carefully for Boys' as for Men's Garments. They are made in their own workshops on the premises. These School Suits are models of excellence in everything that pertains to Fabrics, Linings, Fit, Finish, Quality, and Style

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Are Far and Near Glasses, in a single pair. We make all kinds of Bifocal Lenses, but none that will give the same Comfort, Freedom from bother, Young, Stylish look that Kryptoks do. Kryptok Bifocals are incomparable.

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315 Washington St., 310 Boylston St., 75 Summer St.
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1252 Massachusetts Ave. CAMBRIDGE,
230 Essex St., SALEM,
ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.

Fortunes In Faces.

There's often much truth in the saying "her face is her fortune, but its never said where pimples, skin eruptions, blotches, or other blemishes disfigure it. Impure blood is back of them all and shows the need of Dr. King's New Life Pills. They promote health and beauty. Try them. 25 cents at All Druggists.

Good Things to Eat

will hold no joys for you if you have indigestion or any STOMACH, LIVER or KIDNEY trouble. You need not pay big doctor's bills, but if you suffer from any of these ailments just step into your nearest druggist and get a 50 cent bottle of SEVEN BARKS, the great household remedy, the finest tonic and blood purifier known. If your system is run down and you want to regain your youthful energy, SEVEN BARKS will accomplish it, make your food digest and give you new life. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Try it and enjoy your meals. Address LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York, N.Y.

NOTICE.

LOST—Savings Bank Book.

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank:

I, Martin Lally of Spectacle Island, in the County of Suffolk and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, formerly of Winchester, hereby gives notice that deposit book number 29905, issued to me has been lost or destroyed; and pursuant to the provisions of Section 40 of Chapter 590 of the Acts of 1908 and amendments thereto, I hereby make application to your corporation for the payment of the amount of the deposit represented by said book.

MARTIN LALLY.

The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank hereby consents that public notice be given of this application by advertising the same once a week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treasurer.

DURABLE RUGS
Made from
Old Carpets.
WE PAY THE FREIGHT.
Write for further particulars.
LEWIS MFG. CO., Dept. R. Walpole, Mass.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Ellen F. Cummings, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Ethel Cummings Jaquith, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-ninth day of April, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this ninth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

12-19-26 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Joseph B. McDonald, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS Ellen F. Hayden as administratrix of the estate of Edward D. Hayden, who was a co-administrator of the estate of said Joseph B. McDonald, has presented for allowance, the account of said Edward D. Hayden's administration upon the estate of said deceased.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the thirtieth day of April, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said Ellen F. Hayden is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this ninth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

12-19-26 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

When Your Feet Ache

From Corns, Bunions, Sore or Callous Spots, Blisters, New or Tight Fitting Shoes, Allens Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, will give instant relief. Sold everywhere 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.* For FREE Sample address Allen S Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

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Reasonable Prices!

Shrimp, 10c can, 3 cans for 25c.
Alaska Salmon 13c can.
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Soused " 10 and 15c can.
Kippered Herring 15c can.
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P. & C. " 30 and 41c.

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LET US SHOW YOU.

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TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1911.
[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for MALDEN SQ. at 5.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.15 A. M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, *11.15 P. M. RETURN leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.15, 7.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 3.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to †10.45, †11.15, †11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Centre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

* Melrose Highlands Only.
† To Stoneham Square Only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Supt.

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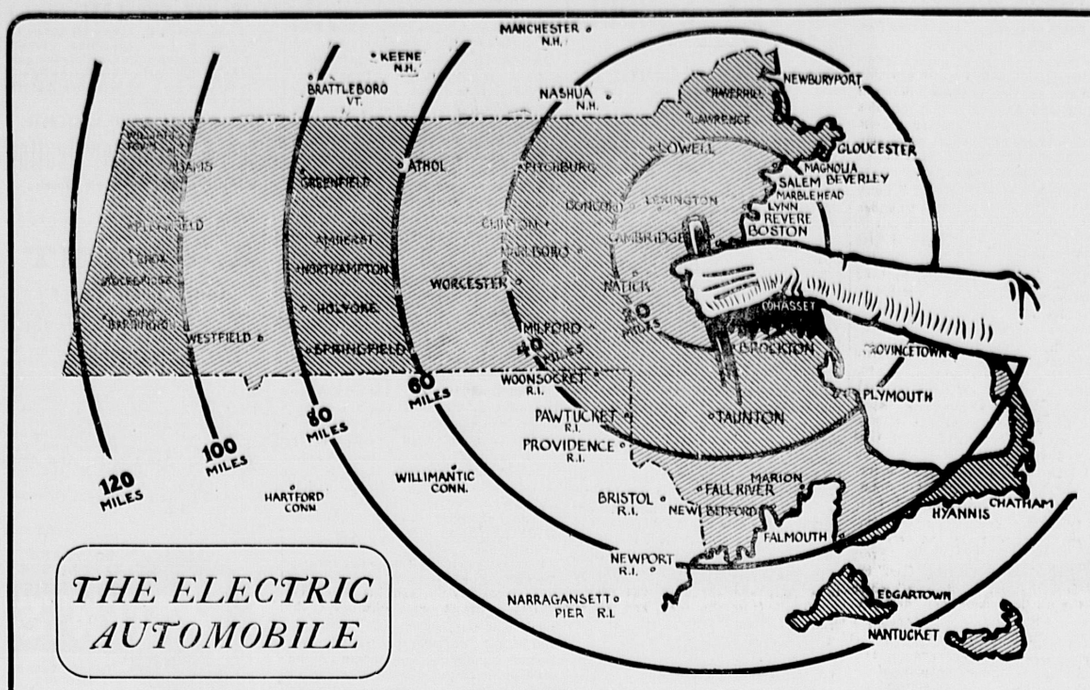
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KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS
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GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.



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100 Miles in the Palm of Your Hand!

The Electric Automobile is not alone a "Drawing Room on Wheels"—it is more. With your hand upon the lever of the car, you control 100 miles of distance. It means that friends are no longer separated from you by impossible miles. Your social horizon extends 100 miles—not 100 blocks. Delightful friendships are renewed—new ones cemented.

Ladies dressed for calling, the reception, the theatre, a shopping tour or for the countryside, go where they will, when they will, at a touch of the speed lever which is as easily managed as turning an electric light on and off.

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Independence—Freedom—Oh, such a world of Health and Pleasure.

Transportation de Luxe. The large, roomy Electrics for 1912 with their increased seating capacity and head room, their refinements of design and beauty, their luxurious interiors—give to the woman of fashion or Milady who loves her out-of-doors, the unexplored delights of new scenes and vistas—*all Nature.*

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1912 GENTLEMEN'S ELECTRIC ROADSTERS NOW READY

Ask any one of the following dealers for a demonstration. Drive an Electric yourself that you may experience the freedom, comfort, simplicity and safety furnished only by the Electric Pleasure Vehicle.

Electric Passenger Automobile Dealers.

Babcock Electric Carriage Co., V. E. Aiken, 643 Wash. St., Brookline.
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Baker Motor Vehicle Co., A. F. Neale, Motor Mart.
Columbia Motor Car Co., J. H. MacAlman, 96 Mass. Ave.
Columbus Buggy Co., Carpenter Garage & Motor Co., 112 Corey Road, Brookline.
R. C. H. Corporation, W. B. Doan, 563 Boylston St.
Rauch & Lang Carriage Co., D. C. Tiffany & Co., 136 Chestnut St.
Ohio Electric Car Co., H. L. Converse, 321 Columbus Ave.
Studebaker Bros. Co., 889 Boylston St.
The Detroit Electric, Boston Elec. Garage, 321 Columbus Ave.
Waverly Elec., J. W. Bowman Co., 911 Boylston St.

Electric Truck Mfrs. or Dealers in Boston.

Anderson Carriage Co., Detroit Trucks, 587 Boylston St.
Atterbury Motor Truck Co., Carpenter Garage & Motor Co., 112 Corey Road, Brookline.
Baker Trucks, F. N. Phelps, 17 Harvard St.
Commercial Truck Co., of Am., L. A. Tirrill, 256 Summer St.
Couple Gear Freight Wheel Co., W. E. Eldridge, 178 Devonshire St.
General Motors Truck Co., R. M. Ketcham, 994 Mass. Ave.
General Vehicle Co., Day Baker, N. E. Manager, 84 State St.
Studebaker Bros. Co., Boston Auto Branch, 889 Boylston St.
Walker Vehicle Co., J. W. Emery 532 Board of Trade Bldg.
The Waverly Co., J. W. Bowman Co., 911 Boylston St.
R. C. H. Corporation, W. B. Doan, 563 Boylston St.

The Edison Electric Illuminating Co. of Boston

Users and Endorsers of Electric Automobiles for Business and Passengers.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT,

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Charles H. Hopkins, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Frank H. Alexander, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifteenth day of April, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

29-5-12 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of John Shea, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament and one codicil of said deceased have been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William P. Shea, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifteenth day of April, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fifth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

29-5-12 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT,

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Alice Gray Preston, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate by William A. Preston who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex on the twenty-sixth day of April A.D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

5-12-19 W. E. ROGERS, Register

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

On petition of Sarah Goldman of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, the wife of Wolf Goldman of parts unknown, representing that she has been deserted by and is living apart from her said husband for justifiable cause, and praying that said Court will make a decree establishing the fact of such desertion and that she is so living apart from her said husband.

It is ordered that the petitioner give notice to the said Wolf Goldman to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in the County of Middlesex, on the twenty-second day of April, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, by delivering to him a copy of this order fourteen days, at least, before said Court, if he may be found within this Commonwealth, that he may then and there show cause, if any he has, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted; or if he shall not be so found, by either leaving such copy at his usual place of abode, or by mailing such copy to him at his last known post-office address; and also, unless it shall be made to appear to the Court by affidavit that he has had actual notice of the proceedings, by publishing the same once in each of three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty eighth day of March in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

29-5-12 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Alfred Willoughby, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Charles E. Tripp of Woburn, in said County, or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifteenth day of April, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

22-5-12 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed executor of the will of Charles H. S. Newcomb, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

GEORGE E. ADAMS, Executor
18 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

March 21, 1912.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Richard Morris, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

EDWARD A. MORRIS, Admr.
61 High St., Boston, Mass.

March 27, 1912.

S. FRANK SHERMAN,

118 High Street, Reading, Mass., twenty years' experience Making and Tuning Pianos. All orders will receive prompt attention.

Some Songs

Some years ago Past Dept. Commander John L Parker supplemented his popular "We Old Boys," with another song he named "The Little Bronze Button." Like its predecessor it immediately became a favorite at campfires and other functions, and is still a close second to "We Old Boys," though it lacks the swing and vim of this tune which comrade Parker composed, for "Little Bronze Button" is set to the tune of "The Old Oaken Bucket." Recently a comrade in the South slightly changed the Bronze Button song, substituting "Little Bronze Cross," and selecting words to rhyme with words it was necessary to change. The Boston *Globe* of March 31 published both songs, with the following comment:—

"Both songs are sung to the tune of the 'Old Oaken Bucket,' and comrade Parker feels highly complimented that his song, after being generally adopted by the G. A. R. has appealed so strongly to the ex-Confederates. He says it is a good sign that the North and the South should be singing the same songs, even though in a small way. It lays the foundation for the belief that eventually 'The Star Spangled Banner,' will be sung in Tennessee with as much fervor as it is now sung in Massachusetts."—*Arlington, Mass., Advocate.*

Capt. John L Parker, writer of the songs named above, has been Chief Editor of the Lynn *Item* ever since the spring of 1880. For 10 years prior to that date he was Editor and proprietor of the Woburn JOURNAL. He was succeeded by the present owner and Editor of the JOURNAL 32 years ago.

Now, where do we come in on this game?

By the way, it would take a strong team to make Capt. Ed. Wyer believe that the time had come for the lion and lamb to lie down together, as intimated by the *Globe*, unless the lamb was inside the lion.

Saved By His Wife.

She's a wise woman who knows just what to do when her husband's life is in danger, but Mrs R. J. Flint, Braintree, Vermont, is of that kind. "She insisted on my using Dr. King's New Discovery," writes Mr. F. "for a dreadful cough, when I was so weak my friends all thought I had only a short time to live, and it completely cured me." A quick cure for coughs and colds its the most safe and reliable medicine for many throat and lung troubles—grip, bronchitis, croup, whooping cough quinsy, tonsilitis, hemorrhages. A trial will convince you 50c & $1.00. Guaranteed by All Druggists.

Elder Finds Recall Momentous.

Samuel J. Elder, speaking before the members of the Nies Club of the Stanton Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Dorchester, last evening, said that the questions of the day—the Recall of Judges, the Recall of decisions and tariff revision—were momentous and fraught with more danger than any issue that have interested this country since the Civil War.

Commenting on the tariff, Mr. Elder said that "the experience of the country shows that you cannot revise the tariff radically and have it stay revised. Changes must be made steadily, slowly and scientifically. For the first time practically in the history of tariff legislation, however, we have got started toward taking the tariff out of politics. It has been a football for generations. We have, under the present administration, made this amount of progress toward scientific information, about items belonging to it, towards revision of a single line of industry at a time and toward a gradual, instead of suicidal, revision."—*Boston Transcript*

Lawyer Elder has a clear and accurate mental vision. His idea of Tariff Revision is eminently correct, only he should have gone a step farther and said each schedule should be revised solely by itself, on its own merits, without any reference, or regard, as to the effect it might have on any other schedule. Get each one right and when the work is finished all of them will be right.

As to the Recall of Judges and Decisions, that should not be seriously considered for one moment. Without a Court of Final Resort what would become of our country? The experiment is too dangerous to be tried.

Thousands of Sample Bottles

Of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, The Great Kidney & Liver Remedy,

SENT FREE

The manufacturers of that justly famous Kidney and Liver medicine, Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, offer readers of this paper a sample bottle and pamphlet of valuable medical advice *absolutely free.*

Of course this involves enormous expense to the manufacturers, but they have received so many grateful letters from those who have been benefited and cured of the various diseases of the kidneys and liver, and associated diseases, such as bladder and blood troubles, rheumatism, dyspepsia and chronic constipation, and all weaknesses peculiar to women, that they willingly send sample bottles to all sufferers. Write today for free sample bottle, or get a large bottle of your druggist. Address Dr. David Kennedy Co., Rondout, N. Y.

CITY OF WOBURN.

ASSESSORS' NOTICE.

Pusruant to the provisions of Section 41 of Chapter 490 of the Acts of 1909, all persons, firms, and corporations, domestic or foreign, subject to taxation in the City of Woburn are hereby notified and required to bring in to the assessors of said Woburn, **ON OR BEFORE THE FIFTEENTH DAY OF MAY NEXT,** in case of residents, true lists of all their polls and personal estates [not exempt by law from taxation], of which they were possessed on the first day of April in the current year, and in case of non-residents and foreign corporations true lists of all their personal estate in said city of Woburn not exempt from taxation, which lists must be verified by oath as required by Section 43, of said Part 1.

Under the provisions of Section 42 of said Part 1, as amended by Chapter 515, Acts of 1909, the above-mentioned lists must be in form prescribed by the Tax Commissioner of the Commonwealth. These blank forms may be had at the Assessors' office, or will be mailed to any address upon application.

Section 45 of Part 1 of Chapter 490, Acts of 1909. A motrgagor or mortgagee of real estate may bring to the assessors of the city or town in which it lies within the time prescribed by the notice under section forty-one, a statement under oath of the amount secured thereon or on each separate parcel thereof, with the name and residence of every holder of an interest therein as mortgagor or mortgagee. If such property is situated in two or more places, or if a recorded mortgage includes more estates or parts of an estate as security for one sum, such statement shall include an estimate of the interest of the mortgage in each estate or part of an estate. The assessors shall, from such statement or otherwise, ascertain the proportionate interests of the mortgagor or mortgagee, respectively, in said estates, and shall assess the same accordingly. If, in any year, such statement is not brought in, the tax for that year on such real estate shall not be invalid merely for the reason that the interest of the mortgagee therein has not been assessed to him.

In accordance with Section 41 aforesaid, all persons and corporations are hereby required to bring in to the assessors, on or before the 15th day of May next, true lists of all real and personal estate held by them respectively, for literary, temperance, benevolent, charitable, or scientific purposes on the first day of April, in the current year, together with statements of the amounts of all receipts and expenditures for said purposes during the year next preceding said first day of April; such lists and statements to be in accordance with blanks furnished by the Tax Commissioner.

JAMES H. CONNOLLY
BARTHOLOMEW T. CLANCY
JOHN T. O'NEIL
Assessors of Woburn.

April 1. 1912.

Linnell's Market

Beech-Nut Brand
(Goods in Glass)

Sliced Beef,
Sliced Bacon,
Peanut Butter,
Red Current Jelly,
Grape Jelly,
Pineapple Preserves,
Raspberry Jam.

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Tel. 314 W.

RHEUMATISM
PROMPTLY RELIEVED BY THE ENGLISH REMEDY
BLAIR'S PILLS
SAFE & EFFECTIVE, 50c & $1
DRUGGISTS, OR 95 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

ESTABLISHED 1884
S. B. GODDARD & SON
FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY
..BOILER AND PLATE GLASS...
-INSURANCE-
Savings Bank Block, Woburn — Telephone 77
Boston Office, 93 Water Street — Telephone 1192 Main
ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER $150,000,000

Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant. . . . .

Have The Best! It Costs No More!

We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

WOBURN NATIONAL BANK
Savings Department.

The beginning of successful operation of UNITED STATES POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS, and the possibility of legislation, by Congress, looking to the establishment of NATIONAL SAVINGS BANKS, as outlined by Senator Aldrich, in his tentative plan for a new banking law, seems to indicate a popular demand for places of savings under the control and supervision of the UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

To meet this legitimate demand and to extend increased banking facilities to the people of Woburn and vicinity, the WOBURN NATIONAL BANK has opened a new department to be known as its SAVINGS DEPARTMENT, and will receive deposits of money to bear interest FROM DATE OFDEPOSIT at the rate of three per centum per annum on sums not less than $100. These deposits however will not be subject to check.

All deposits in this bank are GUARANTEED by its capital stock of $100,000, its surplus and undivided profits December 31, 1910, of $68,860.34, and by the personal liability of its responsible stockholders to the extent of an additional $100,000.

These directors give its affairs their personal attention:

Daniel R. Beggs of Beggs & Cobb, leather manufacturers.
William E. Blodgett, Treasurer of R. Guastavino Co.
John C. Buck, Cashier.
Robert Chalmers, Physician.
Everett P. Fox of W. P. Fox & Sons, leather manufacturers.
John W. Johnson, President.
Edward F. Johnson, Judge of District Court.
John G. Maguire, Lawyer.
L. Waldo Thompson, Woburn Hardware Co.

DIRECTORS.

Woburn, January 30, 1911.

The Owner of an HAMILTON WATCH

Never has to apologize for the difference in watches. He keeps his business appointments, meets trains comfortably, arrives punctually at desk or bench.

The Hamilton--a dependable watch.

Smith & Varney.

A Jewelry Store since 1871.

No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN

☞ Fine Repairing in all its branches.

MEDIUM WEIGHTS

IN GREAT VARIETY
FOR EARLY SPRING
— AT —
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Fine Tailors,
395 Main Street. - - - - Woburn

C. E. SMITH,

Real Estate and Fire Insurance

Houses For Sale and To Let. Rents Collected and Repairs
Member of the Mass. Real Estate Exchange.

No. 439 Main Street Opp. Central House.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishing, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common. Telephone connection

Electric Bitters

Succeed when everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weaknesses they are the supreme remedy, as thousands have testified.

FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE

it is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.



TAFT INSISTS ON AID TO FARMERS

Says Department of Agriculture Work Must Go On.

LABORS FOR CONSERVATION.

Farreaching Legislation Administered by Scientists of Rank Brings Good Results to Tillers of Soil—Food and Drugs Act Upheld to the Letter.

In his inaugural address President Taft called attention to the deficit then existing in the revenues and the consequent necessity for rigid economy in expenditures. However, the president singled out the department of agriculture as an exception. He said, to quote his exact words, "In the department of agriculture the use of scientific experiments on a large scale, and the spread of information derived from them for the improvement of general agriculture must go on." This view the president has steadily maintained, and repeatedly has urged appropriations for the work of the department.

In his comprehensive message on conservation President Taft said, "The feature that transcends all others, including woods, waters, minerals, is the soil of the country," and that all means at the government's disposal should be used to conserve the soils, adding, "a work of the utmost importance to inform and instruct the public on this chief branch of the conservation of our resources is being carried on successfully in the department of agriculture."

Reports made recently to Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture by the heads of his bureaus justify this solicitude on the part of the president for the department. In calling for these reports the secretary asked that they be brief and that they mention notable achievements of the last five years only, inasmuch as that period is really the period of fruition in the department, the period during which, owing to the broad foundations previously laid by the training and grouping of many corps of scientific men, by securing farreaching legislation, by gathering together masses of statistics and other information, by providing scientific and other equipment, it has been possible to produce most marvelous results for the common good of the people.

Taft For Conservation.

In his conservation message President Taft emphasized the importance of the maintenance of the forests and urged their scientific treatment "so that they shall be made to yield a large return in timber without really reducing the supply," and in other messages he pointed out the necessity of reforestation. In accordance with these views much available work has been done in protecting the national forests and by researches in the laboratory of the department at Madison, Wis., and in the past five years the work of reforesting burned over areas has proceeded at the rate of 15,000 to 30,000 acres a year. The department takes justifiable pride in its forest work, considering the administration of 100,000,000 acres of land protected and managed for the public benefit a great achievement.

Since Jan. 1, 1907, when the food and drugs act went into effect, more has been done to provide a good, clean food supply than in all the preceding life of the nation. A wonderful change has also been effected in the character of the drugs on sale. The department has a trained force of inspectors and chemists doing excellent work in all parts of the country in behalf of pure foods and pure drugs. This salutary law, however, needs amendment, as the supreme court held in May, 1911, that its provisions, to quote President Taft's words in his vigorous message to congress a month later, "do not cover the knowingly false labeling of nostrums as to curative effect." The president added: "An evil which menaces the general health of the people strikes at the life of the nation. In my opinion the sale of dangerously adulterated drugs * * * constitutes such an evil and warrants me in calling the matter to the attention of the congress."

Work of Soil Mapping.

Of importance to the farmer has been the work carried on in the past five years of soil mapping and classification, so that now the area included is 407,000 square miles, or nearly 41,000,000 acres. The value of this work is incalculable.

Disseminating the valuable information acquired by the department has proved a wonderful work. Practically 200,000,000 publications have been distributed since Secretary Wilson assumed control of the department, and more than half (103,598,100) of that number have been distributed within the past five years.

Other work accomplished by the department includes a comprehensive system of weather warnings and forecasts, the meat inspection service in which 2,500 experts are employed, who see that every pound of meat sent interstate is fit for human food, protection of live stock, the checking of rodent pests, the destruction of noxious insects, the conservation of water supplies, the building and care of public roads and the policy for better farmhouses, so that every dollar expended in the prosecution of this work in its numerous phases has brought back a hundred fold to the people.



"It thirsts and burns for distinction; and, if possible, it will have it. Is it unreasonable, then, to expect that some men, possessed of the loftiest genius, coupled with ambition sufficient to push it to the utmost stretch, will at sometime spring up among us? And when such a one does, it will require the people to be united with each other, attached to the government and laws, and generally intelligent, to successfully frustrate his design.

"Distinction will be his paramount object, and although he would as willingly acquire it by doing good as harm, yet nothing left in the way of building up he would sit down boldly to the task of pulling down. Here then is a probable case, highly dangerous."

—From Mr. Lincoln's Speech before the Young Men's Lyceum, Springfield, Ill.

—From the Omaha Daily Bee, March 19, 1912.

TAFT MAKES GOOD LABOR PLEDGES

Administration's Record Squares With Its Promises.

MANY NEW LAWS ENACTED.

Postal Savings Banks, Workmen's Compensation and Employers' Liability Laws Passed—Eight Hour Law Upheld—Labor Recognized on Commissions.

From the day three years ago when it placed its interests in the keeping of William Howard Taft to this hour labor has critically scanned his every act, and with discriminating mind it is judging him as one who, without clamor or demonstration, has kept the faith On Sept. 9, 1908, Theodore Roosevelt, then president of the United States, wrote a letter to Conrad Kohrs on the issues of the campaign and, addressing himself to the laboring men, said;

"If there is one body of men more than another whose support I feel I have a right to challenge on behalf of Secretary Taft it is the body of wage-workers of the country. A stancher friend, a fairer and truer representative they cannot find within the borders of the United States. He will do everything in his power for them except to do that which is wrong. He will do wrong for no man and therefore can be trusted by all men."

Mr. Taft Labor's Friend.

The workingmen of the country judged Mr. Taft in 1908 by a record of twenty-seven years as a statesman, administrator of national affairs and presidential adviser, and they helped to give him the magnificent majority which put him in the White House. During the three years he has been president his excellent record has been maintained so splendidly that the laboring men have been confirmed in the belief that they never had a better friend in the White House.

The establishment of the postal savings banks, which was recommended by President Taft, was one of the things that organized labor favored. The $16,000,000 now on deposit in these depositories represents the savings of the wage earners.

Taft's Personal Interest.

President Taft approved a law on May 30, 1908, to compensate workmen for injuries received while in the employ of the United States. After the passage of this act a number of workmen in the employ of the federal government were killed, and their families, not being familiar with the provisions of the law, failed to file affidavits within the specified time. The secretary of commerce and labor had no power to set aside the provision of the law and was therefore obliged to disapprove the claims.

The matter was taken up by the president, and he satisfied himself that justice was not being done to the families of the men who had been killed. He sent a special message to congress recommending that a general act be passed allowing all such claimants compensation if their claims were otherwise meritorious. This was an instance that proved the president to be broadminded and anxious to aid the workingmen in any way that he could.

An employers' liability act approved June 11, 1906, was on January 8, 1908, held to be unconstitutional. Another of this sort was passed on April 22, 1908, which as yet has not been tested in the courts. Through the efforts of the president a commission was appointed to make an investigation of the subject of "employers' liability and workmen's compensation."

Labor Men Appointed.

The report of the commission, the evidence taken before it and the draft of the bill prepared as a result of the findings of said commission have been transmitted to congress, accompanied by a special message by President Taft, in which he recommends the passage of the proposed measure. In their deliberations the members of the commission had the benefit of frequent consultations with the president. It is believed the act will stand the test of constitutionality.

In order that the commission might have the benefit of the experience of a practical man President Taft appointed as one of its members Daniel L. Cease, the editor of the Railroad Trainmen's Journal, the official organ of the railroad trainmen. Mr. Cease has devoted the best years of his useful life to the cause of labor. The president also appointed experienced labor men as inspectors under the locomotive boiler inspection law. They were John F. Ensign of Colorado and Frank McManamy of Oregon for chief inspector and assistant chief inspector respectively.

The defects in the present eight hour law have not escaped the attention of President Taft. He has recommended to congress amendments which will make it really effective by "providing that public works shall be construed to include not only buildings and works upon public grounds, but also ships' armor and large guns when manufactured in private yards or factories."

Thirty Years' Service.

With regard to the high cost of living, which increases the burden of the wage earners, President Taft has already taken the initiative that will result in a worldwide inquiry into this problem. He has advocated the assembling of a world's congress to discuss its varied phases and to suggest remedies.

This unparalleled record of thirty years' service to the cause of all the people is deserving of consideration. No charge of broken faith or of broken promises can be made, no hint of departure from the plain path of duty can be laid at the door of William Howard Taft, who without ostentatious display has wisely and fearlessly administered the trust imposed upon him in 1908, when he was elected to his high office by the votes of laboring men.

DELEGATES PLEDGED FOR TAFT.

On Saturday, March 30, 1912, the delegates to the Republican national convention pledged to President Taft were as follows:

Alaska	2
Alabama	22
Colorado	8
District of Columbia	2
Florida	12
Georgia	24
Indiana	18
Iowa	8
Michigan	6
Mississippi	20
Missouri	8
New Mexico	7
New York	79
Oklahoma	4
Philippines	2
South Carolina	16
Tennessee	16
Virginia	24
Total	278
Necessary for choice,	539.

Right and Left Handed.

A college professor has figured it out that if you are left handed it is a sign that your ancestors were not good fighters, says the Kansas City Journal.

"Most persons are right handed," says he. "Only one in every twenty is left handed. Why are people right handed? They may have been born that way, it is true, but why?

"Away back in the beginning the chief occupation of man was fighting. In battle he carried a shield in one hand and a weapon in the other. It was not much work to carry the shield, but the quick action required by the hand and arm which did the fighting soon developed that arm. It also developed the nerves and the half of the brain that governed the right side of the body. Those who shielded their left side, thus protecting the heart, were the ones who usually came out victorious. Down through the ages this selection continued, the right hand gradually becoming more proficient."

The Mystery of Bird Flight.

A curious fact concerning birds is that the tip of the wing moves at practically the same speed in every species. This is 650 feet per minute or nearly seven and a half miles per hour. Whether it is the tiny wren or the huge stork, the rule holds good, and even the bee comes within it. Thus the bee has a wing only a quarter of an inch long, the sparrow's wing is four inches and the stork's twenty-seven. But the bee's wing beats 11,400 times in a minute, the sparrow's 720 and the stork's only 105 times. If you multiply together the length of the wing and the number of beats you will get almost exactly the same result in the three cases—namely, stork, 2,835; bee, 2,850; sparrow, 2,880. But if ever a machine is made to fly like a bird it will have to develop far more energy than these figures stand for. A bird's energy of flight is not so great as is supposed. Although such skillful fliers when aloft, many birds cannot rise from level ground.—London Answers.

Such Is Fame.

At the time when Napoleon was the most prominent figure in Europe one man at least was little impressed with his greatness. The conqueror's name actually slipped his mind, so slightly did his career concern the world that for the artist centered in his studio.

Edgar Quinet related that when he went to Germany he visited the old sculptor, Dannecker.

"We talked," he says, "of art, and the sculptor was eloquent over his theories. Suddenly, wishing to fix a date, he stopped, reflected and finally said:

"'I think it was in the time of that man—what is his name? You know the man—the one who has won so many battles. I've forgotten his name. You must know it.'

"'Are you speaking of Napoleon?' I asked.

"'Yes, yes. That is it,' cried the artist and went on with his interrupted statement without giving the incident a second thought."

VISIONS OF GHOSTS.

They Seem to Come to About One Person In Every Ten.

The modern theory of ghosts insists that invariably, when they are real ghosts and not the spurious product of credulity and deception, they are distinctly subjective in character and exist only by virtue of conditions permitting their creation in the mind of the person or persons seeing them. In other words, a real ghost is never an objective phenomenon, like a tree or a house. As a psychologist would say, it is always "a percept having no basis in external reality." Less learnedly, it is always a case of "seeing things where they ain't." That is to say, it is a hallucination.

It has been conclusively demonstrated that one person out of every ten has experienced at least one hallucination at some time in his or her life.

Proof of this results chiefly from a remarkable census of hallucinations originated more than twenty years ago at the international congress of psychology and simultaneously carried on—principally by members of the Psychical Research—in the United States, England, France, Germany and other countries. To thousands of persons the question was put, "Have you ever, when believing yourself to be completely awake, had a vivid impression of seeing or being touched by a living being or inanimate object or of hearing a voice, which impression, so far as you could discover, was not due to any external physical cause?" Of the 27,339 replies received to this question no fewer than 3,266 were in the affirmative.—Hampton's Magazine.

WEATHER SIGNS.

Some Rules That Help In Reading the Clouds and Winds.

The following formula of weather signs was adopted by the Farmers' club of the American institute some years ago, and it has been found to give satisfaction:

When the temperature falls suddenly there is a storm forming south of you. When the temperature rises suddenly there is a storm forming north of you. The wind always blows from a region of fair weather toward a point where a storm is forming.

Cirrus clouds always move from a region where a storm is in progress to one of fair weather. Cumulus clouds always come from a region where a storm is forming. When cirrus clouds are moving rapidly from the north or northeast, no matter how cold it is, there will be rain within twenty-four hours. When cirrus clouds are moving rapidly from south or southeast there will be a hailstorm on the morrow, if it be in summer, and if it be in the winter there will be snow.

The wind always blows about a storm in a circle. When it blows from the north the heaviest rain is east of you. If it blows from the south the heaviest rain is west of you. If it blows from the east the heaviest rain is south. The wind never blows even moderately unless rain or snow is falling within a radius of 1,000 miles.

Whenever heavy white frost occurs a storm is forming within 1,000 miles north or northwest of you.—Christian Herald Almanac.

The "Nickel Plate."

The railroad name "Nickel Plate" found its origin in a remark made by Jay Gould. When the road had failed and was placed on sale Gould entered a bid for it. The bid was considered unsatisfactory, and Gould was urged by the interested parties to increase the amount. Though the road had not proved very profitable, it was a splendid piece of construction and worth much more than he had offered. Gould tersely replied that his bid was the maximum and that he wouldn't raise it if the old line was "nickel plated."—Railroad Man's Magazine.

A Northern Venice.

The old city of Ghent, Belgium, is built on twenty-six islands, which are connected with one another by eighty bridges. Three hundred streets and thirty public squares are contained in these islands. Ghent is famous because Charles V. and John o' Gaunt were born there. It has been the scene of many treaties, insurrections and revolts, and it was there the treaty was made terminating the war of 1812 between this country and England.

The Point of Surprise.

"Did you notice the man over there who took off his hat to the lady he met and begged pardon so politely for stepping on her dress?"

"Why, what is so remarkable about such ordinary politeness?"

"But, man alive, she's his wife!"—Baltimore American.

His Friendship.

He—I know how this catastrophe has crippled you, and as one of your oldest friends I should like to help you. I will buy your furniture for 300 francs. She—You're very kind, but I've just sold it for 325 francs. He—What? You allowed yourself to be robbed like that?—Pele Mele.

A Sad Meeting.

"I think we met at this cafe last winter. Your overcoat is very familiar to me."

"But I didn't own it then."

"No, but I did."—Fliegende Blatter.

Intelligent Girl.

Maud—Why do you always wear gloves when you are playing cards? Alice—Because Jack told me I must never show my hand.—Boston Transcript.

Oblivion is the flower that grows best on graves.—George Sand.

Perfectly Clear.

A Cleveland schoolteacher writes that she asked her class what was the difference between the expressions "a while" and "a time." Nobody seemed to have any ideas on the subject. Finally the light of intelligence was seen to shine in the eyes of one little boy, and the teacher called upon him to save the intellectual honor of the class.

"I know, teacher!" he cried eagerly. "When papa says he's going out for a while mamma says she knows he's going out for a time!"

That's one way of looking at it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Spoiled His Appetite.

Baron Graham once asked an epicure how many oysters he should eat in order to create a good appetite for dinner and was told to eat away until he became hungry. The baron, who never saw a joke, ate ten dozen and then plaintively remarked, "'Pon my word, I don't think I am as hungry as when I began."

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson II.—Second Quarter, For April 14, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Mark ii, 23 to iii, 6—Memory Verses, 27, 28—Golden Text, Mark ii, 27—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

The record of today's lesson, two Sabbath day incidents, the disciples plucking corn and a withered hand restored in the synagogue, is found in Matt. xii and Luke vi, as well as in Mark, so that it must concern Him not only as the Jewish King rejected, but also as the perfect servant, and as the Son of Man, to whom all things will yet be subdued. To understand Him and His words and works we must consider Him as Nathaniel spoke of Him, "the Son of God, the King of Israel" (John i, 49), as "the King of the Jews" whom the wise men sought (Matt. ii, 2), and as the "Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, who will yet sit upon the throne of David and whose kingdom shall know no end" (Isa. ix, 6, 7; Luke i, 32, 33). The late Dr. Weston in his "Genesis of the New Testament" says that the Jewish Sabbath was the one peculiar and distinctive ordinance of the nation. Other nations practiced circumcision and had temples, offered sacrifices and performed religious rites, but the Sabbath was the Jewish national flag. In it they claimed a peculiar relation to God as their Creator, Redeemer and Rest, and, if by this man's treatment of their Sabbath they are to be deprived of their distinction from other nations, what is the use of being God's people? Considering this, it is not surprising that the immediate occasion of the determination by the Jewish rulers to put Christ to death, as stated in all the gospels, was His relation to the Sabbath. He claimed to be greater than Solomon or the temple or the Sabbath (Matt. xii, 6, 8, 42), but they would not so receive Him. They honored Him with their lips, but their heart was far from Him (Isa. xxix, 13; Ezek. xxxiii, 31; Matt. xv, 7, 8). They had a form of worship without any power. Jehovah, whom they professed to worship, was in their midst, and they knew Him not.

Matthew says that as the disciples passed through the cornfields they were hungry, and Luke says that they rubbed the ears of corn in their hands and did eat. Our Lord Himself was an hungered on other occasions, as recorded in Matt. iv, 2; xxi, 18. Concerning Israel it is written that He suffered them to hunger (Deut. viii, 3), but it was to prove them and teach them. The wicked are ever watching the righteous and seeking to slay them (Ps. xxxvii, 32), and here they are finding fault and condemning the disciples, and the Lord, too, because they knew Him not, nor the Scriptures, which they professed to reverence. He referred them to their own Scriptures, saying, "Have ye never read what David did when he had need and was an hungered? (Verse 25.) There is no word of condemnation here for David and his followers. He came not to condemn, but to show mercy, hence His quotation from the prophets in Matthew's record, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice" (Matt. xii, 7; Hos. vi, 6). The rest of the verse in Hosea says that the knowledge of God is better than burnt offering. The primary idea in sacrifice is that God gives to us, not that we give to Him, for in the first sacrifice the Lord gave to Adam and Eve redemption clothing which He Himself provided, a foreshadowing of Christ loving the church and giving Himself for it, purchasing it with His own blood. We cannot give anything to God nor offer Him acceptable service until we have received mercy from Him as the One who saves sinners. Before ever sin entered this world God set apart one day in seven as a time when man might be free from all work and give himself up wholly to becoming acquainted with God, for there is nothing that can compare with knowing God (Jer. ix, 23, 24). The Lord of the Sabbath gave to man in His own image a day on which He might specially bless him by the revelation of himself as the source of all being and blessing and life and love and peace. The man in the synagogue with the withered hand was strongly suggestive of the condition of the nation and of their inability to do anything for God until they would accept His mercy. In the record, in Matt. xii, 11, 12, He uses the illustration of the necessity of rescuing a sheep from a pit, even on the Sabbath day, but He speaks of the owner of the sheep doing this, saying, "What man shall *have* one sheep," not *see* a sheep. He loved these wayward sheep. He came to give them life. He was as ready to heal them as He was to restore that withered hand, but they would not let Him, and the hardness (or blindness—margin) of their hearts was a grief to Him. Note the cry from His heart concerning them, "We would not," "We will not," "If thou hadst known" (Matt xxiii, 37; xxii, 3; John v, 40; Luke xix, 41, 42). Instead of having anything like a penitent spirit, a conviction of sin, their proud hearts so rebelled against Him and His teaching that they went away and took counsel how they might kill Him. For His love they gave Him hatred, they knew Him not, they would not have such a one as their Messiah, but the time will come when they shall say, "Our God."

The Old Fashioned Ones.

What has become of the old fashioned man whose shoes squeaked as he walked cautiously down the church aisle? And the man who could hear a cowbell in the distance and determine by the sound of the bell whether Bossom was grazing or coming home? And the girl, wearing a bonnet—a real cloth bonnet, not a hat—who swept the yards Saturday afternoon in anticipation of Sunday company? And the schoolboy who used a slate as a bookshelf between the schoolhouse and the home? And the housewife who knew how many holes a quilting frame should have? And the man who set a steel trap in the smokehouse? And the girl who never got on the left side of a cow to milk her? And the boy who carved his initials on a sweet gum tree and watched the letters disappear by the time he put on long pants? And the young man who tipped his hat to his elders? And the boy who went possum hunting with a negro on Friday night, winding up in a forbidden cane patch about 11 o'clock?—Montgomery Advertiser.

MUSIC AND MISERY.

Ills, Aches and Pains With Which Performers Have to Contend.

Pianist's cramp is more painful than writer's cramp and is the bane of all virtuosos. It is caused by the constant contraction and expansion of the muscles controlling the fingers. It becomes chronic when not guarded against, and many a promising virtuoso's career has been blighted in this way. The only remedy is to rest the overtaxed muscles and then work them up gradually to meet the strain of constant playing.

All concert pianists are subject to split finger tips. The constant stroke of the balls of the fingers on the hard ivory makes the flesh so delicate and tender that frequently playing becomes acute agony.

Violinists suffer a great deal of physical inconvenience. Most of us have an idea that the violin is held against the neck and shoulder by the player's left hand, which grasps the arm of the instrument. All great violin teachers insist that the left hand be left entirely free, and to achieve this the violin is actually held by the player's chin. In this attitude his head is held in a distorted position, and this, working against the elevation of the left arm and shoulder, causes compression of the heart and lungs and curvature of the spine.

Performers on wind instruments suffer many inconveniences, and in some instances their work leads to permanent physical disability. Bulbar paralysis from continued use of the tongue and lips is an ever present danger. Doctors have a fearsome name for the commonest result of wind playing. In plain language it is overdistention of the lungs. This stretching of the lungs from constantly heavy inflation leads to engorgement of the blood in the right cavities of the heart, and this produces dilation of the heart and hypertrophy.

Mental peculiarities of oboe players are traditional in the orchestral world, in spite of the fact that most oboe players are normal. Some explain that the oboe player is mentally affected by the fact that he is forced to blow through an exceedingly small aperture and the expiration is unusually prolonged. Others insist that the peculiarly melancholy quality of the tone produced and the invariable character of the music written for the oboe are responsible for any peculiarities displayed by its executants.

After this somewhat grewsome recital it is cheering to know that one instrument at least can be counted on to bring health and longevity to those who practice it. This is the flute. Doctors recommend it for incipient consumptives, as the operation of playing the instrument involves the precise motion of the lungs of most benefit to the consumptive—that is, full inspiration, not too full or strained, followed by slow and gentle delivery of the breath.—John Warren in Washington Star.

Simplify Your Home Grounds.

Don't inclose your property with hedges. Irregular borders of trees and shrubs are better. Hedges cut up a landscape and ruin it with their hard, artificial lines. Borders harmonize with the environment, have variety and give interest the year round.

Don't bisect your lawn with a drive or avenue.

Don't set trees and shrubs in straight lines except where absolutely necessary, as on streets; group them.

Don't make a circle in the lawn around every shrub. Plant bushes in borders or beds.

Don't trim every bush into a ball, cube or pyramid. Allow trees and shrubs to assume natural forms.—Country Life In America.

Nearly Shot by Proxy.

In 1862 M. Clemenceau served two months' imprisonment for shouting "Vive la Republique!" and in 1871 he was very nearly shot by proxy. He returned to Paris from a provincial speechmaking tour on the day on which Thiers and the Versaillais succeeded in entering the city. Blood was up, and his enemies were looking for him. A young Brazilian who resembled him was arrested in mistake for him and conducted to La Peliniere to be executed. Happily, however, he shouted for the Brazilian consul, and the Brazilian consul turned up in time to rescue him.

Heredity Among Musicians.

Heredity was perhaps never better exemplified than in the case of the famous composer Beethoven, the son of a tenor, who was the son of a bass. Bach came of a family of humble musicians, beginning, it is said, with a miller. Haydn's father was an amateur harpist in humble life. Mozart was the son of an ordinary capellmeister and teacher of the violin. The father of Rossini was a horn player in a strolling company.

Their Relationship.

Grandma—Well, Charley, you're an uncle now, and I suppose you are proud of it. Small Charley—You are mistaken, grandma. I'm not an uncle. Grandma (in surprise)—Why not? Small Charley—'Cause sister's baby is a girl. So I must be an aunt.—Chicago News.

A Mean Friend.

"Will you loan me $2?"

"No."

"Then will you loan me your revolver to commit suicide with?"

"No. You'd pawn it and get your $2 that way."—Louisville Courier-Journal

It is a lucky eel that escapes skinning. The best happiness will be to escape the worst misery.—George Eliot.

Too Mean a Trick.

"See here; I wrote and asked you when you were going to pay that old account and even inclosed a stamp, but you never answered."

"My dear sir, wouldn't it have been a mean trick to use your own stamp to disappoint you?"

Appropriate.

"Why do you wear that costume? It looks like half mourning."

"Well, every evening when you come home from the office you complain of being half dead."—Boston Transcript.

Some Poor Architects.

"Every man is the architect of his own fortune."

"Well, it's lucky for most of us that there is no building inspector around."—Town Topics.

Suitable Grief.

"When he came home he found himself in hot water."

"What did he do?"

"Shed scalding tears."—Baltimore American.

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AN ENGINE OF TORTURE.

The Pillory Was Not Abolished In England Until 1837.

The pillory was done away with by act of parliament in the year 1837, and it is amazing that it should have endured until that date, for it was a mode of punishment which could be made so extremely barbarous as to be a crying scandal to any nation. This engine of torture seems to have been known before the conquest under the name of "stretch neck," which is pleasantly suggestive of its functions.

Edward I. enacted that all stretch necks should be made of a proper size so that the life of the occupant should not be endangered, and a print of the reign of Henry III. shows very clearly what the pillory was like in those days. The culprit was mounted upon a stool, at one side of which was fixed a pole, supporting a pair of boards hinged together and with holes cut in them large enough to admit the wrists and neck.

The hands and arms were thus held on a level with the face, and the appalling stiffness which this must have caused can well be imagined. Thus confined and powerless, the offender was placed in some public spot, where the riffraff employed themselves hurling dirt, sticks and stones at him until they were tired or until the object of their sport succumbed, as not infrequently came to pass.

It would seem that primarily the pillory was intended for cheats of all kinds, such as mountebanks, fraudulent dealers in horses, coal, corn, etc., and we read in Fabian that the mayor of London in 1287 "did sharp correction upon bakers for making bread of light weight. He caused divers of them to be put in the pillory, as also one Agnes Daintie for selling of mingled butter." Soothsaying and other magic arts were also punished with the pillory.

It would appear that famous men did not appear in the pillory until after 1637, when a star chamber decree forbade the printing of any book or pamphlet without permission from the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of London or the university authorities and also made an order that any printer who did not conform to this and set up a printing press should not only be pilloried, but also whipped through the city of London.

Stafford is told by Garrard the way in which three men underwent their pilloryings. "They stood two hours in the pillory. The place was full of people, who cried and howled terribly, especially when Barton was cropped. Dr. Bastwick was very merry. His wife, Dr. Poe's daughter, got on a stool and kissed him."—London Globe.

Gave Him a Warm Tip.

"Yes, it's a lot of trouble to raise hens till you know how," said a poultry dealer. "I'll tell you a story about that very point. A man who looked as if he hadn't had anything to eat for a week or so leaned over the back fence of my park some time ago. I had my eye on him, and he saw I had my eye on him, so he started up a conversation.

"'Must be a lot of expense to keep up such a lot of fowls,' he said.

"'Not such a much,' says I.

"'What's the principal items?' he wants to know.

"'Powder an' shot,' I tells him.

"An', do you know, he never come back to ask no more questions? Diplomacy is a good thing to raise hens with too."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Penguin Wedding.

Dr. Charcot in a lecture on antarctic experiences referred to the amusing antics of the penguins, which, he said were very much like human beings in their behavior. Sometimes a couple of betrothed penguins could be seen seated close together in loverlike fashion in a recess formed by blocks of ice and observation had shown that subsequently the same couple attended before a third penguin, who might be called the clergyman or the registrar for the positions of all three were similar to those occupied by the minister and the bride and the bridegroom at a wedding.—London News.

Immune.

Ella—There goes the luckiest girl alive. Bella—In what respect? Ella—Nothing she eats makes her fat.—Harper's Bazar.

An eminent reputation is as dangerous as a bad one.—Tacitus.

Ignorance.

Wareham Long—Wot's a germicide anyway? Tuffold Knutt—He's a man wot kills a German. Your blamed ignorance makes me tired.—Chicago Tribune.

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Doctors Disagree

The Patient Settles the Question

By CLARISSA MACKIE

However much or little a doctor knows, in the sickroom he is omnipotent. If we know he knows no more than we, we try to make ourselves think he does, for on him we propose to unload ourselves of a responsibility that breaks us down.

Dr. Bolster looked across the bed at his colleague. He tapped his heavy chin with a fat forefinger and pursed his lips.

"Liver," he said succinctly.

"Nerves," retorted Dr. Pepper testily.

"Rigid diet," said Dr. Bolster imperturbably.

"Feed him up," snapped Dr. Pepper. "Exhausted nerves need plenty of good nourishing food—rare roast beef and"—

"And send for the undertaker," ended Dr. Bolster grewsomely. "Not a bite to eat—merely a cup of thin gruel, made as per my directions, nurse, and administered three times a day. In one week he will be"—

"Ordering a marble slab for our friend," interjected Dr. Pepper, arising and buttoning his black coat about his scrawny neck.

The pretty nurse looked from one to the other of the two rival village doctors. They had been holding a consultation on the case of Bemis Blaine, a prominent townsman. Mr. Blaine had been ill for several weeks, and he declared when the doctors were not present that nothing but the skilled nursing of Miss Folk had saved his worthless life.

"Chuck the pills and potions out of the house," he commanded fiercely a dozen times a day, but pretty Miss Folk smiled and shook her head and continued to administer the doses impartially, so that neither doctor might feel aggrieved in the matter.

Now Dr. Bolster proceeded to write down elaborate directions for the nurse to follow until his next visit, and Dr. Pepper proceeded to do the same. By



TWO ANGRY DOCTORS GLARING AT EACH OTHER.

a strange coincidence of fate each one of Dr. Pepper's orders flatly contradicted those of his distinguished colleague, although he had not set eyes on the other's orders. Dr. Pepper was Bemis Blaine's family doctor, and he had in a moment of desperation, engendered by Bemis Blaine's contrariness to respond to his treatment, called in Dr. Bolster in consultation upon the case. Dr. Bolster had remained ever since, and now it was a daily custom for the rival physicians to go to the sickroom in company and wrangle over the prostrate and pain racked form of Bemis Blaine.

"If he is no better tomorrow we may operate," whispered Dr. Bolster to Miss Folk before he left.

"Operate?" Dr. Pepper fairly danced up and down. "I've always promised Bemis that so long as I lived I'd never stick a knife into him. He don't believe in operations."

"I shall perform the operation myself," returned Dr. Bolster, coolly pulling on his woolen gloves. His long chin whiskers wagged aggressively.

"Never! Bemis is my patient, and if anybody operates I shall!" Little Dr. Pepper drew himself up to his fullest height and glared at his burly opponent.

"Gentlemen," cried Miss Folk timidly, "shall I continue to give the spirits of niter to reduce the fever?"

"Yes," chipped Dr. Pepper quickly.

"No," vetoed Dr. Bolster.

Miss Folk looked appealingly from one to another. Tears gathered behind her thick lashes. "Something must be done," she whispered, with a sob in her throat.

The doctors confronted each other in [illegible]

"Liver!" said Dr. Bolster obstinately.

"Nonsense. Feed him up." Dr. Pepper was close at hand.

"Atlantic City for him," ordered Dr. Bolster.

"Rubbish! No place like the Adirondacks."

"Oh, doctors!" cried Miss Folk from the upper hall, and by the nurse's tone the two doctors knew that something had happened to their patient.

"I'll bet he's gone. I predicted it," puffed Dr. Bolster.

"Must have taken some of your beastly stuff, then," growled Dr. Pepper, who had known Bemis Blaine from childhood and loved him like a brother.

But there was no material evidence that Bemis Blaine was dead. In the sickroom they ranged themselves on either side of the wide bed and stared at the white counterpaine.

Bemis Blaine was nowhere to be seen. He had disappeared from his bed, and there only remained the indentation of his round head in the pillow and the roughly smoothed counterpane to suggest his presence.

"He cannot have gone far," remarked Dr. Bolster as he climbed into his little electric runabout and turned to the open country.

Dr. Pepper followed suit, his little old fashioned car creaking along behind the rival physician's latest model machine.

The nurse returned to the sickroom, worried and anxious. She had taken great interest in the case of Bemis Blaine and a strong regard had sprung up between the sick man and the pretty nurse.

"Suppose he should never come back. Suppose something has happened to him!" groaned Nurse Folk as she made an examination of the room and house and discovered that her patient had escaped with his warmest dressing gown, a golf cap and a pair of knitted bedroom slippers.

While consternation reigned in the Blaine household, where the mother and sisters of the absent Bemis ran distractedly to and fro and the nurse waited impatiently for the return of the doctors, those two rivals were racing each other down the shore road with apparently little heed to the disappearance of their best paying patient.

"If you'll stop zigzagging in front of me I can pass you easily!" roared Dr. Pepper to the physician in front.

"I'm willing to give your old mouse trap a fair chance!" bellowed Dr. Bolster, turning his machine sharply to the right—a grave mistake, which he discovered too late.

Dr. Pepper turned his machine to the right. There was a sickening crash, and then the moon witnessed two angry doctors glaring at each other from the wreckage of two machines.

The first thought that leaped to the mind of each was the repair bill for his machine, the second thought was how to pay it, and the third, a comforting one, was the reflection that Bemis Blaine was a patient whose bill might be stretched indefinitely.

"Hurt?" asked Dr. Pepper reluctantly.

"No. You?" Dr. Bolster was equally loath to spend time or sympathy upon his colleague.

"No. If you'll excuse me I'll hurry on. I have a patient beyond."

"So have I," said Dr. Bolster quickly, falling into step beside his rival.

"I've got to look around for Bemis Blaine, you know," protested Dr. Pepper. "He's my patient, and he has escaped from his bed in the delirium of fever."

"Delirium tremens!" snorted Dr. Bolster.

"Sir!"

"Fiddle!" snapped Dr. Bolster, thinking of his ruined machine. "I will leave you, sir. A patient suffering from an attack of exaggeration of the liver must necessarily"—

"Humph! Exhaustion of the nerves. It would be impossible for Bemis to get very far from home and, being weak from illness and injudicious dieting"—

Dr. Bolster laughed wildly. "Why, the very animals know enough to starve themselves when ill. Now, your school, doctor, believes in fattening the patient, and—what is the matter?"

For answer Dr. Pepper beckoned his rival toward a dimly lighted window.

"Look!" he said weakly.

Renview village possessed a Chinese laundry, and part of this laundry was devoted to the savory preparation and serving of chop suey and other delectable Chinese dishes. The calico curtain was pushed aside, and within the dimly lighted interior of the restaurant a large man was seated, eating almost ravenously of a large plate of chop suey. The man wore a red dressing gown, a golf cap, a pair of knitted bed slippers and sadly needed a shave.

Watching him enjoy this meal were several people.

The rival doctors pressed their noses against the flyspecked pane of glass. There were Bemis Blaine's mother and two sisters and the pretty nurse, the shoemaker from the corner and the village constable.

Just then Bemis Blaine pushed back his chair, paid his bill and padded toward the door in his knitted slippers.

"You're a sick man!" yelped Dr. Pepper, leaping at his late patient.

"Man, you've risked your life!" cried Dr. Bolster as he clutched Blaine's hand. He was thinking about his broken machine.

"Risked it and won it," retorted Bemis Blaine good naturedly. "It belongs to me, and Nurse Folk here has promised to look out for me the rest of my days. Oh, yes, I'm quite well, thank you, doctors! If you hadn't disagreed and gone off I'd be dosing still. As it is I feel fine as silk. I'll send you wedding cards shortly."

As the two doctors walked down the street toward their respective homes each one was thinking of a wrecked machine and of the big bill there would be to pay. Somehow each one felt that Bemis Blaine had overreached him, had outwitted him in a manner.

"Liver!" snarled Dr. Bolster savagely.

"Nerves!" barked Dr. Pepper.

"Tremens!" they growled in unison and for the first time in their acquaintance they were agreed.

STORY OF A WILL.

Plans For a Gigantic Accumulation That Were Frustrated.

In 1797 there died in London a merchant named Peter Thelusson, of foreign extraction, who bequeathed £100,000 to his wife and children and the rest of his property, amounting to upward of £600,000, to trustees, with instructions that the money was to be invested and the interest suffered to accumulate until his three sons and all their sons should have died, when the entire property was to be transferred to his eldest great-grandson. In the event of no such heir being then alive the accumulated property was to be appropriated to the reduction of the national debt.

Many calculations were made as to the probable amount which the accumulations were likely to reach, and according to the lowest computation it was believed that the sum would in seventy years amount to £19,000,000. The family of the deceased disputed the validity of the will, and some years were passed in litigation, the result being that the document was declared valid, but an act of parliament was passed in 1800 rendering null and void all bequests for the purposes of accumulation for longer than twenty years after the testator's death.

The last grandson of Peter Thelusson died in 1856, fifty-nine years after the death of the author of the will. Prolonged litigation again ensued, and when, in 1859, the house of lords decided that Charles Thelusson was the heir the legal expenses and costs of maintenance were found to have swallowed up the whole of the accumulated profits, leaving to the heir a sum as nearly as possible equal to the original bequest.—Pearson's.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

Curious Hare Hunt That Occurred at the Battle of Wagram.

At a certain stage of the battle of Wagram, which took place in 1809, the proceedings developed into a great hare hunt. There were 400,000 hunters, half French and half Austrians.

The plain was, it is related, covered with hares, which the long advance of the two armies had driven into a narrow space. Frightened by the guns of the French, they ran for their lives and continued to run until they reached the Austrian lines. There they were none the less terrified and came rushing back upon the French.

The soldiers were greatly interested by the frantic movements of the hares and could hardly be restrained from making after them.

There occurred a charge by the Austrian cavalry, which, of course, took no account of the hares. The horses plunged in among them, and they rushed in dismay among the ranks of the French soldiers, who, confused by so strange an attack, began bayoneting the hares. Other soldiers not immediately pressed by the onset of the enemy caught up the trembling animals in their hands.

There was that day a great slaughter of men and hares, and many a shot destined for the enemy struck one of these poor animals, who doubtless believed that the great armies had come there expressly to hunt them instead of to hunt each other.—Harper's.

Bells and Bees.

It is a foolish notion to suppose that the ringing of bells or "tanging" of tin pans will cause a swarm of bees to settle. The real origin of this custom dated back to the reign of Alfred the Great, who, in order to prevent disputes regarding the ownership of a swarm, ordered that the owner should always ring a bell when his bees swarmed, and ever since then the good farmer's wife has been rushing out with ringing bells whenever the bees swarmed, and the fact that they settled verified, in her own mind, the belief that the bell did it.—London Standard.

A Rural Financier.

Boggs had managed to ditch his car and, after hailing a passing farmer, tried to arrange a dicker for help.

"Why yas, brother," said the farmer, bringing his team to a standstill, "I'll help ye out. Le's see what it'll come to—one day's use o' the team, $5"—

"One day?" retorted Boggs. "'Tisn't going to take you a day to haul that machine out, is it?"

"Why, no," returned the farmer, "but arter I git the $5 I don't callate to do no more work until tomorrer."—Harper's.

No Idolatry There.

"I hope you are not bringing up your children to worship money, Hawkins," said Dubbleigh.

"No, indeed," sighed Hawkins. "Why, Dubb, my children despise money so much that the minute a dollar comes their way they get rid of it as fast as they can."—Harper's.

Obvious.

"I guess, Mr. Shoogsand," said the observant customer to his grocer, "that you never took music lessons."

"I never did. Why?"

"Oh, I thought maybe if you had you might be more correct in your scales."—Browning's Magazine.

Serio Comic.

"And so this is the end," said the hero as he bent over the form of the dying heroine, while the orchestra played soft sad music. "Thank heaven for that!" exclaimed a pathetic voice from the gallery.—London Tit-Bits.

There is very little influence where there is not great sympathy.

Stopped Patti's Mouth.

Mme. Patti had a curious experience some years ago when she was singing in a duet with Santley at a concert in England. Santley suddenly began laughing, and they came to a stop. For a moment there was much mystification among the audience. Then Patti stepped forward and explained, "The cause of all this merriment is that a wasp has been trying to get into my mouth, and we could not get on."

HAPPY IN ADVERSITY.

A Change That Business Reverses Wrought In One Family.

A husband suddenly lost his position, and the family of wife and three children in a day found themselves transformed from having plenty to almost nothing. Three months after he lost his position a friend called and was amazed to find the family happier than ever before—the children busy and cheerful, the wife's eyes sparkling and the husband working at one-third his previous salary.

"One might think you all enjoyed your reverses," said the friend.

"Really we do," said the wife. "Nothing in the world could have happened to bring us so close together. Before, the children were rapidly acquiring their own interests, and several times I felt that I was not so close to them as I would like. When George's reversal came we decided not to deceive the children and give them everything as before, as was our first instinctive inclination. We took them frankly into our confidence and told them what had happened and what it would mean to them. We dealt honestly with them, and they felt it and appreciated it.

"And you see the result. They are just thriving on the opportunities for healthful sacrifice, the chance to share in the family responsibilities, and as a family we are closer, healthier and really happier than ever before. Evidently we needed exactly what happened, and we do not regret it the least little bit."—Ladies' Home Journal.

SQUARED THE ACCOUNT.

Pauncefote Turned His Critic's Words Back Upon Him.

The late Lord Pauncefote while attending the peace congress at The Hague attracted the attention of the delegates by taking notes with a fountain pen the handle of which was formed by the shell of a dumdum bullet. One day, says a biographer, the representative of a foreign power, excited by the heat of the discussion in the interests of peace, said to him sharply:

"My lord, it isn't right for you to use that murderous shell in this congress. The instruments used by persons are almost emblematic. They can become a part of themselves, an expression of their ideas and of their personality."

Lord Pauncefote smiled, but said nothing. The following day his critic, wanting to write something, turned to the English diplomat to borrow a pen. The ambassador pulled out of his pocket an old fashioned pen made of a gray goose quill and after the borrower had finished said:

"Monsieur, it isn't right for you to use such an instrument in this congress. The instruments used by persons are almost emblematic. They can become part of themselves, an expression of their ideas, of their personality."

The Puzzling Red Eyed Vireo.

The bird traveler that gives the naturalist the hardest transportation problem to solve is the red eyed vireo. It winters in Central America and appears each spring at the mouth of the Mississippi, traveling twenty miles a day. At this leisurely rate it proceeds for six weeks, all the way up to the latitude of northern Nebraska. Then suddenly, in the space of twenty-four hours and before a single red eyed vireo has been seen anywhere in the region between, numbers of the birds appear in British Columbia, a thousand miles to the northwest. This puzzling performance is repeated every year. Unless the red eyed vireo flies a thousand miles in a single night how does it manage this bewildering schedule? Nobody knows; but, then, nobody knows either where the chimney swift goes for five months out of every year.

Beginnings of Clubs.

The first club of modern England seems to have been the circle at the Mermaid that Sir Walter Raleigh founded and Shakespeare joined. But in the seventeenth century clubs began to spring up like mushrooms. There was the Calves' Head club, whose members met and dined off calves' heads to show their contempt for the decapitated Charles I. Then came the Kit-Kat club, which, according to Addison, took its name from a mutton pie. One Christopher Kat, a pastry cook of Shire lane, was a distinguished constructor of mutton pies, and his productions were called Kit-Kats. The club meeting in his house and eating his pies acquired the pies' name for its own.—London Telegraph.

Speaking Scotch.

The race of Scotch speaking people is passing away, and not many are left to tell the story in the rich brogue of the national tongue. And there was always a story to tell, so that one on this very subject comes in pat here. A youth who had been educated in England returned to his family in Scotland and was shown off by admiring friends.

"Is he not charming?" remarked one to the young man's sister.

"Oh, yes, but he speaks English now," she answered in real distress.

An old lady being asked if a person she had lately seen was "Scotch" answered with much bitterness:

"I canna say. Ye a' speak sae genteel now that I dinna ken wha's Scotch."—London Mail.

Tennis the Game of Kings.

Tennis is the game of kings. The oldest of existing ball games—it is mentioned in the Arthurian romances—tennis was originally the pastime of the kings and nobles, and it was long before its descendant—lawn tennis—became popular with all classes. The game reached England from France and Italy, and by the time of Henry VII. we find a royal tennis court at Windsor. Henry VIII. was an expert at the game.—London Chronicle.

The Goat.

"Why do you insist on keeping that man as a member of your bridge club? He plays a wretched game."

"That's the point. Each of us is always hoping that he can be rung in as the other fellow's partner."—Washington Star.

TESTED THE ANTS.

Experiments That Seem to Prove the Insects Have Memory.

Experiments are continually being made to test the memory of animals, such as the elephant, the dog, the bull, but it would seem a thankless undertaking to ascertain whether the ant has a memory. Nevertheless a scientist in South America thinks he has succeeded.

Isolating two of the largest specimens of tropical ants he could find, he so arranged their receptacle that they could get no food without climbing over a circular slant into another compartment. Over this slant when the food was not there he placed a crimson cord, and the ants very soon learned to interpret the signal and never attempted to climb over it.

Thinking after a time that there might be something in the color that repelled them automatically, as the bull is affected unpleasantly by red, he replaced the red cord by cords of varying colors, always with the same result after the ants had made a few excursions over the slant and come back hungry. Then he tried plain cloth and even paper, but the result was invariably the same. After a number of trials the ants refused to climb the slant when there was any sort of "signal."

Finally the scientist reversed the signal, having food beyond the slant only when it was visible, and after an infinite number of trials the ants accommodated themselves to the change.—Harper's Weekly.

LABOUCHERE'S COPY.

After It Was Finished He Lost All Interest In Its Fate.

It was a matter of absolute indifference to Labouchere what became of anything he wrote after he had written it. When he had corrected the proof or if he was away from England when he sent his copy to the post he took no further interest in it whatever.

Before I had discovered this trait in his character I used to write and apologize for cutting, perhaps six columns down to two, or sometimes offer an excuse for not using any of it at all. At last he wrote to me: "You need not sentimentalize about my stuff. I send it to you to do what you like with."

But one felt a lingering compunction long afterward about consigning the fruits of so much labor to the waste paper basket, and, after all, Labouchere was the proprietor of the paper. Once or twice, therefore, I have excused myself for "not sentimentalizing" about some article that he had sent.

One such occasion he writes: "Dear ——: I am the only person, I believe, on the press who does not care in the least whether his lucubrations do or do not appear in print. It has always appeared to me that the making of an art (article) requires two persons, one to write it, the other to cut it down, and generally to cut out what the first man most admires."—London Truth.

Wanted His Money Back.

A young man had taken his wife to a show, and as there was no one to look after the baby they had brought it along. It cried lustily all through the first act. At the close of the act an usher came down the aisle and informed them that if they could not keep the baby quiet they would have to go to the box office, get their money back and go out.

They succeeded in squelching the baby, and all went well for a time.

Then, five minutes after the last act had commenced, the young father leaned over and said, "How do you like the show?"

"Rotten!" was the reply.

He was silent for a moment, and then, leaning over again, he whispered: "Stick a pin in the baby."—Everybody's.

Carnegie's First Library.

When Andrew Carnegie was a mere lad in the employ of the Pennsylvania railroad he with the other boys of the old First ward, Allegheny, Pa., now the north side, Pittsburgh, had for many years the use of the private library of a Major Anderson. Mr. Carnegie, while speaking at the installation of his libraries, often said that much of his success was due to the influence of the books obtained in this library and that when he became wealthy the building of the Allegheny free library was one of his first acts.—New York Sun.

Their Difference.

"The baby likes to play with my hair."

"But you don't trust him with it when you are out, do you?" inquired her caller.

And thus a coolness arose between two women who had been lifelong friends.—Washington Herald.

Near Art Note.

"By George, old chap, when I look at one of your paintings I stand and wonder"—

"How I do it?"

"No; why you do it."—Chicago Tribune.

Diplomatic.

"How did you get your wife to forego her desire for that expensive evening gown?"

"Told her it was just the thing a plain woman needed."—Judge.

Customer's Name Is Peck.

Barber—You are losing your hair very fast, sir. Are you doing anything to save it? Customer—Yes; I'm getting a divorce.—Boston Transcript.

Malay Superstitions.

You can scarcely ever get your money from a Malay on Friday because Malays believe that if they pay their creditors on a Friday they will be overtaken by penury. Malays never shave or cut their nails on Saturday or Tuesday because these are unlucky days, and if they do part with their hair or nails on these days they believe that they will be always in trouble or will die [illegible]

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 58.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1912

AN AWFUL SHIPWRECK.

At 2.30 o'clock Monday morning, April 15, 1912, the White Star steamship Titanic, the largest in the world, built at a cost of $10,000,000, on her maiden trip from Liverpool to New York, crashed into an iceberg on the coast of Newfoundland and in less than four hours went down with 1500 of the 2200 persons on board of her. About 700 women and children were rescued from the lifeboats and rafts of the Titanic and taken to New York by the Cunard Liner Carpathia. Other Liners hastened to the rescue of those on board the wrecked ship, but were too late to afford relief.

The Titanic went down exactly where she plunged into the iceberg.

Some Boston people were lost.

P. S. Latest reports show that 1312 persons went to the bottom of the sea when the Titanic sank on the coast of Newfoundland, and only 886 saved.

THE PRIMARIES.

According to the latest reports and claims of the Roosevelt people Taft has been losing ground to some extent at recent primaries although the fact is the Colonel is far from being out of the woods.

The present Roosevelt campaign resembles in many respects the "Greenback Craze" in the late 70s which swept sound headed men off their feet and induced them to do things they were afterwards ashamed of.

The Massachusetts Primaries are to be held on April 30, at which General Manager Senator Murray Crane expects Taft will sweep the board.

PATRIOTS DAY.

Today, April 19, is the 137th anniversary of the Battle of Lexington and Concord, the beginning of the American Revolution for Independence from Great Britian.

Many Woburn men participated in the Battle.

It is a legal holiday.

☞ The State Railroad Commissioners heard the petition of the Bay State Street Railway Company for a freight franchise, or privilege of carrying freight in Woburn and are now considering it. There was no opposition.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

Advt.—Wanted.
E. F. Brady—Citation.
E. M. Brown—Recital.

— North Woburn is to have a strong baseball team this season.

— Mr. John C. Meehan has been elected Chairman of the Board of Registrars of Voters.

— Charles H. Molloy Camp of Spanish War Veterans are to observe the 5th anniversary of their organization on April 29, and renew their allegiance to Old Glory.

— The buds on the fruit and ornamental trees in this city are beginning to swell out in fine style, giving a promise of fruit and foliage, in due season, which is a pleasant thought to harbor.

— At a meeting of the Board of Public Works held last Monday evening it was voted to accept the new pump at the water works. So that bone of contention is out of the way thank the Lord.

— Mr. and Mrs. James Skinner of Montvale avenue are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dow at Birmingham, Alabama, where Mr. Dow is in business. Mrs. Dow is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Skinnar.

— The alarm from box 35 at 1.20 Wednesday morning was for fire that did considerable damage to the house occupied by William J. Murdock and Joseph Canney, No. 25 and 27 Willow street, Cummingsville.

— And now interested parties have issued warnings against eating the potatoes that are being shipped to this country from Europe because they possess germs injurious, and generally fatal, to Yankee constitutions. What next?

— It seems that the Woburn JOURNAL is about as crazy on the subject of potatoes as a certain highly esteemed Editor in this city whose name, from a regard to the feelings of his family, we forbear to mention, is on the "Ipswich River" question.

— An article concerning the late Rev. Mr. Barnes, former pastor of the Woburn Unitarian Church, reproduced in to-day's JOURNAL from a Montreal, Canada, paper, will doubtless be read with deep interest by many of the acquaintances of that eminent Woburn clergyman of 35 years ago.

—The officers of the Woburn Teachers Association recently organized are: President, Supt. George I. Clapp; Vice President, Marietta Larkin; Secretary, Henry A. Henshaw; Treasurer, Miss Margretta F. Mulkeen; officers, with Misses Sarah S. Waterman, Mary E. Hevey, Caroline P. Long and George B. Whitney, constitute the Executive Committee.

— At noon last Sunday, April 14, the Sunday School of Montvale Chapel was presented with a fine American Flag by Burbank W. R. C 84. The presentation was made by Mrs. Pauline A. Whitten, Patriotic Instructor of the Corps, assisted by Mrs. Annabelle Brown, the President, and accompanied by several members. It was an interesting event.

— These are some of the industries carried on by the Woburn Carpet Cleaning Co. at their establishment in Buel Place in this city: new mattresses made; the Nichols Rugs from old carpets; furniture and mattresses repaired; cane chairs reseated etc. Phone C. A. Nichols at Buel Place and give him your orders. The best of work, prompt delivery, and low prices.

— The robins sang blithely at sunset last Saturday which according to the belief of our grandfathers and grandmothers, was a sure sign that rain was near at hand. It came, and Sunday was a day that must have delighted the heart of the farmer who wanted a plenty of rain, but would have it come at night and on the Sabbath so the hired man could rest.

— The First Baptist Church Corporation held its annual meeting in the church vestry last Tuesday evening and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year. Treasurer, Mr. M. A. Burnes; Clerk, Arthur V. Jones; Standing Committee for two years, Mrs. Nena D. Gage; Standing Committee for five years, Mr. W. E. Blodgett; Collector, Mr. Wilford D. Gray; Auditor, Miss Susan A. Russell.

— The annual entertainments of Clan MacKinnon, O. S. C., are always of a high class and draw big audiences. Mr. Hugh Murray of Garfield avenue, to whose kindness the JOURNAL is indebted for press favors, says that the presentation of "Tam O'Shanter" in Lyceum Hall on Wednesday evening, April 24, will be no exception to the rule. It is a pleasing musical comedy for which the very best talent has been provided.

— After the hottest April 16 that history makes any mention of last Tuesday closed here with a fine exhibition of thunder and lightning, but no rain worth mentioning fell. The electrical display began towards nightfall and continued until about 9 o'clock when the storm clouds rolled away to the east and a clear starlit night followed. Some vivid flashes of lightning illuminated the heavens, and the roar of thunder made the welkin ring at times.

— On Monday evening, April 22, Towanda Club are to hold their customary Grand Army of the Republic Night, to which have been invited by the committee in charge Posts 33 and 161, G. A. R.; C. B. Winn Camp, 66, S. of V.; Spanish War Veterans, and others. An address will be delivered by John E. Gilman, Past Commander of the G. A. R.; other Comrades will also speak; refreshments are to be provided; patriotic songs sung and stories told; and social intercourse galore.

— Mr. Frank W. Legg, whose matrimonial union with Miss Charlotte W. Wyman, both of Woburn, was recently consummated, has been for many years a photographer here, and prominent in the spiritual and temporal affairs of the M. E. church. The bride, Miss Wyman, is an expert accountant, in which capacity she has filled many important positions. The nuptial knot was tied by Rev. Ernest Legg, pastor of a flourishing Vermont church, and son of Mr. Frank Legg, the groom.

— The attention of Woburn readers of the JOURNAL is respectfully directed to the advertisement of a "Joint Recital" by eminent artists to be given in Winchester Town Hall on Tuesday evening, April 23, at half past 8 o'clock. Concerning the concert a highly esteemed correspondent writes the JOURNAL: "It is an important musical event by artists of high standing—Dorothy Temple and Mme. Avis Blivin Charbonnel." This affords a rare opportunity for our people to enjoy as fine music as is heard on any stage in the country. Take an early trolley down and avoid the rush.

— Last Monday morning Commissioner Carey of the Water Department set 100 workmen to excavating at the corner of Pleasant street and Warren avenue for the new 8-inch castiron pipe that is to take the place of the present 6-inch old cement-lined. The Legislature in 1910 passed bill permitting the City of Woburn to borrow $20,000 a year above its debt limit for 5 years, or $100,000 for this purpose. Having an available income of $7500 from the Water Department the city will expend $27,500 during 1912 for the new piping. The present gang will work two weeks at the end of which another set will be employed.

— The Woburn Law Enforcement League are making Jordan a hard road to travel for the people engaged in the illegal sale of intoxicating liquors in this city. In addition to the successful prosecution instituted by the League a month or two ago Fred J. Weyland of a Boston Detective Agency, who did the work then was engaged to come out here last Saturday and perform similar duties. He came accompanied by William R. Hammond of the Agency, and Deputy Sheriff Clarke of Lowell, and put in some effective licks against the illegal traffic in spirituous, vinous and malt liquors in Woburn. Weyland and his men were employed by the Woburn L. E. League and did a good job. It was done swiftly but quietly, and then the detectives left town. The proprietor of Central House denied all knowledge of the ownership of the contraband goods seized by the officers. In other search and seizure cases the officers were less successful that day.

— On last Tuesday afternoon, instead of evening according to the custom of the Trustees of the Fund in times past, Mr. Ernest Harold Baynes delivered his illustrated lecture on Dogs, in the Burbeen Course in Lyceum Hall before a large congregation. As it was provided principally for the pleasure and benefit of children many of them were present and enjoyed the pictures and stories about the dogs. Mr. Baynes is an entertaining and instructive speaker and he quickly and easily secured and obtained the attention of his audience. But, as they say down on the Cape, didn't he "cut it thick" when he insisted that the Dog is Man's noblest Friend?" Ask the man who listened in agony to the howling of Jones's dog under his chamber window all last night. And ask of the mother as she sews a patch on her boy's overalls made necessary by the vicious conduct of Brown's pup. And enquire of others. It was a good lecture however.

— Dr. V. C. Stewart, Chairman, had hardly anything for his Board of Health to do at their last meeting.

— The Woburn Association are to hold their next meeting at the First Congregational Church, Woburn, on April 30, to conduct which a committee of women, Mrs. Holland, chairman, have been selected to coperate with C. M. Strout, E. P. Fox, G. F. Bean, H. H. LeBaron, and H. W. Danforth.

— Last Wednesday forenoon, April 17, "Peggy" brought to the JOURNAL'S Editorial operatingroom as perfect and lovely a dandelion of this year's growth as any reasonable person could ask for and claimed it as "first of the season." Not being able to prove otherwise she was given due credit for the same. She also announced the discovery that day of the summer residence of the pair of handsome bluejays that have been at work lately on yonder peartree demolishing the last year's nest of a brace of robins which she found near a big elm tree that ornaments Col. Buchanan's neat lawn. Now, if the Colonel can manage to put an end to the earthly career of the cats in the neighborhood we see no reason why Court End may not be well supplied with birds this season.

— Last Tuesday evening Mr. Leland B. Soles of this city and Mr. Harold Soles, his brother, a student at Northfield, went to the Boston Opera House to see and hear their cousin, Geraldine Farrar, the famous singer of the N. Y. Metropolitan Opera Company, and were delighted with the splendid performance of their distinguished relative, on whose invitation, which included Mrs. Leland Soles, they attended. Possessing a superb voice, educated for the stage in the best European schools, and trained by the most eminent European teachers, Geraldine Farrar, young and beautiful, stands at the head of her profession, and is a prime favorite wherever grand opera is heard and admired. On last Wednesday Miss Farrar came out here from Boston and visited her mother's sister, Mrs. George Soles, on Church avenue.

— A nice letter received by us the other morning from Mr. Charles H. Dudley, a former respected resident of Woburn, but now and for many years Treasurer of the Hallowell Savings Institution of Hallowell, Maine, his present home, conveys no information respecting this spring's crop of "Kennebec Turkeys" (alewives) which is now white for the harvest and ripe for the sickle. In earlier times at this season of the year thin columns of fragrant smoke ascended from little smokehouses in the backyard of all Hallowell dwellings in which the "turkeys" were prepared for home consumption and the Boston market. Mr. Dudley's kind note fails to mention this fact; as still existing, which compels us to accept the conclusion that this habit of the early settlers of the beautiful town of Hallowell on the fair Kennebec has, in the language of the late lamented Grover Cleveland, fallen into innocuous desuetude. Otherwise, Mr. Dudley's letter was eminently satisfactory. And long may he wave!

The Cooperative Bank.

A. D. 1912 is the 25th anniversary year of the organization of the Woburn Cooperative Bank, one of the most solid financial institutions in this Commonwealth, the usefulness of which during the last quarter of a century has been thoroughly tried and not found wanting.

At the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Bank held on Thursday, April 1, instant, the following officers were elected for the current year:

President, James Skinner; Vice-President, William F. Davis; Directors, George Buchanan, John C. Buck, Edward Caldwell, J. Foster Deland, Arthur H. Linscott, John Maloney, James F. McGrath, Lawrence Reade, James Skinner, William F. Davis, J. Henry Parker, Fred J. Brown, William A. Prior, Arthur E. Gage, Frank W. Greydon, Herbert B. Dow; Auditors, Marcellus Littlefield, Carl Jaquith, Redmond E. Walsh.

At the meeting of the Directors, Arthur E. Gage was elected Secretary and Treasurer, and the Security Committee, appointed by the President, Frank W. Greydon, J. Henry Parker and Fred J. Brown, confirmed.

In addition to the regular semiannual report of the Treasurer and Secretary, Arthur E. Gage, Esq., President James Skinner, in token of the Bank's birthday anniversary, gave an interesting and valuable sketch of its origin, career, and present financial standing which commanded close attention of the people at the meeting.

Mr. Skinner, its first and only President, said, among other things:

It was organized under the auspices of the Board of Trade, February 10, 1887; chartered February 21 of the same year and began business on the evening of March 10, 1887. On the evening of this latter date a public meeting was held in Lyceum Hall. At that meeting Lieut. Gov. Bracket and Mr. D. Eldridge explained to those present the system of cooperative banking. Seven hundred and fifty shares of the bank were sold, realising the sum of $750 00, which was sold at public auction at a premium of five cents a share. With this $750 00 capital, the bank commenced business. It has now a capital of $589,927 78. It has paid dividends for twenty five years to its shareholders, averaging for this entire period six per cent. per annum. Eight shareholders owning forty-eight shares in the 26th and 27th series which matured during the year ending March 14, 1912, pledged them to the Bank as collateral security for the payment of the mortgages held by it on their homes. By the maturing of these shares the mortgages have been paid and discharged and the owners of the shares now have their homes free and clear.

From the Bank Commissioner's Report for 1910, it appears that there were 147 Cooperative Banks in this State, and there is not a Bank in this entire number that has paid as high a continuous average rate of interest for twenty-five years as this Bank. Since its organization, it has aided 639 families to become the owners of their homes, and eighty per cent of these homes are located in Woburn.

Much other valuable information was given by President Skinner which lack of space does not allow us to print.

Rev. Dr. Barnes Passes Away.

(FORMER PASTOR OF THE WOBURN UNITARIAN CHURCH)

Great regret will be felt in Montreal at the death of the Rev. W. S. Barnes, pastor emeritus of the Church of the Messiah, which occurred last evening at 637 Grosvenor avenue. Dr. Barnes had been in failing health for some time, suffering from asthma and pneumonia. Yesterday his condition became worse and he passed away about half past seven.

Born in Boston in 1841, Dr. Barnes came to Montreal in 1879 and commenced his work as pastor of the Church of the Messiah, then situate on Beaver Hall hill. It was in December, 1905, that farewell services were preached in this church, when the present place of worship on Sherbrooke street was about to be erected. Dr. Barnes preached a memorable sermon on the last Sunday evening that the old church was used in which he said: "I have tried to help you feel that this is a house of God and to raise your thoughts above the materialism of the day into the fellowship of the living God. I have tried to make our services so fraternal that whoever came to us should find their own faith respected and our own interpreted in the spirit of love."

The honorary degree of L. L. D. was conferred on him in 1909 by McGill University, the resolution of the corporation stating that the reasons were "his attainments in arts and letters, his active interest in the diffusion of culture, and his devoted services to all that concerns the spiritual life of the community." It was in the same year that the Rev. F. R. Griffin was appointed pastor of the church, and Dr. Barnes was made pastor emeritus after thirty years' service. He continued to preach occasionally and on New Year's Day of the present year took the full service at the church. This was the last time that he was able to speak to the congregation and since that day he has been confined to the house.

That Dr. Barnes worthily fulfilled his mission will be testified to by all who heard his elequent and thoughtful discourses, which have done so much in revealing the inner meaning of life and helping men to solve its problems. By his own life and teachings Dr. Barnes has exercised a great influence for good. The ideal of gentleness and courtesy in all his associations, he was of a modest and unassuming disposition, with a lovableness of character which endeared him not only to his immediate congregation, but to many others who sought his counsel.

He is survived by a widow, two sons and a daughter. Mrs. G. M. Edwards. His elder son, Professor H. T. Barnes, is director of the Physics Building at McGill University, and Mr. Wilfred M. Barnes is Principal of the Bornes School of Art.

The funeral service will take place at his son's residence, 637 Grosvenor avenue, Westmount, at 10 30 tomorrow (Friday) morning. In keeping with Mr. Barnes' expressed wish, there will only be a house service. A commemorative address by Rev. Mr. Griffin will form part of the morning service on Easter Sunday at the Church of the Messiah.—*Montreal Gazette, April 4, 1912.*

A Log On The Track

of the fast express means serious trouble ahead if not removed, so does loss of appetite. It means lack of vitality, loss of strength and nerve weakness. If appetite fails, take Electric Bitters quickly to overcome the cause by toning up the stomach and curing the indigestion. Michael Hessheimer of Lincoln, Neb., had been sick over three years, but six bottles of Electric Bitters put him right on his feet and nerve weakness. If appetite fails, take Electric Bitters quickly to overcome the cause by toning up the stomach and curing the indigestion. Michael Hessheimer of Lincoln, Neb., had been sick over three years, but six bottles of Electric Bitters put him right on his feet and nerve weakness. They have helped thousands. They give pure blood, strong nerves, good digestion. Only 50c at All Druggists.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Something decidedly new and novel in the way of vaudeville productions is announced for B F. Keith's Theatre next week, in Joseph Hart's latest production, "The Opening Night," a forty-five minute playlet in three scenes, written by George V. Hobart, author of "Cherie," "Peaches," "Dinkelspiel's Christmas," and "Everywife." "The Opening Night" tells an intensely interesting story full of fun, pathos, and realism, and is in three scenes. The first picture shows a flat in the Bronx, New York City; the second the exterior of St. Gregory's Church, and the last the stage of the new "Uncle Sam" Theatre in the Bronx, on its opening night.

THE BOSTON.

One of the pleasing announcements of the Spring season is the re entry to the legitimate stage of Andrew Mack, the sweet-voiced tenor, who will again be seen in his famous romantic character of Tom Moore at the Boston Theatre on April 22. Andrew Mack is too well known both for his portrayal of these dashing Irish romantic roles and his sweet, silvery singing voice to need further introduction to theatre-goers, but a few words regarding a play woven around the incidents in the life of the celebrated Tom Moore are always of interest to the admirers of his poems and works. In fact, there are few, if any, of the Irish celebrities today who hold the warm place in the hearts of the public the world over as that occupied by the memory of Tom Moore.

THE HOLLIS STREET.

When Frances Starr makes her initial appearance here in her new play, "The Case of Becky," at the Hollis Street Theatre next Monday, April 22, she will be welcomed by probably the largest and most discriminating audience of the year. The magic of David Belasco's name, coupled with his record of past performances in this city, already assures this. Mr. Belasco is at least thorough in preparing a new drama for the stage; he declines to invite a verdict until he is ready to accept it. Of equal importance, his productions each season are so few and well chosen that the public rely on seeing a strong play, perfectly staged and uncommonly well acted.

Think of your own faults and probably you will talk less about the faults of others.

Phases of Woburn History.

The Period Between 1857 and 1861.

BY WILLIAM R. CUTTER.

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

Dr. John M. Harlow, long the Dean of the medical profession of Woburn in age and experience, settled in practice in Woburn in November, 1861 (see his advertisement in *Woburn Budget*, for Nov 8, 1861.) In early life he became a member of the teaching profession, and began the study of medicine in 1840. He studied, among other places at the Philadelphia School of Anatomy, and was graduated from the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia in 1844. He began his practice at the town of Cavendish, Vermont, where he remained for fifteen years, when ill health occasioned a temporary retirement. His next field of practice was Woburn, where until his death, on May 13, 1907, at the age of 87, he was a continual resident, and engaged, until very nearly the end of his life, in a constant round of very extensive and profitable practice, respected and conferred with by everybody. His professed school was nominally the Allopathic, but his broad sympathies and intelligence caused him to treat liberally physicians of all sects or schools.

During the Civil War he made medical examination of recruits for the Woburn quotas, and at times whole companies were sent to his house. The great need for men caused fewer to be thrown out for slight imperfections than now, in less critical times.

Just before his first appearance in Woburn, Dr. Harlow had acquired a world-wide and lasting reputation for a case, under his treatment, of recovery of a young man, who had experienced the uncommon event of an iron bar, from the result of a blasting explosion, passing entirely through his skull. The young man was engaged in drilling a hole in a rock in Vermont, when a premature explosion of the blast, drove the iron implement completely through his head and high into the air. Very few would have survived such an accident, and the victim would naturally have died on the spot, and such events would be classed among the immediate fatalities, but not so in this case: particularly when the iron missile was three feet seven inches in length, but fortunately for him, round and comparatively smooth by use. After being hurt, the poor victim was carried some distance in an ox-cart, but got out of the cart himself with slight assistance and later walked up a long flight of stairs, with the help of his physician, and got upon the bed in the room where he was placed. The man had a remarkable constitution, and was particularly calm. He spoke and told where the iron had entered the hole in his cheek, to which he pointed, and said he hoped he was not much hurt. The iron, however, had passed through the brain, but the patient continued reasonably comfortable, with a mind very clear. After lingering for some time between life and death, he gradually improved under treatment and recovered, and became an extensive traveller about the countries of North and South America, and died, at last, in San Francisco, twelve years and six months after his accident.

The punctured skull and the crowbar which penetrated it, are now on exhibition at the Warren Museum of the Harvard Medical School in Boston.

Dr. Harlow's long stay in Woburn, forty-six years, and his previous experience of sixteen years elsewhere, made his medical experience the longest of any physician, who has ever remained in Woburn.

John Martyn Harlow was born in Whitehall, N. Y., Nov 25, 1819, the son of Ransom and Annis (Martyn) Harlow. He was fitted for college at academies at West Poultney, Vt., and Ashby, Mass. For a time he was a resident of Acton in this State, and also for another period of Stillwater, Minn. His standing in the estimation of the public furnishes the highest tribute to his character, tact, sympathy and personal worth.

"Beloved physician; loyal citizen; faithful friend. For thou wert strong, as thou wert true."

Lines from inscription on monument in Woburn cemetery.

He was Councillor in the Massachusetts Medical Society, and President of the Middlesex East District Medical Society, Director, Vice-President and President of the First National Bank of Woburn, and a Director of its successor the Woburn National Bank, President and Director of the Woburn Gas Light Company, Trustees of the Woburn Public Library, and Chairman of the Board of Sinking Fund Commissioners of the city of Woburn. He was elected to the Massachusetts Senate in November, 1884, and to the Governor's Council in 1895 and 1896.

He was a descendant of the Mayflower pilgrims, and his grandfather, Isaac Harlow was the first of the name to settle in Whitehall, N. Y. Dr. Harlow was twice married: first, to Charlotte Davis of Acton; and, secondly, to Frances A. Kimball of Woburn, who survives him.

A great portion of his large estate was left to public uses. Many institutions were immediately and remotely benefited, nearly all the churches of Woburn, the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, the Woburn Public Library, the local Medical Society, the Home for Aged Women and others, among the number.

The address delivered at his funeral has been published.

Dr. George H Hutchings (Eclectic School) leads the list of the physicians who have been longest settled in the city at the present time. He is the only one now here of the doctors of medicine, whose names were listed in the first published Woburn Directory of 1868, as then practicing their profession in Woburn. He is still occupying the same house that he did then. The first time that I find his professional advertisement in the *Woburn Journal*, is on April 13, 1867. Dr. Hutchings came direct to Woburn from Townsend, Mass.

(To be continued)

Fortunes In Faces.

There's often much truth in the saying "her face is her fortune, but its never said where pimples, skin eruptions, blotches, or other blemishes disfigure it. Impure blood is back of them all and shows the need of Dr. King's New Life Pills. They promote health and beauty. Try them. 25 cents at All Druggists.

MYSTIC ALGIERS.

It Is Not a City For Women Visitors to Explore Alone.

No foreigner knows what the Arab does. To few has it been given to understand what he thinks. Within his house he is as much master in Algiers as he is in Mecca, so long as he avoids the appearance of what the infidel calls evil and so long as he complies with certain demands, equally foolish and outrageous to him, in respect of registration, vaccination, sanitation and the like.

To any one who has ever seen for a moment behind the veil of native life there is something almost terrifying about the impenetrable mystery of these silent houses. Things happen there and human nature assumes aspects there of which the western world never dreams. I confess to being uneasy when I see careless and ignorant westerners—certainly when I see western women—walking alone in the native quarters of eastern towns.

Suppose one of those dark doors should open suddenly, the stranger be dragged quietly within and the door shut! That stranger might disappear forever without leaving a single trace. It would be useless to search unless the authorities were prepared to ransack every house to its most private apartments in a whole district, and to do that would be, if not to provoke a revolt, at least to stir up such dangerous unrest and hostility as to make it impossible.

What might happen to that stranger is best not considered. If his or her captors so chose there would be no more trace than marks the spot where a stone has fallen into the sea. Such an event is, of course, very unlikely, but it has horribly happened and might happen again.—Sir Henry Norman, M. P., in Scribner's.

A ROMANCE OF TRADE.

The Start and Rise of the Famous Krupp Gun Works.

The famous cannon foundry of Krupp, at Essen, was established in 1811 by Frederick Krupp, who abandoned a successful grocery business at the instigation of two brothers named Von Kechel in order to devote himself to the manufacture of cast steel.

The process was then unknown in Germany, and the article itself went under the name of "English steel" because it was imported from England Krupp had money, and the Kechels had or pretended to have technical knowledge. The firm started its operations in an old water power mill at Altenessen. The experiments of the Von Kechels were unsuccessful. For nearly two years they did their best, but all their efforts to produce "English steel" failed. In the end Krupp decided to get rid of them after having spent one half of his fortune in experiments and took over the management of the work himself.

For a long time he had no luck, and it was only after some years of disappointment and labor that a satisfactory metal was produced. It was under his son Alfred that the business first really began to flourish. Its exhibit at the London exposition of 1851 revealed to the world that a little known German firm was producing iron and steel that could not be bettered by the industry of any other country. Orders from the Prussian government followed, and the name and fortune of the firm were made.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Built In Blood.

The winter palace of the czars was built in blood. Almost every stone of the walls and every square yard of the plaster lining them cost a life. Nicholas had given the order that the palace must be rebuilt in a year, and what was human life against the despot's will? Six thousand men were kept at work day and night, with the palace heated at 30 R. to dry the walls rapidly, while the temperature outside was often 30 degrees below zero R. The men could only work with ice packs on their heads, and, experiencing a daily change of 60 degrees, they died by the score every day. By the end of the year the death roll was some thousands, but the palace was finished.

A Wise Woman.

"Now, for $2," announced the star gazer, "I will furnish you with a philter which will make your husband love you to the exclusion of all others."

"I don't think I'll invest," decided the practical housewife. "But if you have a philter which will make him bring home some of his salary on pay day I'll allow you a percentage on all sums realized." — Louisville Courier Journal.

Purely Speculative.

"I have always been interested," said little Binks, "in the utilization of waste. Now, where do you suppose all these burst tires go in the end?"

"I don't know," said the genial philosopher, "but if they go where most people consign 'em there must be a terrible smell of rubber in the hereafter."—Harper's Weekly.

Consideration.

"Do you think women have a sense of humor?"

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "But I think they have become accustomed to restrain their laughter through fear of hurting some man's feelings."—Washington Star.

Pretty Near It.

Gibbs—One gets no diplomas in the school of experience. Dibbs—I don't know. The marriage certificate comes pretty near being one.—Boston Transcript.

A Critic Who Scored.

"I like pointed criticism," said a theatrical man, "criticism such as I heard in the lobby of the theater the other night at the end of a play.

"The critic was an old gentleman. His criticism, which was for his wife's ears alone, consisted of these words:

"'Well, you would come!'"—Detroit Free Press.

Just Like a Lady.

Lola, aged five, had spent the afternoon at a neighbor's. "I hope you behaved like a lady," said her mother when she returned.

"Sure I did," replied Lola. "Every time I yawned I put my hand over my mouth."—Chicago News.

Poetic Justice.

Policeman—When long to rest the world had sunk I found this person roaring drunk. Prisoner—Denial, sir. I cannot plead; drunk I was—oh, blind indeed. Magistrate—To show how poorly drinking pays I'll send you up for thirty days.

THE Society Man



is fastidious in the matter of apparel. His Evening Clothes must be Perfection itself. For the Opera—the Ball—the Ladies' Night at the Club—he must be faultlessly attired. The name of MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY has always stood for *Perfect Apparel* for *Fastidious Men*. Whether for evening functions or less formal events—the product of their shops is unvarying in its excellence.

Evening Dress Suits, $40, $50, $55

Tuxedo Suits, - $38, $40, $45

These Dress and Tuxedo Suits are ready for Immediate wear

Inspection of Workshops invited at all times

Exclusive "Stetson" Hat Department for Men and Young Men

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY 400 Washington Street Boston, Mass.

LOCAL NOTES.

— It is gratifying to learn that Rev Fred M. Estes was reappointed at the Conference last week as pastor of the Woburn M. E. church.

— The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank is to abandon its present quarters and take the rooms lately occupied by the postoffice which are to be provided with all modern improvements.

— The latest rum cases entered for trial last Wednesday were continued to Saturday, April 29. John P. Feeney, Esq., of Boston, a leading member of the Massachusetts Bar, is to defend the illegal rumsellers.

Saves Leg Of Boy.

"It seemed that my fourteen-year old boy would have to lose his leg, on account of an ugly ulcer, caused by a bad bruise," wrote D. F. Howard, Aquone, N. C. All remedies and doctors treatment failed till we tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and cured him with one box. Cures burns, boils, skin eruptions, piles. 25c at All Druggists.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 6.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street
Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45.
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday from 2.30 to 4.30.

Married.

In this city, April 14, by Rev. Patrick T. Higgins, Seldon F. Dusko of Dorchester, Mass., and Maria Ardelle Gertrude LaPurl, of Woburn.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of William Q. Kenney, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Margaret M. Kenney, administratrix of the estate of said deceased has presented to said Court her petition for license to sell at private sale, in accordance with the offer named in said petition, or upon such terms as may be adjudged best, the whole of a certain parcel of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the seventh day of May, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate, fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

29-5-12 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

TOWN HALL
WINCHESTER
Tuesday Eve'g, April 23 at 8.30
JOINT RECITAL
TEMPLE, Soprano | CHARBONNEL, Pianiste
MARY FRENCH, Accompanist
Tickets $1.00, 75c., 50c.
Galleries, 25c.
ALL SEATS RESERVED
At Knight's and Abare's Drug Stores, and Winchester Exchange.

DURABLE RUGS
Made from
Old Carpets.
WE PAY THE FREIGHT.
Write for further particulars.
LEWIS MFG. CO., Dept. R. Walpole, Mass.

RHEUMATISM
PROMPTLY RELIEVED BY
THE ENGLISH REMEDY
BLAIR'S PILLS
SAFE. & EFFECTIVE. 50c & $1
DRUGGISTS.
OR 93 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

WANTED.

Young girl to assist with housework and care of two children, at least 16 years old, and willing to go to the beach for the summer. Apply at 13 Lloyd Street, Winchester.

S. FRANK SHERMAN,
118 High Street, Reading, Mass., twenty years' experience Making and Tuning Pianos. All orders will receive prompt attention.

When Your Feet Ache
From Corns, Bunions, Sore or Callous Spots, Blisters, New or Tight Fitting Shoes, Allens Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, will give instant relief. Sold everywhere 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.* For FREE Sample address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Ellen F. Cummings, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Ethel Cummings Jaquith, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-ninth day of April, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this ninth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

12 19-26 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Joseph B. McDonald, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS Ellen F. Hayden as administratrix of the estate of Edward D. Hayden, who was a coadministrator of the estate of said Joseph B. McDonald, has presented for allowance, the account of said Edward D. Hayden's administration upon the estate of said deceased.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the thirtieth day of April, A.D., 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said Ellen F. Hayden is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this ninth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

12-19-26 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Alice Gray Preston, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate by William A. Preston who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex on the twenty-second day of April A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

5-12-19 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Linnell's Market

Beech-Nut Brand
(Goods

NEW

Maple Syrup

VERY FANCY

$1.35 Gal. Can

35c. per qt.

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Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Cenrre at 6.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.46 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

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For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Made the Card Shark Nervous.

A transatlantic card sharp returned recently from one of his numerous ocean ferry trips, lamented that he did not have a chance to do business on the liner because he fell in with a judge before whom he had been arraigned for crooked dealing. He said he had sat down with a party in the smoking room on the second day out and had scanned faces to make sure that not a professional was in the lot. The man opposite him was peering at him intently when he glanced across the mahogany. He recognized the judge, and apparently the judge recognized him, but neither mentioned the circumstance. The card sharp got nervous. He was afraid to win, either legitimately or otherwise. He also feared that if he left the table the judge would give him away. So he struggled through the game a loser. He went to the judge the next morning and told him that he had decided not to play any more on the trip, and the judge remarked that it was a very wise resolution.—New York Sun.

Definitions of News.

The city editor of a local paper tells us that he recently tested the intelligence of a bunch of applicants for jobs by giving them a bit of copy paper and requesting them to write thereon a definition of "News." Here are some of the answers turned in:

"News consists of events that are either very usual or very unusual."

"News is what the public will read and pay for without kicking."

"News is anything the public ought to know."

"News is a report of what happened, not of what ought to happen."

"News is anything a paper can print that's new, except (a) new stuff that might start a libel suit, (b) anything that might lose an advertiser, (c) anything that might alienate a bunch of subscribers."

This last epigram landed a job for its author. The city editor saw at once that this chap had worked on a paper before.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When Almanacs Were New.

The first printed almanac, published at Nuremberg in 1475, was thought such a wonderful thing that it was sold at ten golden crowns a copy—more than its weight in gold. The first English printed almanac was the "Shepherd's Kalendar," translated from the French and printed by Richard Pynson in 1497, and the first popular almanac of the "Old Moore" type was the "Pronostyacyon of Mayster John Thybault, medycyner and astronomer of the Emperyall Majestie of the yeare of our Lorde MCCCCCXXXIJ."

Besides prophesying "warres, revolucions and the death of kynges," that early almanac told you the proper day to take physic. Monday was the day for ailments of the legs, Tuesday for affections of the head, etc. But what the unfortunate sufferer was to do who had a pain on the wrong day it does not state. You must take pains at the proper time.

Feats of Endurance.

One of the most striking feats of human endurance was that of Tom Burrows, the club swinging champion of England, who by whirling his clubs for forty-six hours without a moment's respite broke all records. He reminds one of Arthur Lancaster, who achieved athletic fame by swinging a blacksmith's hammer for twelve consecutive hours and afterward added to his laurels by beating all British records for ball punching. He punched a twenty-four ounce ball for fifteen hours continuously at the average rate of 147 punches a minute. Occasionally he would go away on a burst of 250 and 260 a minute, and so powerful was his fist work that three times he broke the rope of the ball and had to turn his attention to one kept in reserve.—Exchange.

New York's Shortest Street.

The shortest and probably most obscure street in all Greater New York is Chestnut street, and it's as small as its name implies. This street is less than fifty feet long and runs from New Chambers to Madison street, separating in two a triangular block, the whole of which would not have an area large enough for a modern building even if located in a section that would warrant the improvement.—New York Post.

The System.

"After all, there isn't much difference between the editor and the office boy."

"You're joking."

"Not at all. The editor fills the waste baskets and the office boy empties them."—Life.

Art and Science.

"What a beautiful picture of an angel!" said the lady who was visiting the art gallery.

"Yes," replied the aviation enthusiast. "But between you and me those wings aren't practical."—Washington Star.

Realistic.

"You have too much rouge on, my dear, to enact properly a milkmaid."

"Have I, sir? But I thought a milkmaid should be rosy cheeked."

"On the contrary, a milkmaid is naturally a pail girl."—Baltimore American.

The Yukon Valley.

There are no blizzards in the Yukon valley in winter, and there is little wind. Snow about two feet deep covers everything from early October till spring.

Nothing is farther from the earth than heaven; nothing is nearer to heaven than earth.—Hare.

Pulling an Elephant's Tooth.

Perhaps the greatest dental operation on record was performed upon an elephant in the City of Mexico. The aching tooth was twelve inches long and measured fourteen inches round the root. After the animal had been securely fasten with chains his mouth was pried open and a quantity of cocaine applied to deaden the pain. When this was done a hole was bored through the tooth and an iron bar inserted. Then a rope was twisted around the bar, and four horses were attached thereto to drag the offending molar out.—London Tit-Bits.

Speak to the Horse.

The human voice has more or less marked influence on all animals. In managing horses especially the voice is of the greatest use. It should be quiet and, though confident and masterful, not loud and boisterous. No one should ever touch a horse without at the same time speaking to it.—Exchange.

Utah's Lofty Mountains.

The Uinta range is one of the most impressive in the United States. King's peaks tower above great canyons and capacious amphitheaters, reaching a height of 13,496 and 13,498 feet. Mount Emmons is but slightly less elevated, with an altitude of 13,428 feet, while many other peaks rise above 13,000 feet. Considered in its past and present, the region of the Uinta mountains is a wonderful country, deeply interesting geologically, of great economic importance, picturesque and beautiful. Traveling westward after long miles of commonplace scenery, the Uintas loom up grandly, while features of beauty are the innumerable lakes and meadows made possible by the glacial scouring. From the summit of Bald mountain, for instance, four great basins extend before the eye. Nestling among the pine forests at least seventy lakes may be counted. Scattered throughout the forests there are also numerous meadows. Above the forests rise some of the most majestic peaks of the Uintas.—Guy Elliott Mitchell, United States Geological Survey, in Leslie's.

Distasteful Taffy.

The late Senator Hoar of Massachusetts was dining at his hotel in Washington when an effusive stranger sat down near him. The stranger introduced himself to Senator Hoar and immediately launched into a eulogy of the senator in the most glowing terms. He taffied the senator for ten minutes, much to that statesman's apparent discomfort.

Finally he said:

"Why, only the other day, senator, a man with whom I was traveling told me you are the greatest patriot and the greatest orator and the greatest statesman New England ever sent to the senate. He was a well informed man. I met him only the other day when he was on his way—on his way—to—odd, I can't remember—on his way to"—

"A lunatic asylum!" snapped Hoar.—Saturday Evening Post.

The Oldest Bank.

The Palazzo San Giorgio on the Piazza Caricamento, Genoa, has played an important role in the history of this Italian city and of the world of business. It was built in 1260 by order of Guglielmo Boccanegra, captain of the republic of Genoa, and, after serving as his residence, was the headquarters of the celebrated company and bank of St. George. Our modern system of banking sprang from this historic edifice, and the Societa delle Comprere di San Giorgio was the first limited liability company. The architect of the place was a monk named Oliviero. Although its architecture has undergone a number of changes the facade still speaks eloquently of the thirteenth century. Its arcades with pointed arches and its windows formed of little columns are exceedingly charming.—Wide World.

When Leather Was Money.

Leather was very early used as a currency, the Romans employing it for this purpose before either gold, silver or brass came into common use. History is full of references showing that leather was used by the ancients as a sort of circulating medium of exchange. It is said on good authority that so late as during the reign of Louis XII. of France the country became so impoverished and as a consequence money was so scarce that little pieces of leather with a small silver nail driven through each were in general use as money. Some few specimens of this leather money are still in existence, but are only to be found in the possession of numismatists, by whom they are highly prized.

Malleability of Gold.

The malleability of gold is so great that a single grain may be divided into 2,000,000 parts and a cubic inch into 9,523,809,523 parts, each of which may be distinctly seen by the naked eye. A grain and a half of gold may be beaten into leaves of one inch square, which, if intersected by parallel lines drawn at right angles to each other and distance only the one-hundredth part of an inch, will produce 25,000,000 little squares, each of which may be distinctly seen without the aid of a glass.

A Troubled Conscience.

"I had a horrible dream last night," said Huddleston when he came down to breakfast the other morning.

"What was it?" asked his wife.

"I dreamed that I was in purgatory and was made to do all the things I had told my friends I would do if I were in their places."

Matched.

Towne—Met Gabble and Perkins at a smoker last night and introduced them to each other. Browne—Oh, say, it's a shame to introduce a bore like Gabble to anybody. Towne—It's evident you don't know Perkins or you'd see the humor of it.

The Proper Head.

Husband (studying his wife's accounts)—There are several items you haven't entered here: Doing up the furniture, your hairdresser, dentist, trip to the sea, for instance. Wife—Oh, those all come under "repairs."—Fliegende Blatter.

Saved By His Wife.

She's a wise woman who knows just what to do when her husband's life is in danger, but Mrs. R. J. Flint, Braintree, Vermont, is of that kind. "She insisted on my using Dr. King's New Discovery," writes Mr. F. "for a dreadful cough, when I was so weak my friends all thought I had only a short time to live, and it completely cured me." A quick cure for coughs and colds its the most safe and reliable medicine for many throat and lung troubles—grip, bronchitis, croup, whooping cough quinsy, tonsilitis, hemorrhage. A trial will convince you. 50c & $1.00. Guaranteed by All Druggists.

A Will and a Way.

"Where there's a will there's a way,' quoted the wise guy.

"Yes," assented the simple mug; "there's generally a way out of it."—Philadelphia Record.

Will Persist In Trying It.

"What is an optimist, pa?"

"An optimist is a man who comes home late and thinks he can get in without his wife knowing it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Airing our grievances does not always make their odor any sweeter.

Many Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

VALIANT DECATUR

Reckless Bravery of the Pride of Our Early Navy.

HIS TRIPOLI HARBOR FEAT.

The Recapture and Destruction of the Philadelphia in the Midst of a Hostile Fleet Were Called by Nelson "the Most Daring Act of the Age."

Stephen Decatur, the pride of the early American navy, entered the service when the naval spirit was at its lowest ebb. He was without training as an officer when, at twenty, he began the career that was to bring him fame. Before Decatur was twenty-five he had been twice honored by presentation of a sword by congress, and at twenty-five he was a captain in command of the noble frigate Constitution. His deeds of valor make a narrative like a dashing romance. His qualities were those the naval officer today can emulate with profit to himself and his country and every patriot regard with satisfaction. There are few names on the scroll of fame with a brighter luster than his.

From childhood Stephen loved the sea. At an early age he began the study of shipbuilding and at seventeen helped construct the United States frigate United States, which he was one day to command. The war with France brought him his first great opportunity. Decatur was its most picturesque sea figure.

When, in 1801, all the navy except six ships was dismantled and 75 per cent of the officers dismissed Decatur was kept in the service, and he found speedy use for the naval lore he had acquired.

For centuries the Barbary states had supported themselves by piracy. Most nations, including our own, paid them shameful tribute to win protection from these pirate ships. In May, 1801, the pasha of Tripoli declared war on the United States and began to seize American vessels that were cruising in the Mediterranean. Four Yankee warships were sent to Tripoli and Decatur along with them as first lieutenant. During this war the United States man-of-war Philadelphia went aground on a reef in Tripoli harbor and was captured by the pasha. Decatur volunteered to go by night into the harbor and destroy the Philadelphia.

He seized a small native vessel called a ketch from the Tripolitans and renamed it the Intrepid. With seventy picked men as his crew and accompanied by another small vessel, the Siren, to act as escort, the Intrepid sailed from Syracuse on Feb. 3, 1804, on her hazardous errand. Inside of the Tripoli harbor he could see the Philadelphia moored close to the heavily armed castle of the pasha and the batteries around the harbor, the whole mounting 115 guns.

Twenty-four Tripolitan ships of war lay between the Philadelphia and the shore, all fully manned and ready for an attack.

The hour agreed on for Decatur's attack was 10 o'clock at night. As the Intrepid entered the harbor it appeared to be only a native boat, and little attention was paid to her. Her crew were hidden behind her rails, crouching, with their arms in their hands, ready for the desperate action. The little vessel drifted near the Philadelphia, and the crew watched with interest what they supposed was a little ketch drifting in. Decatur was now hailed from the Philadelphia and warned to keep off. His pilot, an Italian, was instructed to reply that they had lost their anchor and wished to run a line to the frigate for the night.

This request was granted, and Decatur's ruse thus far worked well. The crew began to pull the ketch up to the frigate, but as they came nearer the men in the Philadelphia saw the true character of the ketch and raised the alarm. It was too late, for Decatur was near enough to lead his men in a swarm up the side of the Philadelphia and over her bulwarks.

The Tripolitans had no time to defend themselves, and they were cut down or driven overboard until not one remained on deck. In five minutes Decatur was in undisputed command of the ship. Means of combustion had been brought, and as the Philadelphia could not be moved she was set on fire in various places. The flames were pouring from her hatches when Decatur and his men left her deck and shoved off in the Intrepid without the loss of a man.

The guns of the Philadelphia were all loaded, and as they became hot they were discharged, and their shots took effect in the town. The conflagration cast a red glare on the castle, mosques and minarets, on the batteries and on the shipping in the harbor, whose crews had been so startled by the suddenness of the attack that not a shot had been fired to stay it.

No less a naval hero than Admiral Nelson pronounced it "the most daring act of the age."

The hero of Algiers was killed in a duel by Commodore Barron on March 22, 1820, and the whole country mourned one of the greatest sea fighters the American navy has ever had.—Chicago News.

Took It.

Guide (as girl offers him a tip)—We are strictly forbidden to receive tips, but I don't like to refuse such a charming woman anything.—Fliegende Blatter.

We are all building a soul house, yet with what different and what various care.—Beecher.

Question and Answer.

"What's that big iron thing?" asked Laura.

"Locomotive boiler," replied Tom.

After a moment's silence Laura inquired, "Why do they boil locomotives?"

"To make 'em tender!" said Tom.

Sounded Interesting.

"How about the sermon?"

"The minister preached on the sinfulness of cheating at bridge."

"You don't say! Did he mention any names?"—Kansas City Journal.

Daily Cares.

The everyday cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock time, giving its pendulum a true vibration and its hands a regular motion.

Not Always Loaded.

Gabbleigh—They say that language is the vehicle of thought, you know Keene—Yes, but a lot of times it travels empty.—Boston Transcript.

THE ADOPTION DANCE.

Curious Ceremonial of Taking a Child Into a Shawnee Tribe.

The adoption dance is one of the ceremonial dances of the Shawnees. This is quite different from any one of the festive dances. They come many miles around and camp. Their faces are painted and their persons decorated with beads.

They dance all day and night without eating. A bonfire is built in the center of the camp, and they dance around this. The fire is kept burning about the same all the time. This serves also as their light.

The adoption dance is rather quiet, more so than the other dances. The women do most of the singing, says a writer in the Red Man, and sing very low. They dance around the circle in twos. The men dance together in front and the women together in the rear.

The two leaders in front are usually the ones who are adopting the child. They carry tin pails. In these are rubber balls, which bounce and keep time with the drummer. This is all the music they have to dance by. If a large crowd is assembled they may have two or three drums.

At these dances good order is kept. No drunkenness is allowed. The dance is in a grove, and if any one does not behave decently they tie him to a tree for the rest of the dance. After the dance they have a great feast, which lasts all day, and visitors and all others who attend the dance are invited to partake of the feast.

MUCH OF LITTLE.

A London Sign That Seems Queer, but Is Entirely Correct.

The stranger in any city half a hundred years old, if he knew nothing of the city's history, would learn from many of the business signs that the second and third generations had succeeded to the business of father and grandfather.

A Londoner who had strolled about the streets of Gotham with a New Yorker, who called his attention to some of the signs of sons, agreed that in this respect New York was very like London, but in neither city was there any such sign as he saw in one of the old English towns a few hours' run from the British capital. The sign reads:

JOHN LITTLEJOHN'S SONS AND LITTLE (LITTLE LITTLEJOHN, DOOLITTLE LITTLEJOHN AND JOHN LITTLE).

According to the Londoner, the first Littlejohn and Little were partners. The former gave his first son his partner's Christian name. Littlejohn's second son was named for his mother's family, Doolittle. The three sons succeeded to their father's business; hence the sign is entirely correct, and the Londoner was right in saying that the successors had no intention of being "funny" when they had their sign written as it appears.—New York Press.

Napoleon's Carriage.

The carriage in which Napoleon I. made his famous retreat from Moscow and in which he as emperor general set out from Paris in the campaign which closed at Waterloo is preserved in London by the trustees of the Wellington estate, the relic having formerly been the property of the "Iron Duke." It is a two seated conveyance, with the top and sides lined with iron. There is also a front "curtain" of iron that can be raised and lowered at will. The wheels are large and heavy, and the steps are finished in curious battle designs done in silver. The emperor used the back seat and kept his pillows and blanket under it. The back of the front seat was used as a cupboard and was provided with all sorts of culinary articles and a small spirit or oil stove.

Planet Peculiarities.

The irregularities of the great group of minor planets forming a ring between Mars and Jupiter are sensational. Several hundred of them are now known to follow their normal orbits between the two great planets. But in 1898 one of them—now called Eros—was found to cross the orbit of Mars, coming nearer to the earth's orbit than any other body, except the moon. In 1906 one of the planets was discovered going beyond the orbit of Jupiter, and now four with this peculiarity are known and have been named Achilles, Hector, Patroclus and Nestor.

Keep the Machine In Repair.

Think for a moment. A man who would no more run his motorcar on deflated tires or with sand in the gear box than he would use sulphuric acid for motive power will keep going right on at his business when the tread of his own physical mechanism is flattening out and the gear box of his mind is filling with the wrong kind of grit. The impatient optimism that shakes off a vague oppression with the assurance "I'll be all right tomorrow" has had as much to do with lengthening out the list of bankrupts as any other one thing I could mention. You can't correct a bad condition by persisting in the things that cause it. You will only make it worse. You can easily enough, if you are obstinate enough, make it so much worse that it will "be the death of you," or, anyway, put you out of business.—National Food Magazine.

Stone That Bends.

"Firm as a rock," "unbending as flint," are phrases often used; but, as a matter of fact, there is a sort of stone that is as flexible as wooden fiber. It is, of course, very rare, and the few specimens known are now in museums. One of the finest is in the Hartley institution in Southampton, England, having been found near Delhi, India. It is lathlike in shape, about an inch thick and two feet long. It is a particularly flexible specimen and can with the hands be curved several inches from the horizontal; otherwise it is hard and mineral-like, having the grain of ordinary gray sandstone.

Hard on the Ladies.

Very few remember the existence of a certain remarkable statute which was passed in the early days of George III., if indeed they ever heard of it. It runs to the effect that if any woman "entices any of his majesty's male subjects into marriage by the use of any powders or paints or false hair or wool on the cheeks she shall be prosecuted for sorcery." What a cause celebre it would be if any of his present majesty's male subjects were to endeavor to put the law into action! What a rush there would be of fashionable ladies to secure front seats in court for the hearing!—London Tatler.

KILLED ONE ANOTHER.

Peasley With a Bullet In His Heart Shot His Opponent Dead.

In his book "Vigilante Days and Ways" Nathaniel Pitt Langford, the author, tells this story of a typical double tragedy of those times:

"One of the most memorable fights in Nevada took place between Martin Barnhardt and Thomas Peasley. Peasley was a man of striking presence and fine ability. He had been sergeant-at-arms in the Nevada assembly. In a quarrel with Barnhardt at Carson City he had been wounded in the arm. Both Barnhardt and Peasley claimed to be 'chief,' always a sufficient cause of quarrel between men of their stamp. Meeting Peasley one day after the fight, Barnhardt tauntingly asked him if he was as good a man then as he was at Carson.

"'This,' replied Peasley, 'is neither the time nor place to test that question.'

"Soon afterward while Peasley was seated in the office of the Ormsby House in Carson engaged in conversation with some friends Barnhardt entered and, approaching him, asked, 'Are you heeled?'

"'For heaven's sake,' rejoined Peasley, 'are you always spoiling for a fight?'

"'Yes,' cried Barnhardt, and without further notice fired his revolver. The ball passed through Peasley's heart. Seeing that he had inflicted a fatal wound, Barnhardt fled to the washroom, closing the windowed door after him. Peasley rose and staggered to the door. Thrusting his pistol through the sash, he fired and killed Barnhardt instantly. Falling back in the arms of his friends, they laid him upon a billiard table.

"'Is Barnhardt dead?' he whispered as life was ebbing.

"'He is,' was the answer given by half a dozen sorrowing friends.

"'It is well. Pull my boots off and send for my brother Andy,' and with these words on his lips he expired."

SEVRES PORCELAIN.

An Artistic Flower Group That Deceived a French King.

The manufacture of Sevres ware is one of the oldest and most characteristic arts of the French. The Sevres potteries have long been under the direct control and patronage of the government and are in receipt of an annual subsidy.

A royal porcelain factory was first established at Vincennes in 1745 under Louis XV. and produced many notable pieces of ware, particularly bouquets. On one occasion, it is related, his majesty was the victim of a practical joke. One of the exceedingly lifelike bouquets having been placed in his greenhouse by Mme. de Pompadour, the king on his next visit to the place stooped and in all good faith attempted to smell the rare exotic.

The factory was transferred from Vincennes to Sevres in 1756, since which date it has sent forth works of almost inestimable value. Porcelain pastes, colored by metallic oxides, are now compounded there which resist the action of the most fiery furnace, and the enamels and glazes have a marvelous transparency and luster. Almost every tint which can be imparted to porcelain is here—white, turquoise, blue, all the greens, the delicate rose pink which has received the name of Du Barry and even scarlet, one of the most difficult colors to retain under the intense heat of the baking furnaces.

Sevres porcelain has always been an expensive production, for the most skilled artists have been employed in its manufacture. Formerly the finest pieces were made solely for royalty and were sold only by royal permission. The prices paid in modern times for some of these specimens have steadily increased until they have become startling.—Exchange.

A Man Who Really Hated Women.

A will of a confirmed woman hater, writes Virgil M. Harris in "Ancient Curious and Famous Wills," is that of a rich old bachelor who had endured much from attempts made by his family to put him under the yoke of matrimony and who wrote: "I beg that my executors will see that I am buried where there is no woman interred, either to the right or to the left of me. Should this not be practicable in the ordinary course of things I direct that they purchase three graves and bury me in the middle of one of the three, leaving the two others unoccupied."

Pemmican.

Pemmican, the prepared food used so much on polar expeditions, consists of two parts lean meat and one part fat, with two ounces of raisins to the pound. Only the choicest cuts from the choicest beef are used. The lean and the fat and the raisins are ground and mixed and then packed in hermetically sealed cans. It is eaten raw. It is frozen when the time comes to use it, and cooking would detract from its nutritive qualities.

Starting the Feud.

"The baby likes to play with my hair."

"But you don't trust him with it when you are out, do you?" inquired her caller.

And thus a coolness arose between two women who had been lifelong friends.—Washington Herald.

Temper.

Temper causes the greatest affairs to be decided by the most paltry reasons. It obscures every talent, paralyzes every energy and renders its victims insupportable.

Returned Empty.

"Why had that boy so long to wait, Jane?" asked the mistress of her servant, who had just taken in a siphon of soda water.

"Please, mum, he waited for the bottle," cheerily replied Jane.

"Bottle! What bottle?" queried her mistress.

"If yer please, mum, he asked if 'e could 'ave a returned empty, so I asked 'im to wait until I drawed it all off into a jug, and then I give 'im 'is bottle back," was the reassuring reply.—London Ideas.

Tooth Powder.

Here is a good tooth powder recommended by a professor in a dental college: Mix together in a fine powder one and a half ounces of precipitated chalk, half an ounce of powdered orris, one-eighth of an ounce of powdered cuttlefish, one-eighth of an ounce of borax and one-eighth of an ounce of sugar. All these should be ground to a fine powder, especially the cuttlefish. Flavor with six drops of wintergreen.—New York Tribune.

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Savings Department.

The beginning of successful operation of UNITED STATES POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS, and the possibility of legislation, by Congress, looking to the establishment of NATIONAL SAVINGS BANKS, as outlined by Senator Aldrich, in his tentative plan for a new banking law, seems to indicate a popular demand for places of savings under the control and supervision of the UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

To meet this legitimate demand and to extend increased banking facilities to the people of Woburn and vicinity, the WOBURN NATIONAL BANK has opened a new department to be known as its SAVINGS DEPARTMENT, and will receive deposits of money to bear interest FROM DATE OFDEPOSIT at the rate of three per centum per annum on sums not less than $100. These deposits however will not be subject to check.

All deposits in this bank are GUARANTEED by its capital stock of $100,000, its surplus and undivided profits December 31, 1910, of $68,860.34, and by the personal liability of its responsible stockholders to the extent of an additional $100,000.

These directors give its affairs their personal attention:

Daniel R. Beggs of Beggs & Cobb, leather manufacturers.
William E. Blodgett, Treasurer of R.Guastavino Co.
John C. Buck, Cashier.
Robert Chalmers, Physician.
Everett P. Fox of W. P. Fox & Sons, leather manufacturers.
John W. Johnson, President.
Edward F. Johnson, Judge of District Court.
John G. Maguire, Lawyer.
L. Waldo Thompson, Woburn Hardware Co.

DIRECTORS.

Woburn, January 30, 1911.

The Owner of an HAMILTON WATCH

Never has to apologize for the difference in watches. He keeps his business appointments, meets trains comfortably, arrives punctually at desk or bench.

The Hamilton--a dependable watch.

Smith & Varney.

A Jewelry Store since 1871.

No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN

☞ Fine Repairing in all its branches.

OUR SPRING STOCK

Comprises latest styles of Foreign and Domestic Worsteds and Cheviots. A full line of the famous Shackamaxon guaranteed Fabrics.

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Fine Tailors,

395 Main Street. - - - - - Woburn

C. E. SMITH,

Real Estate and Fire Insurance

Houses For Sale and To Let. Rents Collected and Repairs Member of the Mass. Real Estate Exchange.

No. 439 Main Street Opp. Central House.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishing, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common. Telephone connection

Electric Bitters

Succeed when everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weaknesses they are he supreme remedy, as thousands have testified.

FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE

it is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.



Your boy develops by reading

Good Ideas, Good Entertainment, Active Use of His Wits and His Hands

These are the things which will make a man of your boy. Secure his lively interest and wholesome development by giving him

The AMERICAN BOY

Filled with fine reading which fascinates boys. Excellent stories of adventure, travel, history and current events. Photography, stamps, electricity, carpentry, sports, games. Tells Boys just what to do and how to do it. Beautifully illustrated, and every line in harmony with refined home training; endorsed by 250,000 boys and their parents. Send $1.00 for a full year. On sale at all news-stands at 10 cents.

SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO. Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

TAFT REFORMS POSTAL SERVICE

Government's Biggest Business Now Run on Modern Basis.

PENNY POSTAGE POSSIBLE.

Economy and Efficiency In Administration Under Hitchcock Make Cheaper Postage Rates Imminent — Policies Should Be Continued.

In thorough accord with the policy of economy and efficiency of the Taft administration, Postmaster General Frank H. Hitchcock has put an end to the annual deficit in the postoffice department and made possible the serious consideration of further reforms and improvements, not the least important of which is the imminent possibility of penny postage. Many other reforms that have the support of President Taft will be inaugurated this year. Another term of the Taft administration would place this $240,000,000 business institution completely on a business basis.

At the beginning of the present administration the postal service was in arrears to the extent of $17,479,770.47, which was decidedly the largest deficit on record. Last year the revenues exceeded the expenditures by $219,118.12.

The wiping out of the deficit has been accomplished without any curtailment of facilities. On the contrary, there have been established 3,744 new postoffices, delivery by carrier has been provided in 186 additional cities, and 2,516 new rural routes, aggregating 60,679 miles, have been authorized. Meanwhile the force of postal employees has been increased by more than 8,000, and last year the total amount expended for salaries was approximately $14,000,000 greater than two years ago. The average annual salary has been increased from $869 to $967 for rural carriers, from $979 to $1,082 for postoffice clerks, from $1,021 to $1,084 for city letter carriers and from $1,168 to $1,183 for railway postal clerks. Thus a marked extension of the postal service and increased compensation for its employees have gone hand in hand with a vanishing deficit.

Postal Banks Great Success.

By persistent effort the present Republican administration secured the passage on June 25, 1910, of the act creating the postal savings system, which is now in operation at practically all the 7,500 presidential postoffices. Preparations are being made for its extension to 40,000 fourth class postoffices. It is confidently anticipated that the deposits at the close of the present fiscal year will aggregate $50,000,000 and that the income of the system will be sufficient to pay all operating expenses.

Under President Taft the postoffice department has engaged in an aggressive crusade against the fraudulent use of the mails. Last year the inspectors investigated many cases involving the sale of worthless stock in imaginary mining companies and other fictitious concerns. There were altogether 529 indictments and 184 convictions, with but 12 acquittals. The other cases are pending. The convicted swindlers had defrauded the people of many millions of dollars.

Sunday service by employees has been reduced to a minimum, with little objection from patrons.

Reforms Under Way.

Many other improvements have been made in the postal service during President Taft's term of office, such as the shipment of periodicals in carloads by fast freight, which has reduced the cost of transportation and expedited the handling of first class mail, and the consolidation of the star route and rural delivery services, so that it has been possible to establish many new routes and to serve thousands of additional patrons on existing routes with little or no increased cost. But the Taft program of postal reform and progress is not yet completed. The president is urging congress to adopt legislation for the readjustment of postage rates on a basis of cost, which will eventually permit of a 1 cent rate on letter mail. A project also is under way for giving to village communities the same free delivery of mail that is now enjoyed by cities and the rural population.

The establishment of a domestic parcel post has received the earnest consideration of the president. In some branches of the delivery service, notably the rural and city delivery routes, the equipment now necessary is sufficient for the additional transportation of considerable merchandise with little or no increase in expense.

President Taft, accordingly, has urgently recommended to congress the adoption of the necessary legislation, and to present the issue clearly, three items of $50,000 each have been included in the estimates of the postal service by Postmaster General Hitchcock, two to cover the initial expense of introducing the parcel post on rural routes and in the city delivery service, respectively, and the third to meet the cost of an investigation looking to the final extension of the service to the railways and other transportation lines.

DELEGATES PLEDGED TO TAFT.

The delegates to the Republican national convention pledged to President Taft on Saturday, April 6, 1912, numbered 280, as follows:

Alabama	22
Alaska	2
Colorado	8
District of Columbia	2
Florida	12
Georgia	26
Indiana	20
Iowa	8
Michigan	6
Mississippi	20
Missouri	6
New Mexico	7
New York	79
Oklahoma	4
Philippines	2
South Carolina	16
Tennessee	16
Virginia	24
Total	280

Necessary for choice, 539.

DANGER AHEAD.



—St. Louis Globe-Democrat, March 28, 1912.

TAFT DEFEATS RAILROADS.

Prevents Increase In Freight Rates by Vigorous Action.

President Taft's method of doing his work as president without seeking to achieve personal notoriety from his good works was never better illustrated than in his ultimatum to the railroads of the country which prevented a general increase in railroad rates just prior to the adoption of amendments to the railroad rate law two years ago. The president served notice upon the railroads that if they anticipated the new law they would be haled into court and as a result of subsequent conferences the railroads agreed to postpone their action until the new law was passed.

In the new law of congress President Taft assisted in inserting a provision which transferred from the shoulders of the shipper to that of the railroads the burden of proof in establishing the reasonableness of a railroad rate. Prior to that time the practice had been just the opposite, with the result that many shippers who were or had been suffering from discriminatory rates or practices, were unable to prove their cases without great expense or long litigation or both. Under this new law the railroads subsequently made application for an increase in their rates and the interstate commerce commission, not being satisfied with the showing of the railroads as to their reasonableness, denied them. Thus one of the great achievements of President Taft came to pass, an achievement which affected every man, woman and child in the country, but it was done so quietly that it has almost been forgotten by many who were benefited.

MINERS' WELFARE CAUSE OF TAFT

Bureau of Mines Marks Great Step Forward.

SAVES HUNDREDS OF LIVES.

Discovery of Danger of Coal Dust Important — Handling of Explosives Made Safer — Government's Experimental Coal Mine.

The saving of many lives annually—the lives of miners throughout the United States—will be one of the splendid results that will follow the establishment of the bureau of mines, one of the great achievements in the interest of labor of the administration of President Taft.

The excessive and unnecessary loss of life in the mines of this country was one of the primary causes for the creation of this bureau. For years hundreds of miners were killed in mine disasters, and practically nothing was done to check the terrible loss of life.

Spurred on by President Taft, an act creating the bureau of mines was passed by congress and became effective on July 1, 1910. John A. Holmes of the United States geological survey was appointed as the first director. Mr. Holmes was reputed and certified to be the best trained man for the place obtainable in the United States. The chief experimental station was established at Pittsburgh, where the investigations of the problems intrusted to the bureau have been prosecuted so successfully for nearly two years.

In the year 1907, the most disastrous of all years in the American coal mines, 3,125 miners lost their lives. This represented 4.86 of men killed for every 1,000 employed. In coal mines in Europe less than two miners are killed out of every 1,000 employed. As a result of the work conducted by the bureau of mines and the wise use of an appropriation of $150,000 made by congress, the death rate has been already reduced to practically one-half what it was in 1907.

One of the notable achievements of the bureau of mines was the demonstration of the fact that coal dust in a bituminous mine is more dangerous and deadly than gas. It had been the belief heretofore that gas or fire damp was the greatest menace to the miners, and little attention was given to the accumulation of coal dust. The bureau of mines proved to the satisfaction of the miners as well as operators that coal dust would explode and, unlike fire damp, carried no warning with it. The keeping of dusty mines wet, as recommended by the bureau of mines, was found to reduce materially the chances of explosion of coal dust.

The number of deaths in the mines has been greatly reduced as a result of the testing of explosives under the direction of the bureau of mines. In the year 1908 the coal mines in the United States used 2,000,000 pounds of short flame explosives, and at present nearly seven times that quantity is being used with greater safety, due to the co-operation of the coal operators and the bureau of mines.

The establishment of an experimental coal mine at Brucetown, Pa., twelve miles from Pittsburgh, is still another notable achievement of the bureau of mines. It places the United States in advance of other nations with respect to this research and experimental work in mines. Numerous tests are made at this experimental mine, from which many excellent results are obtained.

Still another important work which is conducted under the auspices of the bureau of mines is the rescue of entombed miners. Since the creation of the bureau many hundreds of lives have been saved. At the big mining disaster in Ohio one of the rescue corps of the bureau of mines arrived at the scene thirty-two hours after the disaster. Three men were rescued who had been given up as dead and allowed to remain in the mine. At another time one man was found alive among 150 dead, and today he is the sole survivor of that terrible catastrophe due to the splendid work of the rescue corps.

Before the bureau of mines was made possible by the interest of President Taft, which was followed by the necessary legislation for its establishment, there was no organized effort in saving the lives of entombed miners. Time and again men have sacrificed their lives in vain attempts to rescue their companions. This unnecessary sacrifice of life has been stopped by the co-operation of the state authorities with the federal rescuers attached to the bureau of mines. An investigation of the fuel resources of the United States is also being made with a view of checking the waste and increasing the efficiency with which fuel is used. This latter phase of the work is a part of the practical conservation policy of the Taft administration.

Dr. Wiley Supports Taft.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, who recently resigned as chief chemist of the department of agriculture, when in Cincinnati several days ago made the following statement:

"President Taft is the one man who stood between me and destruction at Washington. When efforts were being made to 'assassinate me' Taft proved my only protector. He stood by me, and I am grateful to him. I hope he will be re-elected president."

Carefully Weighed.

In the Dana days on the New York Sun a young Cornell graduate was put at work reviewing books. One of the first books handed him was a massive "Life of Napoleon," by a college professor.

The Cornell man had specialized on Napoleon at his university under a great authority and thought rather poorly of this new biographer of Napoleon, who was a professor in another university, by the way. He glanced casually over the illustrations and wrote his review as follows:

"'Life of Napoleon,' by Professor So-and-so. The work weighs nine pounds."

Mr. Dana read the review and sent for the young man.

"Did you write this review?" he growled.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you read the book?" growled Mr. Dana again, fiercer than before.

"No, sir; I weighed it."

"That'll do!' growled Mr. Dana again. Then he sent word down to the cashier to raise the reviewer's salary.—Saturday Evening Post.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

An Ancient Church That Is Said to Guard a Precious Secret.

A small building popularly known as "The Church of Hidden Treasure" stands in the little town of Bareins, N. M. During the Mexican war many of the richest families in the neighborhood hid their gold and valuables in all sorts of curious places.

Senor Sandoval, a very rich landowner, chose the thick walls of the village church as his treasure vault, according to a writer in the Wide World, and tradition says that the precious hoard has never been removed.

Only a few years ago several groups of men, armed with pickaxes, crowbars and other implements, besieged the place in search of the fabulous wealth said to be concealed somewhere on the premises. The treasure is believed to be contained in a large wooden chest, such as most of the wealthy Mexicans formerly possessed. It is claimed that the box contained thousands of dollars in gold, besides emeralds, diamonds and pearls, set in pure native gold.

The Sandoval family, however, guard the place most carefully, while they in turn are jealously watched to see that they do not disturb the church property. Bold and daring plans are sometimes laid, but nothing seems to come of them, and the ancient building still guards its precious secret.

CHEMICALS IN WOOD.

Why Timber Cut In Winter Is Better Than That Cut In Summer.

Timber cut in spring and in summer is not so durable as that cut in winter. The durability depends not only upon the greater or less density, but also upon the presence of certain chemical constituents in the wood.

Thus a large proportion of resinous matter increases the durability, while the presence of easily soluble carbohydrates diminishes it considerably.

During the growing season the wood of trees contains sulphuric acid and potassium, both of which are solvents of carbohydrates, starch, resins and gums. They are known to soften also the ligneous tissue to a considerable degree.

During the summer months the wood of living trees contains eight times as much sulphuric acid and five times as much potassium as it does during the winter months. The presence of these two chemical substances during the growing season constitutes the chief factor in dissolving the natural preservatives within the wood and in preparing the wood for the different kinds of wood destroying fungi.—Scientific American.

An Age of Great Gamblers.

The eighteenth century was the age of the great gamblers. On Feb. 6, 1772, there was a debate in the house of commons on the thirty-nine articles, and it was noticed that Fox spoke very indifferently.

Horace Walpole suggests an explanation: "He had sat up playing at hazard at Almack's from Tuesday evening, the 4th, till 5 in the afternoon of Wednesday, 5th. An hour before he had recovered £12,000 that he had lost, and by dinner, which was at 5 o'clock, he had ended losing £11,000. On the Thursday he spoke in the above debate, went to dinner at 11:30 at night, from there to White's, when he drank till 7 the next morning; thence to Almack's, where he won £6,000, and between 3 and 4 in the afternoon he set out for Newmarket."—London Chronicle.

A Blade of Grass.

As an English writer has written: "Whenever you can find a single blade of grass, however small, there you stand face to face with the mystery of life and all the responsibilities of existence. It is of more interest than many of the stars, for, if astronomy is right, some stars are ceaselessly burning, and therefore, beautiful as they are from a distance, life upon them (in the sense in which we understand life) is impossible. The roots of the humblest blade of grass go down to the beginning of life in the world, and its tip points to the sky. If you should chance to find a blade of grass withering in a rocky place carry it a little water for the sake of the thoughts that spring from it."

Horrible Examples.

Slang not only becomes English, but sound English becomes slang. When Landor was reading "Aurora Leigh" he wrote to John Forster that it was a great poem, "but there are a few flies on its surface." From that it is some distance to the contemporary lyric:

There are no flies on me.
There may be on you
A bushel or two.
There are no flies on me.

So when the poet Henley complained "there is a wheel within my head" he little knew what a horrific future his metaphor was to see.—Collier's.

For Appearance's Sake.

Hub (suddenly waking at midnight)—What in the world was that noise? Wife (entering room)—It's all right, dear. The people are coming home from the opera, and I slipped down and gave the front door a slam, so the neighbors would think we were there.—Boston Transcript.

Hereditary.

"Is genius hereditary?" asks a scientific journal.

An editor replies: "We have not time to investigate the subject, but we are inclined to think that it is. At all events our youngsters are wonderfully smart."

Gold is proved with fire, friendship in need.—Danish.

Logical Reasoning.

The law imposing a tax on bachelors had gone into effect.

One morning a little baldheaded man appeared before the tax commissioners.

"I've just married my fourth wife," he said. "I'm entitled to a bounty, ain't I?"—Exchange.

The Ideal.

It is in making endless additions to self, in the endless expansion of its powers, in endless growth in wisdom and beauty, that the spirit of the human race finds its ideal. To reach this ideal culture is an indispensable aid, and that is the true value of culture.

One of Those Questions.

"Pop!"

"Well, what is it now?"

"Say, pop, did the dog star ever have the dipper tied to its tail?"—Philadelphia Record.

Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.—Cooper.

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

If There Is No Bright Side Burnish Up the Dark Side.

A gentleman remarked to us that the true theory of life was to get on the admiration side and not on the cynical and objurgatory side of life. We believe that is sensible, says the Ohio State Journal. "Look on the bright side and if there is no bright side burnish up the dark side" is a little quotation that we put in our notebook more than a score of years ago. It is good gospel. It is the doctrine of hope. Grumbling at everything is un-Christian. It will condemn a man as sure as profanity or lying.

The Bible says, "But let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice." There is philosophy for this. A person cannot do any good in a bad spirit. If one hates a man he cannot reform him. Every good thing that a man does pulls some evil up by the roots. Good deeds grow by smiles as the wheat grows by the sunshine. Boost the good and the bad will have a poor chance.

It is right to curb the evil if one does not waste all his strength at it, so that he will have to sit down and lose heart. There is no final defeat in an honest, sincere effort, and that is the doctrine of the upward look and the bright side of life.

SHOE ODDITIES.

Two Pairs Are Sometimes Broken to Oblige Finicky Customers.

When a one legged man buys a shoe the dealer sends to the factory for a shoe to match the one left remaining. In these days of the use of machinery in every process of their manufacture shoes are made with the utmost exactness and precision, and it is easily possible to mate that remaining shoe with the greatest nicety in size, style, material and finish.

Few people have feet exactly alike. Commonly the left foot is larger than the right, so that one shoe may fit a little more snugly than the other. Commonly, however, people buy shoes in regularly matched pairs, the difference in their feet, if it is noticeable to them at all, not being enough to make any other course desirable.

But there are people who buy shoes of different sizes or widths, in which case the dealer breaks two pairs for them, giving them, to fit their feet, one shoe from each. In such cases the dealer matches up the two remaining shoes, one from each of two pairs, just as he would where he had broken one pair to sell one shoe to a one legged man.

The Story of a Duel.

In his "Dueling Stories of the Sixteenth Century" Brantome, a French writer, says that two French captains, though old friends, fell out and fought. One of them was disabled. "The other, being untouched, observed: 'There, that's enough for old friends like us. You'd better go and attend to your wounds.' To this the vanquished one replied: 'Well, you might as well do a bit more for me. Just pretend to be wounded and wear your arm in a sling for a day or two, so that I needn't be considered disgraced nor any question of that come up when they want to reconcile us—that is, if I survive.' And the victorious friend smeared some of the other's blood on his arm and went about saying that he was wounded, but it was a mere nothing, and he only wished his friend were the same. The latter recovered with some difficulty, and they were afterward as good friends as before."

English Prison Pits.

Prison pits were vaults in which criminals in England were kept at night, chained together. There was one at Bristol which was in use as late as 1815. Down eighteen steps, it was only seventeen feet in diameter by nine feet high, and seventeen men were consigned to it every night. Even more typical was Warwick jail pit, which was occupied at least until 1707. It was an octagonal dungeon twenty-one feet in diameter and almost nineteen feet underground. In the middle was a cesspool, and beside it ran a stream of water which served the prisoners for drinking purposes. To this awful cell forty-two men were consigned every afternoon at 3:45, to remain there until after daylight the following morning. The inmates had to sleep on their sides, and their jailer never visited them without guarding himself with an antidote against sickness.

The Devil's Tower.

In a government bulletin describing the geology and water resources of the Black Hills of South Dakota and Wyoming Mr. N. H. Darton describes the imposing mass of igneous rock known as the Devil's tower. Rising 600 feet above the surrounding country, the shaft is one of the most conspicuous natural objects in the Black Hills region. Its nearly perpendicular sides are fluted by great rock columns, some of which are six feet in diameter. The tower is situated on the west bank of the Belle Fourche river, south of Hulett, Wyo., and is one of several bold buttes left by erosion in the northern Black Hills. In the opinion of some geologists Devil's tower is connected with lower strata by an underlying vent.

Good Grounds.

"Why do you wish to be divorced from your husband, madam?"

"Well, for one thing, he comes home nearly every day of his life smelling of limburger cheese."

"And you don't like the odor?"

"It isn't that. He never brings any of the cheese home."—Chicago Tribune.

Worthy Its Name.

Mr. Bacon—Something wrong with this hash this morning, dear.

Mrs. Bacon—Why?

"I don't know. It needs something."

"I can't think what it can be. I put in everything I could find."—Yonkers Statesman.

Fitness of Things.

"Yes, sir: I can marry you and the girl, all right, but I am not a regular pastor. I'm a traveling preacher."

"Suits me all the better. I'm a traveling man."—Chicago Tribune.

Occasions do not make a man either strong or weak, but they show what he is.—Thomas a Kempis.

The Strange Part.

Mr. Dresser (with evening paper)—Here's strange news! A New York child hid for thirty hours in her mother's clothes closet!

Mrs. Dresser—I should say it is strange. Imagine a New York woman not changing her clothes in that time!—Judge.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson III.—Second Quarter, For April 21, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Mark iii, 7-19. Memory Verses, 14, 15—Golden Text, John xv, 16, R. V.—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

The first part of this lesson is found in Matt. xii, 15-21, as well as in Mark, and the record of the choosing of the twelve is found in Matt. x and Luke vi and in our lesson verses. Our meditation is upon the record as found in the several gospels. When Jesus knew that they had determined to kill Him He withdrew with His disciples to the sea. When people resist the gospel and will not hear of our Lord Jesus our instructions are to let them alone and withdraw from them (Matt. x, 14; Acts xiii, 46; II. John x, 11). As then multitudes followed Jesus because they needed what He had to give, so there are multitudes now hungering for they know not what, but it is Himself they need. In those days they heard what great things He did, and they came to Him from all parts, even from Tyre and Sidon, as well as from beyond Jordan, and He healed them all and cast out unclean spirits (Matt. xii, 15) and charged the healed ones not to make him known. The crowd so thronged Him that He bade his disciples to bring Him a boat that from it He might be able the better to teach them. We are vessels also, and He desires from and through us to make the glad tidings known, but few seem willing to give Him the vessel. The quotation from Isa. xlii, 1-4, in Matt. xii, 15-21, must be understood in the light of the context, and thus it is plain that the bruised reed and smoking flax represent His enemies, whom He might easily break in pieces, but the time is not yet. Compare II Kings xviii, 21. Some see in the reed and flax a suggestion of the weakness of His own people with which He will not deal severely. That phase of the truth is found in Heb. iv, 15, 16, but here we are pointed onward to the time of judgment upon His enemies, and after that the winning of the nations to Himself through Israel, now meekness and submission and suffering, and then the glory.

Luke vi, 12, 13, tells of His spending all night in prayer to God and then, when it was day, of His choosing twelve of His disciples, whom He named apostles. I often wonder if we understand prayer as practised by Him. Think of our prayers, a few moments of confession and petition, and contrast this "continued all night in prayer to God." He had nothing of sin to confess, so it must have been an all night of communion with His Father concerning the things of the kingdom and concerning these men whom He was about to set apart specially for Himself. Verse 13 of our lesson says that He called unto Him whom He would and they came unto Him. On the last night before he was crucified He said to them, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit and that your fruit should remain." When he called these men He had in mind not merely the few years of ministry in a mortal body, with much weakness and failure on their part, but He saw the kingdom and the twelve thrones on which they would sit ruling the twelve tribes of Israel (Matt. xix, 28; Luke xxii, 30). It was not the time to talk with them of that; but, though He did speak of it before He left them, He also said, "I have yet many things to say unto you but ye cannot bear them now" (John xv, 16; xvi, 12). He called them that they might be "with Him." He wanted them not only in His company, but to be wholly one with Him, seeing things as He did, having His mind about things, as far as such mortals could; but oh, how they failed, and how we fail, and how we must grieve Him by our unbelief and our own thoughts instead of His! He wanted them with Him that He might send them forth to preach and to heal. Whom He blesses He desires to make a blessing to others, and He has left us here in His stead, saying to His Father, "I am no more in the world but these are in the world." He also prayed that through us the world might believe and know (John xvii, 11; xxi, 23). He not only prayed for the apostles, but for all who should believe on Him through their word (John xvii, 20), so we are included in His prayer, and He ever liveth to make intercession for us. In the order in which we have them in our lesson, the one who denied Him is first, and the one who betrayed Him is last, and it is the same in Matthew and Luke, while the order of the others varies just a little. It must be for a purpose that the weakest and the worst begin and end the list, the one a true disciple, one of the inner three, and after Pentecost used more than either of the others; the other a devil. Yet infinite wisdom did the choosing, and His way is always perfect, so we are dumb and can only wonder that He ever chose us, "chose us before the foundation of the world that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love" (Eph. i, 4). With the exception of Peter and John, how little we know of any of them! Philip and Andrew are to the front, not in the most favorable light, at the feeding of the 5,000; James and John desire first places in the kingdom; Thomas is the last to believe in the resurrection, yet He loved them all.

Homemaking.

Men do not make their home unhappy because they have genius, but because they have not enough genius. A mind and sentiments of a higher order would render them capable of seeing and feeling all the beauty of domestic ties.—Wordsworth.

The National Anthem.

Although "The Star Spangled Banner" has been popularly adopted as a national air and under army and navy regulations is played at morning and evening "colors," it has never been adopted as the national anthem by congress.

A Hint.

Pupil (to schoolmaster)—Sir, would you mind taking great care how you draw up my report? My parents suffer dreadfully from nerves. — Fliegende Blatter.

The usual fortune of complaint is to excite contempt more than pity.—Johnson.

IT IS NOT TOO LATE

in the season to have your old or defective heating apparatus changed You wont have to shiver while the work is being done. The fire can be lighted in the new plant the same day that it is put out in the old one.

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A. GRANT

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The Weather on the Moon.

"With the temperature ranging from the boiling point to a rigidity of 200 degrees below zero the same day the climate of the moon is too uncertain for any human being, no matter how many changes of clothing he has."

This was the remark of an assistant instructor in astronomy at the University of Chicago in an address at the Chicago Hebrew institute.

"Nothing lives on the moon," he said. "Any animal would be frozen to death in one hour and scorched to death in another. A day on the moon is twenty-eight and one-half of our normal days. It is believed by superstitious people that the moon has an effect upon the weather, the seasons and the crops. The earth is virtually independent of the moon. The satellite furnishes light at night, but no heat worth mentioning and has nothing to do with storms and changes of temperature."—Chicago Examiner.

The Long Eared Bat.

The long eared bat puts itself to bed in wraps not only of its own wings, but supplemented by the folding of its own enormous ears. This little British mammal, the body of which is only two inches long from the tip of the nose to the ouse of the tail, has the largest ears, in proportion to its size of any animal in the world. They are an inch and a half long and three-quarters of an inch broad, and when their owner proposes to go to sleep it bends them outward and then backward, folding them down on either side of its head and shoulders before bringing up the wings to cover its sides. When waking up it is quite a business for the little bat to get its tall ears straightened out and into position again. They remain for some time at "half cock" and then are gradually set up and erected to serve the animal while awake.—London Nature.

Wifely Attention.

Mr. and Mrs. Compton had gone out on the platform to take the air. Mrs. Compton returned to the car first and sat down squarely in what she thought was her husband's chair. That she had made a mistake was speedily proved by the irate voice of the man who had walked along the aisle behind her.

"Madam," he said, "you are sitting on my hat!"

Mrs. Compton rose and took from the seat a crushed and crumpled object.

"Oh," she said breathlessly as she gazed at the forlorn object, "I'm very sorry! You see, I thought all the time it was my husband's—I mean"—

But what she really meant she never fully explained, for the outraged owner of the hat seized it and stalked away in high dudgeon.—Youth's Companion.

The Gaelic Alphabet.

Men familiar with the Gaelic tongue tell us that the alphabet of that ancient language is the most curious of all alphabets in that nearly every letter is represented by a tree. The alphabet of today comprises eighteen letters. Ancient Gaelic had seventeen. Now, as of old, all the letters with the exception of g, t and u, which stand for ivy, furze and heather, are called after trees.

The Gaelic a b c now runs: Ailm, beite, coll, dur, eagh, fearn, gath, huath, iogh, luis, muin, nuin, oiv, peith, ruis, suil, teine, ur, which is equivalent to saying: Elm, birch, hazel, oak, aspen, alder, ivy, whitethorn, lew, rowan or quicken, vine, ash, spindletree, pine, elder, willow, furze, heath. In the ancient Gaelic alphabet the letter h (the huath, or whitethorn) does not exist. The alphabet is called the beth-luis-nuin because b l n and not a b c are its first three letters.—New York Press.

The Lesson Came Home to Him.

Two men, one a stranger in New York, stopped at an uptown newsstand to buy papers. The attendant was not in sight, and the New Yorker, placing the coppers on the stand, turned to his companion and said, with a show of civic pride, "That's the way we do here." Just then the newsboy appeared, and the New Yorker, probably intent on driving the lesson home, asked, "Do you ever lose anything by people taking papers?" "Sure I do," was the prompt reply. "But I know the fellers what forget." "Well, what do you do about it?" "When I git a chance I ask 'm to pay." "How do you get the chance?" "Well," he said, smiling broadly, "here's a time. You owe me for two papers; got 'em last Thursday w'en I was holdin' down the stand on the other side." The man remembered and paid.—New York Tribune.

A Correct Answer.

Senator Bailey once was chairman of a committee to examine candidates for admission to the bar in Dallas county, Tex. In the case of one candidate Mr. Bailey reported to the judge presiding that in his opinion the aspirant for legal honors had not duly qualified, having answered correctly but one of the questions put to him.

"Only one question?" asked the judge. "Well, what was that one?"

"I asked him what a freehold estate is," replied Bailey.

"An important question," commented the judge. "And what was his reply?"

"He made it without the least hesitation," observed Bailey with a slight smile. "The fact is, of course, in his favor."

"Well, what did he say?" demanded the judge impatiently.

"He said," responded the chairman, "that he didn't know."—New York World.

Those Unnecessary Questions.

The damage suit was on, and Bildad's chauffeur was testifying for the plaintiff.

"Now, you say," said the pompous lawyer for the defendant, "that at this point the two cars traveling at the rate of thirty miles an hour came together head on. Then what did you do?"

The witness gazed wearily at his questioner.

"Why," said he, "I turned to my wife, who was brushing the baby's hair in the tonneau, and I said that I thought the dumplings must be done by this time"—

Bang! interrupted the judge's gavel. "Stenographer," said his honor, "strike that fool answer from the record."

"And doesn't the question go with it, judge?" asked the witness meekly.

"Sure!" said his honor, forgetting the dignity of his calling for the moment.—Harper's.

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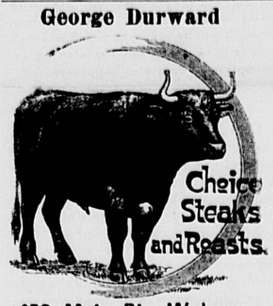
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THE VALUE OF PROMINENCE

Sometimes It Is a Disadvantage

By F. A. MITCHEL

I am a literary man, a novelist. I and my characters are known all over the English speaking world. Of late years we literary men, after having won our literary spurs, find the lecture field much more profitable—certainly an easier way of earning money—than writing books.

I gained my prominence before I had come to middle age and was considered a desirable parti by young ladies in search of a husband. Miss Amelia Gregory was the one of all others I favored, but Miss Gregory was not sure whether she favored me or not. I had a rival—a rival who had some prominence, though in a different field from mine. Harding was an explorer and climber. He had climbed not only the prominent Swiss peaks, but certain ones of the Himalayas and Andes. He had stood on the top of one mountain on which no man had ever stood before.

Miss Gregory's suitors became reduced to two, Harding and myself. Not gifted with marked ability in any one direction, she was ambitious for the man she would marry. I was better known than Harding, but there is a greater fascination about a man who is at constant risk of breaking his neck than one who incurs no especial danger. Miss Gregory treasured a picture taken from an illustrated newspaper of Harding bracing against the next man below him in a mountain ascent, the man below having slipped, and, since the rope did not break, Harding saved his life. So long as Miss Gregory kept that picture by her I felt that my suit with her was, to say the least, dubious.

Since Harding and I were traveling all over the world it is natural that we



"WHY, I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD," HE EXCLAIMED.

should occasionally meet. I ran across him in Berlin and in Constantinople. We were acquainted; but, as both knew that we were after the same girl, we were not cordial. On the contrary, we hated each other.

My reputation was occasionally appropriated in this fashion: Some impecunious rascal, well educated and doubtless smart, would advertise to lecture as myself, personate me, talk in my name, read from my books and pocket the reward. In some out of the way country where no one had seen me this was a device very easily perpetrated. I had heard of these individuals, but never had run across one of them till I arrived in Bombay, in British India, where I was advertised to give a lecture before an English and American audience.

In driving to my hotel I encountered an imposing funeral procession. The dead man surely must be of prominence, for a large proportion of the English and American population were in attendance. My driver pulled up near the curb to let the procession pass, and I asked a man standing on the sidewalk what dead was being honored.

"Paul Wagstaff, the author and lecturer."

Now, my name is Paul Wagstaff. I am an author and lecturer, and I expected to deliver a lecture in that very town that same evening. To see my own funeral procession moving by was not only surprising, but appalling. And who should I see among the mourners but my rival, Harding! I knew that in his heart he was rejoicing, though he had assumed a funereal expression quite worthy of the occasion. I drew back into my carriage.

Previous to seeing Harding following my remains to the grave I had expected to join my funeral procession myself and attend my interment. But his presence in the throng boded no good to me. It would be a fine scheme for him to go home, announce my death to Amelia and win an easy victory. I thought it best that he should not see me alive. If he attempted to take advantage of my death I might turn that advantage to myself by turning up in the flesh in the nick of time. Therefore as soon as the funeral procession had passed I drove on to my hotel and registered under an assumed name.

I soon got an explanation of the singular occurrence. An impostor had personated me and several days before my arrival had lectured in my name. He had been taken sick, and the society which had extended the invitation to lecture had given him every attention. He had died, and they had attended his funeral in a body.

I shrank from putting in an appearance as the real Paul Wagstaff. The chances were that I would be considered instead the real impostor, and if I were believed I would only make those who had shown me or my reputation such marked attention feel uncomfortable. The consequence was that I left the city without making myself known.

It was late in the season, and, having no further engagements in the east, I turned my face homeward. I would have written my relatives that if they got a report of my death and burial to consider it incorrect, but I could travel about as fast as a letter would go. Besides, I had no very near connections. As to Miss Gregory, I was in no hurry to forestall any report she might hear concerning me. I would likely get home as soon as Harding, so I had little or nothing to fear from that source.

I did not care to travel very fast, so that Harding, if he were carrying the news of my death, could, if he chose, go faster than I. Spring was coming on, and, fearing the heat of southern countries, I preferred to get into the mountains. While in Interlaken I heard the news of an accident to a party of men who had attempted to ascend Mont Blanc. They succeeded in reaching the summit, but in descending were caught in an avalanche and two out of a party of six had been lost. The name of one of those who were killed was given as Harding.

This news was received just as I was starting to the station to catch a train that would take me to the steamer on which I had engaged passage to America without any time to spare. I was therefore prevented from getting any definite information respecting the accident or making sure that my rival, Harding, had been killed. But since he was always climbing I did not doubt that he was the real Harding, the man whom I knew would carry the news of my death to Miss Gregory.

I don't like to confess it, but candor compels me to admit that I felt just a bit of satisfaction at being able to go home and announce the death of the man who I knew had been anticipating making the announcement of my own demise. I regretted not being able to carry with me the details, but to wait for them would interfere with engagements in America. Besides, I expected that the news of Harding's death would go far ahead of me by cable. My sad end in Bombay was not so likely to be forwarded. Bombay is on the other side of the globe from America, and one may be more readily lost in India than in Europe.

On my arrival at home after getting settled in my accustomed quarters I went one evening to call on Miss Gregory. Now that Harding was out of the way I did not anticipate much trouble in bringing her to a favorable answer to my suit, though, of course, on my first visit I should only announce the sad accident, if she had not heard it, and give her time to recover from the shock.

I found her pleased to see me and judged from her appearance that she had not heard about Harding. We chatted for awhile, when I said:

"That was very sad about Harding, wasn't it?"

She was much surprised and begged me to tell her at once what had happened to him. I did so, and she appeared much affected at the terrible catastrophe. While we were expressing commiseration for him there was a ring at the door bell and in walked Harding himself.

He was so astonished at seeing me that he did not greet Miss Gregory, but stood staring at me as if I were a ghost.

"Why, I thought you were dead!" he exclaimed.

I explained the circumstances of my supposed demise in Bombay; then told him of the news I had heard at Interlaken of his accident on Mont Blanc.

"That Harding," he explained, "was an Englishman and spelt his name Hardinge."

Each of us had returned expecting the pleasure of announcing the death of the other and both were disappointed. Miss Gregory was much interested in the strangeness of our double death abroad and congratulated us both that we still lived.

"And now," she concluded, "I wish you two good friends of mine to know that during your absence I have found a great happiness. I am engaged to be married."

We managed to say something gladsome, though neither of us felt glad.

"Some one worthy of you, I am sure," said Harding.

"Worthy, but not as you gentlemen would put it. He has not been heard of outside his little circle. He is a plain, unvarnished business man."

And such is fame. While I had been sufficiently prominent in the lecture field to warrant a rascal personating me and Harding was known as the only man who had climbed a certain mountain, a nobody without any reputation whatever and known to but a few hundred persons had quietly walked away with the girl we contended for.

A FAMOUS FENCER

Master at Arms Jean Louis Was a Wizard With the Sword.

GREATEST DUEL ON RECORD.

In Front of an Army This Napoleonic Wonder Faced Thirteen Italian Sword Experts and Spitted Them In Succession Without a Rest.

To give an idea of what a brave man can do if he knows fencing thoroughly and but keeps cool and collected in danger we will relate a historical duel. So extraordinary is this combat that it would be held a romance had it not been witnessed by a whole army. The hero is Jean Louis, one of the great masters of the sword of the beginning of last century, and the duel happened in Madrid in 1813. He was the master at arms of the Thirty-second regiment of French infantry. The First regiment, composed entirely of Italians, formed part of the same brigade.

Regimental esprit de corps and rivalries of nationality caused constant quarrels, when swords were often whipped out or bullets exchanged. After a small battle between the two factions of the brigade had occurred in the streets of Madrid, in which over 200 French and Italian soldiers had taken part, the officers of the two regiments, in a council of war assembled, decided to give such breaches of order a great blow and to re-establish discipline. They declared that the masters at arms of the two regiments involved should take up the quarrel and fight it out.

Imagine a whole army in battle array on one of the large plains that surround Madrid. In the center a large ring is left open for the contestants. This spot is raised above the plain so that not one of the spectators of this tragic scene—gayly dressed officers, soldiers in line, Spaniards, excited as never a bullfight excited them—will miss one phase of the contest. It is before 10,000 men that the honor of an army is about to be avenged in the blood of thirty brave men.

The drum is heard. Two men, naked to the waist, step in the ring. The first is tall and strong. His black eyes roll disdainfully upon the gaping crowd. He is Giacomo Ferrari, the celebrated Italian. The second, tall, also handsome and with muscles like steel, stands modestly awaiting the word of command. His name is Jean Louis. The seconds take their places on either side of their principals. A deathlike silence ensues.

"On guard!"

The two masters cross swords. Giacomo Ferrari lunges repeatedly at Jean Louis, but in vain. His every thrust is met by a parry. He makes up his mind to bide his chance and caresses and teases his opponent's blade. Jean Louis, calm and watchful, lends himself to the play, when, quicker than lightning, the Italian jumps aside with a loud yell and makes a terrible lunge at Jean Louis, a Florentine trick often successful. But with extraordinary rapidity Jean Louis has parried and ripposts quickly in the shoulder.

"It is nothing," cries Giacomo, "a mere scratch." And they again fall on guard. Almost directly he is hit in the breast. This time the sword of Jean Louis, who is now attacking, penetrates deeply. Giacomo's face becomes livid, his sword drops from his hand, and he falls heavily on the turf. He is dead.

Jean Louis is already in position. He wipes his reeking blade; then, with the point of his sword on the ground, he calmly awaits the next man.

The best fencer of the First regiment has just been carried away a corpse, but the day is not yet over. Fourteen adversaries are there, impatient to measure swords with the conqueror, burning to avenge the master they had deemed invincible.

Jean Louis hardly has two minutes' rest. He is ready. A new adversary stands before him. A sinister click of swords is heard, a lunge, a parry, a riposte and then a cry, a sigh, and all is over. A second body is before Jean Louis.

A third adversary advances. They want Jean Louis to rest. "I am not tired," he answers, with a smile.

The signal is given. The Italian is as tall as the one who lies there a corpse covered by a military cloak. He has closely watched Jean Louis' play and thinks he has guessed the secret of his victories. He multiplies his feints and tricks; then, all at once, bounding like a tiger on his prey, he gives his opponent a terrible thrust in the lower line. But Jean Louis' sword has parried and is now deep within his opponent's breast.

What need we to relate any more? Ten new adversaries followed him, and the ten fell before Jean Louis amid the excited yells and roars of an army.

At the request of the Thirty-second regiment's colonel, who thought the lesson sufficient, Jean Louis after much pressing consented to stop the combat, and he shook hands with the two survivors, applauded by 10,000 men.

From that day fights ceased between French and Italian soldiers.

This wonderful and gigantic combat might be held a fable were not all the facts above stated still found in the archives of the ministry of war.—Lippincott's.

A keen, warm sympathy that makes your brother's need your own—nothing short of that is really charity.—Phillips Brooks.

The Trouble.

Lawyer—Don't you think I acquitted myself well in that trial? Friend—Very well. It is a pity you didn't do as much for your client.—Baltimore American.

Wise and Otherwise.

A wise man acknowledges his mistakes; a foolish one tries to convince himself that he was right.—Pittsburgh Post.

OUR WORLD AS A MOON.

Fine Display a Full Earth Would Give to the Selenites.

Were we transported to the planet Venus a peculiar set of views could be obtained of our earth, enabling us to see ourselves, to some extent at least, as others see us. Venus is about the same size as the earth, is somewhat closer to the sun and has more atmosphere than the earth. When the earth and Venus are nearest together they are, of course, on the same side of the sun, and in consequence of this the earth does not see more than a very small part of Venus illuminated, but Venus, on the other hand, sees all of one side of the earth illuminated and is therefore able to claim she has something that takes the place of a moon, for the earth to Venus at this time looks very large and bright, almost as much so as our moon does to us.

If we could see all the illuminated surface of Venus on these occasions we should have quite a distinct second moon. When we do see all of her illuminated surface she is on the opposite side of the sun from us and consequently at an enormous distance, yet she is so brilliant as to prevent us from seeing her surface distinctly.

But to our own moon we appear in the best light as a moon. A full earth as seen from the moon, according to Todd and other astronomers, is a very inspiring sight. It can at once be seen why this is necessarily true. The earth is several times larger than the moon and would appear in the heavens as a disk about fourteen times the size of the moon. It would probably shine with a variable light, due to the shifting clouds of the earth, though the light is, of course, reflected from the sun, and the reflection is due in part to the upper surfaces of the clouds.

The outlines of the continents of the earth appear very clearly to the moon as if they were formed in papier mache on a globe. Cities of comparatively large size could be made out with ease in case observers were there to make them out. The intensity of the reflected earth light would be as much as fourteen moons and would enable the Selenites, if such there were, to read or work in comparative daylight.—Harper's Weekly.

DEWEY SAW THE POINT.

He Paid Up After His Dog Had Been Kicked Around.

Admiral Dewey had an English bulldog of which he was very proud. So marked was his affection for the dog that an atmosphere of "love me, love my dog" had sprung up around the admiral and the canine. It is further reported that the animal came near causing trouble between the head of the navy and the late "Fighting Bob" Evans.

Admiral Dewey while on a tour of inspection when he was in command of the Pacific squadron took the dog along with him. He lost sight of his pet on Evans' ship, but in a few minutes saw him hurled skyward from the companionway as if shot from a catapult. With blood in his eye Admiral Dewey rushed over to see the reason for the sudden ascent, surmising correctly that some one had kicked the dog. He saw "Fighting Bob" at the foot of the steps.

"Sir," roared the admiral, "what do you mean by kicking my dog?"

"Sir," roared Evans in return, "I'd have kicked that dog if he had been the property of the president of the United States! He chewed the legs off two pairs of fifteen dollar trousers and destroyed an edition de luxe of the navy regulations."

Dewey saw the point and paid for new uniform trousers.—New York World.

Staining Wood Dark Hues.

The appearance of walnut may be given to white woods by painting or sponging them with a concentrated warm solution of permanganate of potassa. The effect is different on different kinds of timber, some becoming stained very rapidly, others requiring more time for this result. The permanganate is decomposed by the woody fiber. Brown peroxide of manganese is precipitated, which is afterward removed by washing with water. The wood, when dry, may be varnished and will be found to resemble very closely the naturally dark woods.—Harper's Magazine.

An Aristocratic Bank.

All the clerks at Coutts' bank in London, where the king and members of the royal family have accounts, must be clean shaven and wear frock coats during banking hours. No bank in the world has so many aristocratic customers as Coutts'. Practically every member of the house of lords banks at the famous house in the Strand, and no other English bank has so many foreign aristocrats on its books.

Not Trained.

Recruiting Officer—You understand the first duty of a soldier is strict obedience to orders. You haven't been used to that, have you?

Awkward—Nope—that is, no, sir. You see I never married.—Philadelphia Record.

An Accepted Story.

"Quills has really had a story accepted at last," remarked a journalist to a colleague.

"Surely not," was the rejoinder.

"Yes. He went home at 2 o'clock this morning with an awful yarn, and his wife believed it."

Golden Thought.

An irreverent and illiterate Englishman who has just returned from the United States was heard to describe the country the other day as "a hell hollarado."—London Punch.

Unlucky.

"The more I try to sing this child to sleep the louder it yells."

"Your voice, my dear, is a Jonah—it is being swallowed by a wail."—Baltimore American.

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it for another.—Charles Dickens.

NELSON'S COOLNESS.

A Dangerous Fire Aboard His Ship Didn't Excite the Admiral.

Two or three days before the battle of Trafalgar a boy on the Victory carelessly set fire to a bottle of ether. The result was that the flames extended to some sails and also to a part of the ship. There was a general confusion—running with buckets and what not—and, to make matters worse, the fire was becoming dangerous, as it was rapidly extending to the powder magazine.

During the hubbub Lord Nelson was in the chief cabin writing dispatches. His lordship heard the noise—he could not do otherwise—and so in a loud voice he called out:

"What's all that noise about?"

The boatswain answered:

"My lord, the loblolly boy's set fire to an empty bottle and it's set fire to the ship."

"Oh!" said Nelson. "That's all, is it? I thought the enemy had boarded us and taken us all prisoners. You and loblolly must put it out and take care we're not blown up. But pray make as little noise about it as you can or I can't go on with my dispatches." And with these words Nelson went to his desk and continued his writing with the greatest coolness.

THE PARIS OF PERSIA.

Teheran Is One of the Dream Cities of the Orient.

According to a Persian proverb, "Ispahan is beautiful, Shiraz is lovely, but Teheran is most beautiful of all." The Persians call Teheran the "Paris of Persia." This city lies on a sandy level. There are gentle hills to the north, and far in the distance one may see a range of mountains crowned by a majestic and snow covered peak.

The features of Teheran that attract the traveler's attention first are its city walls and its hundred towers that stand at intervals in the wide circle of the ramparts. In the center of the town is the great square of the arsenal, where an enormous number of now obsolete arms are stored. The great Boulevard des Ambassadeurs, as the French would call it, which is near the arsenal is one of the finest to be found outside Paris.

If this part of the town has a modern aspect the southern part of the city has retained its oriental character, and here palaces, bazaars and mosques jostle one another, surrounded by narrow, winding, mysterious streets. Teheran is one of the dream cities of the east.—London Family Herald.

Ministerial Perquisites.

Not only stationery office officials, but cabinet ministers, used formerly to enjoy sundry little perquisites now no longer legitimate. At one time, for instance, each secretary of state received on his appointment a silver inkstand which he could retain and hand down as a keepsake to his children, but Mr. Gladstone when chancellor of the exchequer abolished this little perquisite, and the only token of office an outgoing minister can take with him is his dispatch box. The wife of a minister who had long occupied an official residence on being evicted said with a pensive sigh, "I hope I am not avaricious, but I must say when one was hanging up pictures it was very pleasant to have the board of works carpenter and a bag of nails for nothing."—London Chronicle.

Not the Same.

It was in the smoking car, and the two fat men were talking.

"Well, I have a good deal of trouble with my kidneys," said the first. "Can't seem to get 'em just right. How about you?"

"Oh, my kidneys are generally all right; it's liver with me," said the second. "Been running wrong all season."

"Excuse me for butting in," said the drummer for a patent medicine house, "but if you gentlemen will take Peterkin's Pepper Pellets For Peevish Patients they will relieve you instantly."

"What's that got to do with us?" asked the fat men simultaneously. "We ain't sick; we're retail butchers."—Harper's Weekly.

Meridians Run Due North and South.

A man "following the absolute line of the tenth meridian east from the north to the south pole" would travel due south and never southeast or southwest so long as he remained on the meridian upon which he started. If on the tenth meridian east, for instance, his angular distance from the meridian of Greenwich does not change. He is always 10 degrees east of that meridian from one pole to the other. He could only travel southeast or southwest by departing from that meridian on one side or the other.—New York American.

Perturbation.

"Don't you want to leave any footprints in the sands of time?"

"I don't know," replied Senator Sorghum. "There's so much sleuthing going on that a man gets shy of a thumb print, a footprint and even of leave to print."—Washington Star.

Her Hope.

Josie—I was taken for twenty-five today, and I am only eighteen. Julia—What will you be taken for when you are twenty-five? Josie—For better or worse, I hope.

The Test.

He—If I should propose to you what would be the outcome? She—That would depend largely upon the income.—Judge.

Novelty is the great-parent of pleasure.—South.

Friendly Suggestion.

Borem—That five-year-old boy of mine gets off some good things. This morning at breakfast he said— Knox (interrupting)—He should have them copyrighted. Borem—Why? Knox—To keep you from reproducing them.

Be useful where thou livest that they may both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.—George Herbert.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, APRIL 26 1912

KIND OF THEM.

Has it come to pass that the newspaper publishers of the Old Bay State are no longer able to conduct their business successfully without the counsel and advice of the Massachusetts Press Association, Inc.? That body appear to think so, judged by the contents of a circular issued by their Secretary this month which read as followers:

"At the April meeting of the Massachusetts Press Association Inc., held at Boston, Mass., the manner in which publishers are being tempted by the "free" plate proposition was duly discussed. It was painfully apparent to all, that the publishers who are short-sighted enough to use any of the political or other plate matter that is sent out free, are working to their own ultimate disadvantage and to that of the publishers in general."

Then the Secretary goes on and warns the publishers to forthwith desist from the ruinous habit of doing their business to suit themselves.

The Woburn JOURNAL prints generous instalments of Taft plated literature, furnished free, every week, and will gladly continue to do so to the end of the Presidential campaign, or so long as the Committee continue to furnish such excellent matter as at present, the advice and warnings of the M. P. A., Inc., to the contrary, notwithstanding.

SADLY DISAPPOINTED.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company, in a communication received last week by Clerk Kimball of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, declines the invitation of that body to extend its lines to Boston, saying that the road is under obligation to promote the interests of Canada.

Anticipating a favorable response to the invitation of the Legislature to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to extend their road to Boston several cities and towns in the Metropolitan District inaugurated measures to secure the passage of the line through them. To these the decision of the Company will prove a great disappointment.

Mr. Arthur Whitcher views the course of the Company with complacency but regret.

TRUE INDEED.

"My hat is in the ring" and "We've slammed them through the ropes." This is the man who is trying to smash the Republican party. John L. Sullivan, the pugilist, is more circumspect. —*Winchester Star.*

If, by the mysterious operations of Divine Providence, he should secure a nomination for President at the Republican National convention next June, the Republican Party, for 8 years from March 4, 1913, would be minus a job.

Theodore Roosevelt can never be elected to serve as President for a third term and, if he is nominated, the Democratic candidate will win.

Champ Clarke, or any other Democrat, once firmly seated in the saddle, cannot be unhorsed in less than 8 years.

THEY ARE HEDGING.

The Roosevelt drive who were so sure a week ago that their candidate would win out large at the Massachusetts Primaries on April 30, having seen the writing on the wall in the last few days, are not now quite so certain that Crane and the "Old Guard" may not cheat the Colonel out of a majority of the delegates, after all—in short, they are hedging.

PATRIOTS' DAY.

April 19, 1912, was a dull rainy day.

The only signs here of a celebration were the waving of American Flags and ringing of church bells.

The reports of Lexington cannon imparted a little life to the day in this city.

ANOTHER ONE.

The "Old Guard" came up smiling at the Rhode Island Primaries last Wednesday.

In 20 minutes after the meeting opened they elected their entire ticket of 10 delegates to the Republican National Convention and administered to them ironbound instructions to vote for Taft.

The "Old Guard" have got the Colonel on the defensive, and his followers on the run.

PLEDGED FOR TAFT.

It is highly gratifying to learn from the printed sample ballot of the Republican Party to be cast at the Presidential Primary on April 30, that Hon. William F. Davis, ex-Mayor of this city, candidate for Alternate Delegate to the Republican National convention to be held in Chicago next June, is pledged to the support of President William Howard Taft for renomination.

GRAND TAFT RALLY.

Congressman Samuel W. McCall; Chairman Samuel J. Elder of the Republican State Committee; and Congressman George P. Lawrence, are to be the speakers at the great Tufts massmeeting to be held in Lyceum Hall this evening, April 26.

Go and hear the truth told by the ablest men on the stump.

NEW HAMPSHIRE FOR TAFT.

At the New Hampshire Primaries held last Tuesday the "Old Guard" swept the Board and downed the Roosevelt Insurgents by a big majority.

Thus it will be in Massachusetts next Tuesday.

MAD.

Last Tuesday afternoon, in angry mood, the Colonel, meaning Roosevelt, added the name of Hon. Augustus Gardner, M. C. from the Essex District, to the list of members of his "Annanias Club."

☞ In response to an invitation from the Chicago, Illinois, Architects Business Association, Hon. William E. Blodgett, former Mayor of Woburn, lectured in the Art Institute of that city last Tuesday evening, on "The Building of Big Domes," a subject with which he is perfectly familiar, the firm of R. Guastavino of New York, of which he is the General Manager, having built the largest masonry roof domes in this country, including the National Museum at Washington, D. C., and the largest masonry floor dome in the world. Mr. Blodgett's address before the Illinois Chapter of the American Institute of Architects and Chicago Architectural Club last Tuesday was illustrated by pictures taken by him while on his visit to Europe last year.

☞ A perfectly reliable gentleman, who was present, says there were less than 100 people at the "Roosevelt Rally" here the other night, and enthusiasm was conspicuous by its absence

☞ Wyer, Parker and Gilman make a lively team at a G. A. R. gathering.

☞ Dr. V. C. Stewart was elected Chairman of the Board of Health by a unanimous vote.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

Taft League—Primary.
J. G. Maguire—Adm. Sale.
N. E. Tel. & Tel. Co.—Your Address.

— There has been an abundance of cold weather here since the last issue of the JOURNAL.

— Fred Stanley of the old Boston Branch is selling the finest California fruit very cheap.

— Rev. Dr. Norton preached an eloquent sermon on the Titanic disaster at First church last Sunday.

— Rev. F. M. Estes of the M. E. church conducted divine services at the Home for Aged Women last Sunday.

— Dr. Thomas Caulfield of Church avenue went to Atlantic City last week for a short rest from professional work,

— Satisfactory progress is being made preparing for the May Party to be given in aid of the Choate Hospital.

— Judge E. F. Johnson presided at the trials of the rum cases at the District Court. He gives all sides a "square deal."

— The lawns and fields around here are rapidly acquiring a verdant hue, and fruit and ornamental trees are daily showing increasing leafage.

— The S. of V. Auxiliary are to give a Salad Supper in their hall, Monday evening, April 29. After the supper dancing will be enjoyed.

— Tomorrow, April 27, will be Arbor Day, for the observance of which Gov. Foss has issued a Proclamation. Attention should be given it.

— Mrs. Philip Martin of North Warren street, this city, fears that her brother, James McGrath, was on the Titanic when she went down on April 15.

— Judge E. F. Johnson contemplates an early departure for California. He has the settlement of the large estate of a lady recently deceased there.

— The M. O. H. Class of the First Baptist Sunday School will give a May Breakfast in the vestry of the church, Wednesday morning, May 1, from 5 to 9 o'clock.

— We received our first violets of the present spring from Miss Marian T. Hosmer on Patriots Day. She was one of the ushers at the soiree held at Copley Hall, Boston, the other day by the N. E. Womans Press Association.

— If they were not again postponed, the several liquor cases were tried yesterday. At the adjourned session of the Court Attorneys Feeney and Ham promised to be present. The delay has been caused by their inability to attend the hearings.

— Clan MacKinnon can always be depended on for a firstclass entertainment. That was what they gave in the presentation of "Tam O'Shanter" in Lyceum Hall last Wednesday evening. A full house applauded it to the echo from beginning to end.

— Smith & Varney, the leading goldsmiths, silversmiths, jewelers of this city, etc, have bought and shelved a big stock of goods expressly for the school graduating and "June weddings" trade, to which they respectfully invite the public to call and examine. The goods are handsome and the prices of them are within the reach of everybody.

— Mr. and Mrs. Levering Reynolds and two children of South Boston visited and dined with their relatives, Mr and Mrs. Edward I. Andrus, of Pleasant street, this city, last Sunday. Mr. Reynolds visited their summer home in Billerica during the day.

— Fear of a suit for slander by some of the persons mentioned in the Prologue written for and recited by Capt. John L. Parker, Past Commander of the Mass. G. A. R., at the Towanda Club G. A. R. Night last Monday evening, deters us from publishing the poem.

— The Business Manager of the JOURNAL has more left of those choice Congressional seeds sent by Mr. McCall on hand which will be delivered free to the first applicants. The packages contain the best sweet corn and popular vegetables. First come first served.

— Woburn appears to be in a fair way of getting its longsought boulevard. It will connect with the Mystic Valley boulevard and pass through the west side of Winchester and thence to Woburn.—*Winchester Star.* Yes, but it is feared we will have to wait until next year for it.

— The several Woburn people who attended the Temple-Charbonnel joint recital in the Winchester Town Hall last Tuesday evening were delighted with it. A choice and hightoned programme was splendidly executed by the gifted and accomplished ladies who gave the recital.

— Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist church, preached on the wreck of the White Star Line steamer which was wrecked on the Grand Banks, N. F., on April 15, and more than 1600 lives lost, last Sunday. Nearly all the Boston clergymen did the same.

— In olden times it was the rule of New Hampshire farmers to turn their cattle out to pasture on May 10 every year. If the custom is still in vogue in the "Old Granite State" the Weather Man must hurry up else the cows and oxen will find short commons up there by that date.

— Mrs. Warren Clement of Warren avenue, this city has learned that her sister-in-law, Mrs. Almer Paulson, wife of her brother of Chicago, and their four children perished with the sinking of the Titanic on April 15. They were on their return from a visit to Sweden, their native land.

— Martin Connolly of this city, who was formerly employed in the Robertson patent leather factory on Eastern avenue and boarded with Cornelius Downey on Main street, lost his life in the terrible Titanic shipwreck. He was returning from his old home in Ireland after a lengthy visit there.

— The first Mayflowers (trailing arbutus) received by the JOURNAL the present season came to hand per courtesy of Mrs. Parker of Church avenue last Monday whose son, Mr. Harry F. Parker, picked them at Waverly on the Sunday before, or April 21. They were fresh, fragrant, and beauties.

— Last week the City Council granted licenses to three regularly established Express Companies to transport intoxicating liquors through the city and refused to license four others who applied for permits. To license the established expressmen to do the business has long been the practice.

— The Congregational Association of churches are to hold their regular spring meeting at First church in this city next Tuesday, April 30, afternoon and evening. The ushers will be C. W. Smith, A. L. Perham, J. H. Buck J. M. Portal, T. G. Boutelle, C. F. Richardson, J. Selwyn Fowle, E. D. Hart.

— Our City Council are not admirers of graveyards, for at their regular meeting last week a petition to establish another one at East Woburn by Boston parties was denied. Former attempts to accomplish similar objects have been treated in the same way. There are a plenty of them in this city already.

— Mrs. John Cummings sails today, April 26, from Europe, where she has been spending the winter, for her home in Cummingsville, West Side, Woburn Until her household and farmers received a despatch from her they feared she sailed in the Titanic and might have gone to the bottom on that great Liner. Her despatches, however, dispelled their fears and relieved her men and women from all anxiety on her account. Mrs Cummings, who is probably the most extensive and richest woman farmer in this part of the country, goes to Europe every winter and lives there.

— Mr. Daniel N. Hood, late organist of the First Congregational church of Woburn and previously for many years Principal of the Music Department of the Rockford, Illinois, Seminary and Chicago church organist, and Mrs. Hood, returned last week from a delightful winter outing in Florida to their home at 23 Pleasant street in this city. They went down in January and have since had for associates there Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Ainsworth of Moline, Illinois, the latter having been officially connected with the Seminary contemporaneously with Mr. Hood They were well and happy while in Florida, and passed several days pleasantly in Washington on their return.

— A few days ago Mr. William E Blodgett bought for the Guastavino Company, of which he is General Manager, 50 acres of land at Central Square near the Tile Works of the Company, but the especial purpose it is to be used for has not yet been disclosed. The land is located along the Boston & Maine Railroad tracks near the station, and adjoins that of Mr. E. P. Marion on which houses for sale are being built by him. It is admirably situated and adapted for dwelling and may be cut up for that purposes Central Square is going ahead, and there are reasons for the belief that it will soon be thickly settled. It is on the B. & M. Railroad line; the Bay State trolley road from Boston to Lowell runs through it; a fine new schoolhouse stands not far from the station; several of the best streets run to it; it has city water, sewerage, gas, electric lights, and all the public improvements of a fully equipped city. Residence lots can be bought cheap.

Prizes Awarded.

Several months ago the Woburn Womans Club wisely and generously offered substantial cash prizes to the two members of the present Senior Class of the High School for the best and second best essays on "The Commission Plan of Government," the same to be decided by competent and impartial judges. The Class became interested in the matter at once and have been earnestly at work on it for the last 3 months.

The contestants for the prizes, 12 in number, were of Miss Hammond's History Class, two of whom won them The judges were Hon. William F Davis, Mrs. Frances K. Harlow, and Mr. George I. Clapp, Superintendent of the Woburn puplic schools. Their decision was: First prize to Miss Freda Lorraine Walker, daughter of Mr. Fred F. Walker, Chief of the Massachusetts Cattle Bureau; second prize to Mr. Waldo Hall Shattuck, son of Mr. F. W. Shattuck of Hill street.

At an adjourned meeting held last Saturday afternoon before a large and intelligent audience in Lyceum Hall the prize winners read their productions, which were unanimously pronounced excellent. After the reading the awards were gracefully delivered to the successful essayists by Mrs. Alice Bond Winn, President of the Womans Club, and as gracefully accepted by Miss Walker and Mr. Shattuck.

The orator provided for this interesting occasion, and who delivered an eloquent address, was Hon. George B Alden, a direct descendant of John and Priscilla of the Pilgrims ("Why don't you speak for yourself, John?")

In recent years the Commission plan for municipal governments has been earnestly studied, reported on, and in a few cases, especially in the West, adopted. Both of our High School prize contestants favored it in their thoroughly thought out and admirably worded essays. That is not conclusive of its merits or demerits. The city of Des Moines, Iowa, was among the first to adopt the Commission Plan, and was regarded as nearly or quite perfect. And yet the people of that city are not a unit in favor of it by a long way.

The JOURNAL takes pleasure in announcing the success of Miss Walker and Mr. Shattuck in winning the liberal prizes offered by the Club.

A Log On The Track

of the fast express means serious trouble ahead if not removed, so does loss of appetite. It means lack of vitality, loss of strength and nerve weakness. If appetite fails, take Electric Bitters quickly to overcome the cause by toning up the stomach and curing the indigestion. Michael Hessheimer of Lincoln, Neb., had been sick over three years, but six bottles of Electric Bitters put him right on his feet again. They have helped thousands. They give pure blood, strong nerves, good digestion. Only 50c at All Druggists.

G. A. R. Night.

Last Monday evening Towanda Club held their annual "G. A. R. Night." It was a grand success, and the "Boys in Blue" had the time of their lives.

On the tick of the clock President Huntress of the Club pressed the button and set the machinery in motion

The Clubhouse was filled from pit to dome.

The "Boys in Blue" of 1861 5 may be growing a little stiff in their joints, but for songs and stories their tongues are as loose and limber as ever.

As is the custom on such festive and patriotic occasions, Capt. E. F. Wyer, Commander of G. A. R Post 161, was the first to be called on for a speech. He promptly responded and was followed by Capt. John L Parker of Lynn, Past Com Mass. Dept. G. A. R, Historian and Poet, who always has something good to say at such gatherings. He wrote a "Prologue" for the Towanda "Night" and recited it. The reason why it does not appear in the JOURNAL this week is given in an other item.

Then Past Commander-in-Chief John E Gilman of Boston took the platform and entertained the assembly with some of his thrilling experiences in the Civil War, and read an original poem. He is honored and beloved by the Veterans.

These entertaining exercises were followed by songs, anecdotes, and a collation, in the former of which Comrade Gilman's Veteran Chorus was heard with pleasure.

Fortunes In Faces.

There's often much truth in the saying "her face is her fortune, but its never said where pimples, skin eruptions, blotches, or other blemishes disfigure it. Impure blood is back of them all and shows the need of Dr. King's New Life Pills. They promote health and beauty. Try them. 25 cents at All Druggists

Our Naval Heroes.

We are indebted to Mr. Arthur W. Whitcher for a copy of "Our Naval Heroes, a March Song for Patriotic Occasions," the words and music of which were written by William Horatio Clarke, Colleague of the American Guild of Organists, and inscribed to our Gallant Naval Defenders. It is arranged for a Male Quartet or Chorus. The piece is published by Mr. A. W. Whitcher of Woburn, and copyrighted by its author, Mr. Clarke, of Clarigold Hall, Reading, Mass. Mechanically it is a beauty, and we presume the music is worthy of its talented composer.

When Your Feet Ache

From Corns, Bunions, Sore or Callous Spots, Blisters, New or Tight Fitting Shoes, Allens Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, will give instant relief. Sold everywhere 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.* For FREE Sample address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Methodist Church.

Next Sunday morning, Rev. F. M. Estes will speak on the subject of "Fellow Workers," indicating the relation of the pew to the pulpit and of both to God in successful church building. His evening subject will be "Chosen of God."

The young peoples' service under the auspices of the Epworth League will be held at 6 o'clock. The Pastor will lead the meeting speaking on "The Man of the Hour."

Many Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Phases of Woburn History.

The Period Between 1857 and 1861.

BY WILLIAM R. CUTTER.

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

A few words in conclusion. I wish to express my thanks to the many friends who have expressed their pleasure personally to me recalling incidents in my articles which had a more or less close connection with events in their own lives and which have recalled a host of reminiscences. Much interesting matter has been recited to me of events in connection with deep snowstorms, of incidents connected with persons who existed in former times, and who, except for the interest caused by reciting their names anew, would have been forgotten. But I must close somehow. One has asked me if I remembered the most shocking burning of the body of Asa Holt, a man aged fifty-four, and whose death occurred later than the beginning of the Civil War, or, namely, on Dec. 13, 1861. This was one of those many accidents from the use of that dangerous article called burning fluid, and occurred in a building, called a workshop, situated in a solitary place on Beach Street. As it was an event of unusual importance at that time I will give a brief account of it.

Saturday morning, Dec. 13, 1861, the body of Mr. Asa Holt was found in his workshop on Beach Street in a shocking condition, being burned literally from head to foot. A coroner's inquest reported a verdict, which meant practically, "Death by burning, cause unknown." Someone had seen a light in his shop as late as about 20 minutes to nine, when Holt was about ready to start for his home [on Salem Street, opposite the Cemetery Gate.] It was supposed that he took up a fluid lamp to light his pipe, but the tube of the lamp did not closely fit, and in tipping up the lamp for that purpose, the liquid was spilled on his clothes and speedily caught fire. The poor victim, in his agony, fled outdoors and rushed for the nearby woods, pulling off his clothing as he ran. First, his coat, and then his vest: all of which articles, with the remaining pieces, were found literally burned or torn off. In the woods he rolled upon the ground, where a portion of the grass was found burned. A piece of his skin was found, probably torn off in his efforts to put out the flames. He then returned to the shop and gathering some leaves together for a pillow, laid down and died in great agony. He lived for some time after the accident, it is supposed, and was found dead the next morning by a person, seeking his services, in order to get some work done. None of the flames were inhaled. The shop was in disorder and a window was broken, which led some to consider the event of a mysterious character. This was taken, by some to signify the evidence of a frantic struggle—which it certainly was—but it is to be doubted whether the poor man had any malicious enemies. He was poor and, in a sense, rather peculiar. The worst said of this case was that he had been in the habit of bathing his body in this fluid, but this we very much doubt. Burning fluid was dangerous enough, of it self, as we have seen in many instances mentioned in these articles He was probably careless in lighting his pipe with a fluid lamp, and the result was as we have related. Holt left a wife and several children to mourn his loss.

These burning accidents are certainly a warning to us, to beware of fire. There are today, in certain trades in Woburn, boiling processes, in which great caution should be used, as we see how fearfully damaging to the human body are the results of being burned. 'Tis not very likely now, since such dangerous articles as "burning fluid" have gone out of fashion, that anyone would be so foolish as to light a pipe with a fluid lamp, and with such disastrous results, as we have seen in the case of Holt, but are there not in modern times, explosive materials equally injurious used in the trades, for example, gasolene and others? I have noticed that in a great number of burning accidents the victims have been alone at the time of their injury. Would it not be better to undertake the dangerous handling of material likely to suddenly catch fire, when others are present in the vicinity, and not when alone, like Asa Holt, and many others

(The End)

North Woburn.

This popular quarter of our fair and prosperous city is forging ahead in every direction and is destined to become the most populous one, as it is now the most thrifty. Its elevation above sealevel, bracing atmosphere, pure water, fine building sites, and "modern improvements", give it the preference over all other sections for residential purposes.

The North Congregational church has done and is doing much towards popularizing Ward 6. Its pastor, Rev. Mr. Tilton, is a gentleman of progressive ideas, modern notions, energetic, and a worker, while the business affairs of the church are in the hands of men of sterling worth, ability, and religious, as well as temporal, zeal and enterprise. They are church goers and church supporters without being driven to it. The women, too, with their auxiliary societies, are valuable helps in carrying on the spiritual and secular business of the church and parish.

Recently the N. W. Parish have bought the Charles Nichols estate on the corner of Main and School streets which is to be converted into productive property and made a credit to the village A gift of $3,000 lately received from an unknown philanthropist, will enable them to build the contemplated large fine hall for Parish purposes.

Indeed, N. W. is flourishing.—X

Study and Discipline.

By the tollsome road of study a scholar learns to get joy out of books and stones and trees. By the hard road of discipline a man learns to get joy out of everyday living.

He Saw It.

"There was a terrible accident at our house last night," said a wag. "As I was sitting in the dining room I happened to look out, and I saw the kitchen sink."

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Something decidedly new and original in the way of farce comedy is promised for B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Hazel Weston and company will present one of the funniest and most pretentious travesties ever staged in vaudeville or anywhere else, for that matter. This piece is a takeoff on the old time melodrama, such as "No Mother To Guide Her," "Bertha, The Sewing Machine Girl," and the like, and is called "Mere Sinned Against Than Usual."

THE TREMONT.

Robert Hilliard an American player of dignity and distinction will make his first local appearance in his new comedy drama, "The Avalanche" at the Tremont Theatre, for one week only, commencing April 29th. Mr. Hilliard has collaborated with W. A. Tremayne in the joint authorship of this four act play. He assumes the role of a Wall Street broker—a well seasoned man of the world, virile and alert, ready of resourse, generous, impulsive and dominating. The jealousy of his wife, given some warrant for suspicion through wholly innocent circumstances, results in a condition threatening the disruption of domestic happiness.

THE BOSTON.

Everybody is interested in the announcement that the famous Julian Eltinge, the one and only actor on the American stage who has dignified the impersonation of beautiful women by artistic methods, is to return to the Boston Theatre as the star of "The Fascinating Widow," for a limited engagement beginning April 29. Many theatregoers will remember Julian Eltinge when he was seen at the same theatre here last season in the same piece in which the popular actor plays both the leading man and the leading woman in the characters of Hal Blake, a college boy, and Mrs. Monte, the "fascinating widow." This season the production is new in every detail. For the benefit of out-of-town patrons special matinees will be given Wednesdays, with no seat over $1 00, as well as the regular Saturday afternoon performance.

Saved By His Wife.

She's a wise woman who knows just what to do when her husband's life is in danger, but Mrs. R. J. Flint, Braintree, Vermont, is of that kind. "She insisted on my using Dr. King's New Discovery," writes Mr. F. "for a dreadful cough, when I was so weak my friends all thought I had only a short time to live, and it completely cured me." A quick cure for coughs and colds its the most safe and reliable medicine for many throat and lung troubles—grip, bronchitis, croup, whooping cough quinsy, konsilitis, hemorrhages. A trial will convince you. 50c & $1.00. Guaranteed by All Druggists.

Montvale.

Rev. Arthur Simmons of Cambrige has accepted a call from the Montvale church and will soon come and reside here with his wife. He has preached and is very much liked in this village. The delegates to the Woburn Conference, to be held April 30, are: Mrs William Cadwell, Mrs. George Perry, Mrs. Edwin Timson, Mrs. Dana Gay. Elmer Chase is Music Director. The church is prospering, and under Rev. Mr. Simmons's ministrations it is expected to grow rapidly.

Saves Leg Of Boy.

"It seemed that my fourteen-year old boy would have to lose his leg, on account of an ugly ulcer, caused by a bad bruise," wrote D. Howard, Aquone, N. C. "All remedies and doctors treatment failed till we tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and cured him with one box. Cures burns, boils, skin eruptions, piles. 25c at All Druggists.

A Business Victim.

"Does you 'member dat dawg I used to have?" asked Mr. Erastus Pinkley.

"Yes," replied Uncle Rasberry. "You means dat mixed dog?"

"He was kind o' mixed. He was what I calls a black-an'-tan-dale terrier. Well, suh, dat dawg ain' brought me nuffin' but bad luck. I sold 'im to a man foh two dollahs, an' de two dollahs he slipped me were counterfeit."

"What you gineter do?"

"What kin I do? If I shows 'im any way to prove de transaction was unlegal he's gineter make me take de dawg back."—Washington Star.

Good Place to Stop.

"Yes, before papa would consent to my marrying George he insisted on looking up his past life."

"Mercy, that was risky!"

"But he didn't go very far. He stopped just as he found that George was the only nephew of three rich uncles."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Easy.

Beggar—Kind gentleman, I beg your pardon— Gent (promptly)—Granted. I thought you was begging for money.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Much Easier.

It is much easier to agree to what you know isn't so than to argue with the man who doesn't know anything about it.—Puck.

Wealth may seek us, but wisdom must be sought.—Edward Young.

Pretty Certain.

A well known millionaire was saying to his confidential clerk one day, "Now I've arranged those papers for my wife and children all right, so that if I die"—

"If you die?" interrupted the secretary. "Say when you die; there's no if about dying."

Are You Happy?

If you are it is safe to say that you enjoy good health, as it is impossible to be happy unless you are well. Noted physicians will tell you that bad stomachs and torpid livers are the cause of 95 per cent of all diseases.

For the past 42 years SEVEN BARKS has proved to be the unequalled remedy for all STOMACH, LIVER and KIDNEY troubles, and the greatest tonic and blood purifier known. It makes your digestion what it should be and keeps your entire system in good condition. Price of SEVEN BARKS is but 50 cents a bottle at all druggists. Money refunded if not satisfied. Address

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Clothing for Young Men who watch every change of style, often changing and creating styles themselves. Catering to their demands has built up a large department in our business. This season more than ordinary care has been taken to inaugurate their ideas in our Ready-to-Wear Clothing, and any new idea can be expressed in our Made-to-Measure Department.

Youths' Suits - - $20 to $35

Sizes, 15 to 20 Years

Boys' and Youths' Clothing and Furnishing Goods Department, Second Floor. Take Elevator.

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Are Far and Near Glasses, in a single pair. Kryptoks are steadily crowding out the commoner sorts of cemented bifocols, because:—

Kryptoks are easier to wear; no recementing; and much more stylish in appearance.

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315 Washington St., 310 Boylston St., 75 Summer St. BOSTON
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230 Essex St., SALEM,
ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.

Married.

In this city, April 20, by Rev. P. A. Mickels, George Elmer Blaisdell of Woburn, and Maria Augusta Sundwall, of Winchester, Mass.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, April 20, Carl Peterson, aged 68 years.
In this city, April 20, Maria Claffy, aged 80 years.
In this city, April 19, Ann Kenney, aged 88 years.
In this city, April 19, Martin Joyce, aged 54 years.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "The Last of a Notable Group of Preachers."
Subject for Men's Class: The Trouble in Mexico.
12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45.
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday from 2.30 to 4.30.

Administrator's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a license granted by the Probate Court within and for the County of Middlesex, dated March 18, 1912, the subscriber administrator of the Estate of Katherine E. Davis, late of Woburn in said County, deceased, will sell at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on **Wednesday, the fifteenth day of May, A. D, 1912,** at three o'clock in the afternoon, a certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on the northerly side of Beach Street, containing one-eighth of an acre more or less, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Southerly by said Beach Street; Easterly by land now or formerly of Mark C. Fitch; Northerly by land of Lucy M Knight; and Westerly by other land of said Lucy M. Knight.

One Hundred ($100.00) Dollars will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days from date of sale.

JOSEPH T. DAVIS, Administrator.
John J. Maguire, Attorney for Administrator.
Woburn, Mass., April 24, 1912.

Linnell's Market

Beech-Nut Brand
(Goods in Glass)

Sliced Beef,
Sliced Bacon,
Peanut Butter,
Red Current Jelly,
Grape Jelly,
Pineapple Preserves,
Raspberry Jam.

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Tel. 314 W.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Ellen F. Cummings, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Ethel Cummings Jaquith, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-ninth day of April, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this ninth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

12 19-26 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Joseph B. McDonald, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS Ellen F. Hayden as administratrix of the estate of Edward D. Hayden, who was a co-administrator of the estate of said Joseph B. McDonald, has presented for allowance, the account of said Edward D. Hayden's administration upon the estate of said deceased.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the thirtieth day of April, A.D., 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said Ellen F. Hayden is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this ninth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

12-19-26 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of William O. Kenney, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Margaret M. Kenney, administratrix of the estate of said deceased has presented to said Court her petition for license to sell at private sale, in accordance with the offer named in said petition, or upon such terms as may be adjudged best, the whole of a certain parcel of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts, and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the seventh day of May, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate, fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

16-26 3 W. E. ROGERS, Register.



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WE PAY THE FREIGHT.
Write for further particulars.
LEWIS MFG. CO., Dept. R. Walpole, Mass.

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Maple Syrup
VERY FANCY
$1.35 Gal. Can
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PILL BOX
LET US SHOW YOU.

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TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1911.
[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENETE for MALDEN SQ. at 5.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15 P. M., SUNDAY at 8.15 A. M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, *11.15 P. M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 3.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 4|0.45, †11.15, †11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Centre at 6.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 6.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 40 minutes to 11 P. M.

* Melrose Highlands Only.
† To Stoneham Square Only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Supt.

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WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY
FOR COUGHS COLDS PRICE 50¢ & $1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE
AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Your Address
In the Directory

You will want telephone service at your summer residence, of course. It may seem a long look ahead, but it is well to decide now.

The Summer Telephone Directory for the Boston Division is almost ready for the printer. You will want your Summer address there, but if you delay your order it may be impossible to complete the work in time to print it.

Tell us now where you will want service so that we may have it when you want it.

This Directory includes the North Shore and the South Shore as well as Boston and Suburbs.

Call Fort Hill 7600, ask for the Contract Department, and give your order.

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

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AND HIS DELEGATES

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See that your friends vote

See that your neighbors vote

VOTE FOR TAFT

EDGAR R. CHAMPLIN, Ch. Ex. Com.
WM. L. BARNARD, Sec'y.
Taft League of Mass.

NEW LABOR BILL A TAFT POLICY

Liability and Compensation Measure Progressive.

JUSTICE IS ITS OBJECT.

President Approves Proposed Legislation Making Federal Labor Laws Fit Modern Conditions—Legal Machinery Simplified.

As the result of the personal interest of President Taft in all matters affecting the workingmen of the country, congress has before it today a comprehensive bill on employers' liability and workmen's compensation which is recognized as one of the most progressive of the many achievements of the Taft administration. The bill was reported by a commission appointed by President Taft pursuant to a joint resolution of congress passed on June 25, 1910, and it was recently sent to congress by the president, accompanied with a message recommending its passage. As drafted the measure provides an exclusive remedy and compensation for accidental injuries resulting in disabilities or death to employees of common carriers engaged in interstate or foreign commerce or in the District of Columbia.

This comprehensive legislation is the direct outcome of the general unsatisfactoriness of labor legislation passed by congress in recent years and is illustrative of the Taft method of reaching an admitted evil by a painstaking investigation followed by carefully considered laws. As is well known, the first employers' liability law passed in the last administration was declared unconstitutional by the courts. A new law to take its place was passed under this administration, but it was generally understood at the time that the comprehensive measure now before congress was to follow, both as to liability and compensation, as soon as the necessary investigation into the subject could be made. The result is that the workingmen of the United States, so far as they can be reached by federal law, will soon be working under one of the most enlightened labor laws on record.

Provision is made in the bill, as drafted tentatively, that every common carrier engaged in interstate or foreign commerce shall pay compensations in the amounts specified in the bill to any of its employees who sustains personal injury by accident arising out of and in the course of his employment and resulting in his disability or to his dependents in case of death.

It is provided in the bill that the injured employee shall have medical attendance and surgical aid when necessary, the last mentioned being limited to $200. The monthly wages of an employee are deemed to be twenty-six times the established day's pay, and $50 is the minimum monthly wage payment. It is also provided that all compensation shall be paid monthly unless computed to a lump sum.

Death benefits are provided for at a specific percentage of the man's wages to be paid to the widow with an increase in the amount when there are dependent children, and in case of no dependents the payment of the burial expenses is required. The matter of personal injury compensation is also covered in a fair and equitable provision.

Another feature of the proposed act is a clear definition of the term "dependent" as well as of what constitutes an "injury" and an "employee." Legal complications are provided for, reports of accidents, payments and operations under the law to the interstate commerce commission are required, and it is declared that the proposed act shall take effect on July 1, 1912, and cited as "the federal compensation act of 1912."

In its investigations of this subject the commission determined at the outset that in substance the doctrines of the common law originating under comparatively simple conditions were unjust as applied to the complex relations of master and servant. The use of complicated machinery, steam and electricity has had the effect of increasing the deplorable antagonism between employer and employee and often giving a few injured employees large and frequently extravagant damages, while the great majority have been left to bear the entire burden without any recompense whatever.

At the time of the adoption of the common law rules of liability industrial conditions were radically different from those of today. The number of employees was smaller because there were few big industrial plants. The business carried on was small in extent, the appliances used in the work consisted largely of hand tools, while the power was simple in character, with little danger to the employee. Under such conditions the rules of common law originated.

Today there is a vast difference. President Taft, in the message which transmitted the report of the commission to congress, aptly says, in speaking of the proposed bill, "that it is one of the great steps of progress toward a satisfactory solution of an important phase of the controversies between employers and employees that have been proposed within the last two or three decades. The old rules of liability under the common law were adapted to a different age and condition and were evidently drawn by men imbued with the importance of preserving the employers from burdensome or unjust liabilities. It was treated as a personal matter of each employee, and the employees were put on a level of dealing which, however it may have been in the past, certainly creates injustice to the employee under the present conditions."

The attention of congress to the great injustice of the present system was called by President Taft. He mentioned the fact that often the recovery of large sums in damage verdicts did not result in actual benefit to the injured person on account of the heavy expenses in litigation. The president expressed the belief that these burdens would disappear with the enactment of the proposed law, since the counsel fees are limited to a reasonable amount.

As further stated by the president, "the great object of the proposed law is to secure justice to the weaker party under existing modern conditions." He also declared that he would use his influence to aid in the enactment of the proposed law before the adjournment of the present session of congress.

DELEGATES PLEDGED TO TAFT.

On Friday, April 12, 1912, the delegates to the Republican national convention pledged to President Taft were as follows:

Alabama	22
Alaska	2
Colorado	8
District of Columbia	2
Florida	12
Georgia	26
Illinois	2
Indiana	20
Iowa	8
Kentucky	23
Louisiana	6
Michigan	13
Mississippi	20
Missouri	14
New Mexico	7
New York	83
Oklahoma	4
Philippines	2
South Carolina	16
Tennessee	16
Vermont	6
Virginia	24
Total	341

Pledged to Roosevelt, 113.
Pledged to La Follette, 36.
Pledged to Cummins, 4.
Necessary for choice, 539.

ROOSEVELT PRAISED TAFT.

Former President Lauded Successor Before New York Republicans.

One of the most comprehensive indorsements that the Taft administration has ever received was contained in the speech of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt as temporary chairman of the New York Republican state convention at Saratoga, N. Y., Sept. 27, 1910. The first two paragraphs of the speech were as follows:

"We come here feeling that we have the right to appeal to the people from the standpoint alike of national and state achievement. During the last eighteen months a long list of laws embodying legislation most heartily to be commended as combining wisdom with progress have been enacted by congress and approved by President Taft.

"The amendments to the interstate commerce law, beginning of a national legislative program for the exercise of the taxing power in connection with big corporations doing an interstate business, the appointment of a commission to frame measures that do away with the evils of overcapitalization and of improper and excessive issues of stocks and bonds, the law providing for publicity of campaign expenses, the establishment of the maximum and minimum tariff provisions and the exceedingly able negotiation of the Canadian and other treaties in accordance therewith, the inauguration of the policy of providing for a disinterested revision of tariff schedules through a high class commission of experts which will treat each schedule purely on its own merits with a view to protecting the consumer from excessive prices and to securing the American producer and especially the American wage worker what will represent the difference of cost in production here as compared with the cost of production in countries where labor is less liberally rewarded, the extension of the laws regulating safety appliances for the protection of labor and the creation of a bureau of mines. These and similar laws, backed up by executive action, reflect high credit upon all who succeeded in putting them in their present shape upon the statute books. They represent an earnest of the achievement which is yet to come, and the beneficence and farreaching importance of this work done for the whole people measure the credit which is rightly due to the congress and to our able, upright and distinguished president, William Howard Taft."

Taft Sure of Nomination.

Up to and including April 12 494 delegates had been elected to the Republican national convention, which meets in Chicago in June. Of these President Taft has 341 instructed for or pledged to his renomination. There remained to be elected on that date 582 delegates. Of these President Taft needs only 198 and Mr. Roosevelt needs 426. In other words, if President Taft gets one out of every three delegates remaining to be elected he will have within four of enough to nominate, while Mr. Roosevelt must have three out of every four of the delegates remaining in order to secure the nomination. That President Taft will have more than 700 delegates at Chicago is a certainty.

When a Child Has a Convulsion.

When a child is suddenly seized with a convulsion proceed as follows: First.—Loosen the clothing, but take off only the shoes and stockings. Second.—Place the child upon a bed or table, with his legs hanging over the edge from the knees down. Third.—Put his feet and lower legs in a pail of hot water to which has been added one tablespoonful of powdered mustard. If you have no mustard use hot water alone. Be very careful it is not hot enough to burn. Fourth.—Put an ice cap to the head. Lacking an ice cap, use plenty of crushed ice done up in a towel. Fifth.—Give an enema of warm soapsuds. Repeat it if it is not retained. Sixth.—As soon as the child is able to swallow give a large dose of castor oil.—Dr. R. H. Dennett in Woman's Home Companion.

Polls and Barbers' Poles.

The barber is the only professional man whose emblem is a pole. The emblem is a pun. A poll is a head. The verb "poll" means to lop off a head. The earliest barbers were removers of beards. "Barba" is Latin for beard. The French called a man who shears off beards a barbier. But the barbier also removed hair from the apex and adjoining regions of the head. With the modesty characteristic of many professional men he magnified his function and adopted for his emblem a device which taken in its fullest significance would indicate that he removed the entire head. Because "poll" is pronounced the same as "pole" he conceived that a pole would be the appropriate emblem of his profession.—New York Sun.

His Hand Bath.

Arguing forcibly, if not convincingly, against the custom of taking a bath, still happily prevalent in certain quarters, an English writer relates the savory story of a Kentish farm worker whose horny hand he grasped. "Good Kent dirt," said the man, catching a critical glance. "Haven't had time to wash your hands before tea?" was the question. "Wash my 'ands!" exclaimed the man, then explanatorily: "I never washes my 'ands. When they gets 'ard I files 'em."

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WOBURN NATIONAL BANK
Savings Department.

The beginning of successful operation of UNITED STATES POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS, and the possibility of legislation, by Congress, looking to the establishment of NATIONAL SAVINGS BANKS, as outlined by Senator Aldrich, in his tentative plan for a new banking law, seems to indicate a popular demand for places of savings under the control and supervision of the UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

To meet this legitimate demand and to extend increased banking facilities to the people of Woburn and vicinity, the WOBURN NATIONAL BANK has opened a new department to be known as its SAVINGS DEPARTMENT, and will receive deposits of money to bear interest FROM DATE OFDEPOSIT at the rate of three per centum per annum on sums not less than $100. These deposits however will not be subject to check.

All deposits in this bank are GUARANTEED by its capital stock of $100,000, its surplus and undivided profits December 31, 1910, of $68,860.34, and by the personal liability of its responsible stockholders to the extent of an additional $100,000.

These directors give its affairs their personal attention:

Daniel R. Beggs of Beggs & Cobb, leather manufacturers.
William E. Blodgett, Treasurer of R.Guastavino Co.
John C. Buck, Cashier.
Robert Chalmers, Physician.
Everett P. Fox of W. P. Fox & Sons, leather manufacturers.
John W. Johnson, President.
Edward F. Johnson, Judge of District Court.
John G. Maguire, Lawyer.
L. Waldo Thompson, Woburn Hardware Co.

DIRECTORS.

Woburn, January 30, 1911.

The Owner of an
HAMILTON WATCH
Never has to apologize for the difference in watches. He keeps his business appointments, meets trains comfortably, arrives punctually at desk or bench.

The Hamilton--a dependable watch.

Smith & Varney.
A Jewelry Store since 1871.
No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN
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A LAND OF LONG SIGHT

Story of How a Thin Atmosphere Was Turned to Advantage

By RALPH POINDEXTER

The thin atmosphere of high altitudes is very deceptive to those who are not used to it. I remember going to Denver some years ago, arriving there in the evening. The next morning I looked through my window and saw the Rocky mountains looming up, as it seemed a few hundred yards away. I remarked their beauty and thought I would like to walk out to them and back before breakfast. When I spoke of this to a resident of the place he said:

"You think those mountains are near by, do you? They're fifteen miles away."

Long before the railroad was built westward from Denver through the mountains a stagecoach one day lumbered up the incline, reached comparatively level ground and finally pulled up at a hotel in Georgetown. A bride and groom, Tom and Mary Atwood, were on the coach, making a wedding trip. Contrary to custom, they had for a traveling companion Anna Thurston, a sister of the bride, several years her junior. During the evening Edwin Chandler, a classmate in college with Atwood, who had gone to Colorado to seek his fortune, called and invited the party to make him a visit in his bungalow on the outskirts of the town.

A conspiracy had been entered into between Tom and Mary Atwood to make a match between Ned Chandler and Anna Thurston. Ned had lived alone in a region where women were scarce. And now he was beside himself at being thrown in intimately with an attractive young lady. But Anna had been used to plenty of men in the east, to say nothing of suitors, and



SHOT HIS MAN THROUGH THE HEART.

since Ned had fallen into the uncouth appearance of a prospector, she was not inclined to favor him.

Atwood had had some trouble with a fire eating southerner. I never learned what was at the bottom of it except that immediately after the war Atwood went south to become a planter. There he met his wife. Being forced by the prejudice existing against northerners at that time to leave the country, he had married the girl he loved and brought her way with him. Something that had occurred during this troublous period had excited the animosity of the fire eater, whose name was Markham, and he vowed that the world was not big enough for him and Atwood both to live in.

One morning Mrs. Atwood and her sister, walking together through the town, met Markham. Mrs. Atwood was terror stricken and Miss Thurston naturally much troubled for her sister and her sister's husband. The next day Atwood received a note from Markham stating that he had come to Colorado to kill him and would prefer to do so like a gentleman. If he could not shoot him like a gentleman he would shoot him like a dog.

Atwood naturally took the note to his friend Chandler and sought his advice. Both were desirous of keeping the matter from the two women, but it was impossible. Mrs. Atwood knew that a note had arrived for her husband, was suspicious and would not be satisfied till she had been told the whole story. Then a conference took place between the four friends.

"You needn't worry, Mrs. Atwood," said Chandler. "There's more real justice in a region like this than can be had in the most civilized city in the world.

"Every man is expected to fight his own battles, but where a lady is involved the case is different. Our men have an unlimited reverence for woman. If I were to let it be known that a man had come out here to rob a bride of her husband I could gather a posse at once to run the fellow out of town. Just you and your sister leave it to us two men, and I promise you no harm shall come to Tom."

This assurance took away a great deal of Mrs. Atwood's anxiety, and she consented to do as Fred had proposed, provided they would keep her advised, whereupon Chandler agreed that her husband should take no step that she did not know all about. Then the two men went into conference by themselves.

"Tom," said Ned, "you and your wife and sister are here as my guests—not only my guests, but any strangers who come here are considered the guests of the town. You have no idea of the chivalry of our men. Now, I feel responsible for your proper protection while here, not only to you and those with you, but to my fellow citizens. If I should let anything happen to you they would hold me accountable. I can handle this affair much better without you than with you, and I want you to leave it entirely in my hands."

Atwood demurred for awhile, but finally consented, provided that if there was any serious risk to be taken he was to be permitted to take it himself. This closed the conference, and the two parted.

Chandler went to the hotel, where he asked for Mr. Markham, and when that gentleman was pointed out to him asked for a few moments' private conversation. Markham led him apart from the others, and Chandler said:

"My friend Atwood has received what he considers a challenge from you and has asked me to say to you that he will meet you; but, being the challenged party, he insists upon making the terms. He proposes that, tomorrow morning at 6 o'clock, you leave this hotel and ride down the stage road eastward. He will meet you within a mile or two of this place, probably near the yellow house, just three miles from here. You are to carry one 42 caliber six shooter; he the same. When you meet on the road either or both are at liberty to open fire at will."

Markham pronounced these terms very different from the code to which he had been used to in the south, but they appeared to be fair and he consented to them.

That evening Chandler, Atwood and the ladies spent at the bungalow together. All Chandler said about the affair with Markham was that it was in a fair way of settlement. He proposed cards and appeared to take so great an interest in the game that neither the bride nor her sister suspected that anything of importance was at hand. All went to bed at 11 o'clock.

Long before dawn Chandler went out in his stockings, carrying his boots in his hands, and, going to a stable near by, got out a horse, mounted him and took the road to Idaho Springs. He went, however, only as far as the yellow house he had mentioned to Markham, where he left his horse and at 5 o'clock started to walk back to Georgetown.

The mountains inclosing this valley are very high. The moon standing on the meridian had that ghastly hue it takes on when daylight has robbed her of her normal golden color. The air was crisp. "Just the morning for a duel like this," remarked Chandler to himself.

When Markham saw Chandler he was three miles distant. Chandler was of a different build from Atwood and the fire eater thought him some one else.

When a third of the interval between them had been eliminated Chandler fired a shot to let his enemy know that he was the man to be killed. Markham was surprised. He considered that he had run a great risk in not recognizing the coming man as his enemy, judging Chandler to be about 500 yards from him. He waited till sufficient time had elapsed to draw his enemy within range, then, taking a sure aim, sent a shot. The enemy did not fall. Nor did he open fire. He continued to advance. Markham sent another shot. It produced no effect, having fallen short, though Markham did not know this. He was astonished that though his opponent continued to advance he got no nearer. What could be the matter? Was his enemy a real man or a phantom?

Presently Chandler raised his weapon and fired. Markham was not yet within range, and Chandler knew it. He sent the shot to start up his enemy. He succeeded. Markham, thinking his antagonist to be within a few hundred feet of him, sent two shots in rapid succession.

Chandler had expended one shot to Markham's four. They were not yet within range, but Chandler raised his revolver and appeared to be taking a deliberate aim. This drew another shot from his enemy.

They were now barely within killing distance. Chandler fired a shot, but it fell a trifle short. Markham emptied his last chamber. The ball struck Chandler's shin, but only bruised it. He was about to fire again when he saw Markham draw another revolver.

Running forward zigzag, Chandler suddenly stood face to face with his enemy, took deliberate aim and shot his man through the heart.

When the story of the fight was told in Georgetown Chandler was upheld as having done his duty as a citizen toward visitors. Atwood complained that Chandler had taken a risk that he had promised he (Atwood) should take if it were to be taken at all. But Chandler averred that with an enemy unused to the Colorado atmosphere there was no risk in the premises.

Miss Thurston saw Mr. Chandler in an entirely different light from before the saving of her brother-in-law's life. She not only consented to be his wife, but to remain with him in a region which she had found to contain real chivalry.

Violet For Mourning.

It was not by accident that violet was chosen by many nations as the exclusive color for mourning and by us also for half mourning. Painters suffering from hysteria and neurasthenia will be inclined to cover their pictures uniformly with the color most in accordance with their condition of lassitude and exhaustion. Thus originate the violet pictures of Manet and his school, which spring from no actually observable aspect of nature, but from a subjective view due to conditions of the nerves. When the entire surface of walls in salons and art exhibitions of the day appears veiled in uniform half mourning this predilection for violet is simply an expression of the nervous debility of the painter.—Nordau's "Degeneration."

Dickens' Humanness.

The best part of Charles Dickens, the great novelist, was the humanness of him, coming out in the tender pathos with which he streaked the funny side of life. Primarily a humorist, he was, like many another humorist, a humanist too. Dickens came out of that lower London life, one-third grotesque, one-third pitiful, one-third heroic, which he pictured in his writings. He had lived the struggles of Oliver Twist, of David Copperfield and of Philip in "Great Expectations." That was the reason why he was able to lay hold of people's hearts when he described those deathless persons.—New York Mail.

Tit For Tat.

Mrs. Jenkins was standing before the mirror arranging her thin hair when her baldheaded husband entered the room.

"Say, Emily," he began, "why don't you do your hair the way you used to?"

"Why don't you?" reported Mrs. Jenkins.—Lippincott's.

Unconsciousness.

"She's the most unconscious girl I ever saw."

"Well, why shouldn't she be? She's pretty and knows it. She's clever and knows it, and she's good and knows it. What has she to be conscious of?"—Exchange.

OUR MOST HYBRID WORD.

"Remacadamizing" Can Boast of Having Five Language Parents.

The most hybrid word in the English language, according to Professor A. F. Chamberlain of Clarke university, writing in the Popular Science Monthly, is "remacadamizing." Professor Clarke points out that this word is derived from five languages—Latin, Gaelic, Hebrew, Greek and English. He resolves it into its factors as follows:

First.—Re, a Latin prefix, signifying a repetition or doing over again.

Second.—Mac, a Gaelic word for son, in common use as a prefix for genealogical purposes.

Third.—Adam, the representative in many European languages of the Hebrew name of the first man, according to the Mosaic account of the creation as given in the book of Genesis.

Fourth.—Iz (or ize), the modern English representative, through the French, iser of the Greek verbal terminal izein.

Fifth.—Ing, the English suffix of the participle present, verbal noun, etc.

The root of this word, "macadam," illustrates in another way the vitality of our English speech and its ability to draw new words into its vocabulary whenever the need arises. The term "macadam" is really the family name of the man, John Macadam, who in 1819 devised the now common method of paving roads with small broken stones, etc. Celtic and Semitic had already combined to produce macadam, meaning "son of Adam," which the English language then took up and further molded to suit its genius.

There are many such hybrids, but this is probably the worst.

NOT A FAMILY QUARREL.

It Was Simply a Clever Ruse of a Daring Parisian Thief.

A traveler remarks that the Parisian swindler is the subtlest and the most indomitable one in the world. He was one day strolling through a fashionable French shop.

A woman entered and proceeded to purchase a costly set of silver dishes, and meanwhile a well dressed man lingered at the doorway as though waiting for her.

The woman, her purchase concluded, counted a number of bank notes and advanced to the cashier's desk holding them in her hand. Then of a sudden the man rushed upon her.

"You wretch!" he exclaimed. "Didn't I tell you that you shouldn't have those dishes?" And he slapped her upon the cheek, tore the bank notes from her hand and stalked indignantly out of the shop.

The woman fainted. It was ten minutes before she was brought to, and meanwhile those in the shop, believing that a family quarrel was in progress, did nothing. On her recovery the manager of the place said regretfully:

"We are sorry, madam, for this occurrence. Your husband"—

"My husband! That was not my husband!" the woman cried. "He is a thief!"

She had never seen the man before.—Exchange.

Chained Books.

The books produced in the early centuries of the middle ages were of remarkable beauty inwardly and outwardly. Religious manuscripts were enriched by illustrations within, while their covers were of silver, gold or enamel incrusted with gems. They were bestowed as splendid gifts by bishops and princes on monastic houses and churches, where they were laid on the altar or chained to a desk. Such chained books were named "catenati." A rough outer covering protected them. This was of dark skin or sealskin and later of chrevotin, a kind of leather, or sandal, a coarse silk. Such coverings were also called "chemises," as a "chemise" of sandalwood. These precious books were also placed in caskets, in shrines, or "capsoe." In Ireland they were laid in satchels, otherwise named "popaires," or "tiagha ubur," the Celtic bookbinding possessing a peculiar beauty of its own.—New York Herald.

Big Money In Lectures.

No explorer before or since has approached the harvest that Henry M. Stanley reaped, says a writer in the New York Sun, and no man of letters, soldier or scholar has had such a single lecture tour as Stanley's greatest. In something like ten cities he received $2,000 for his first appearance. For the first night in another group of cities he received $1,000 and in still another group $500. Traveling in a special car, upon which he lived in most places, and accompanied by four or five guests, he ended the tour with $68,000 clear of all expenses. For that first night in New York a charity paid Stanley's agent $5,000, and the receipts from the lecture were $14,763. On the other hand, Alexander Graham Bell used to lecture for $25 a night in schoolhouses, and the struggling inventor was glad enough of the fee.

In the Doldrums.

We may hear it said of one who is in low spirits, "he is in the dumps" or "he is in the doldrums," but many who use the latter of these phrases have caught it up without any knowledge of its real significance. The region of calms is a belt which stretches across the Atlantic and Pacific almost on a line with the equator. Here meet the north and south trade winds, and squalls and heavy rains are frequent, but the characteristic of this region, which is known also as the doldrums, is an oppressive calm. The name loses much of the significance attached to it by sailors in the past, who, if their ships ran into that region, might whistle in vain for wind, as their sails hung heavily, and all seemed to be

As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

The Discovery of Iron.

The Bible speaks of Tubal Cain as the discoverer of iron and the father of smiths. The Egyptians imputed to Hephaestus the same honor, while Pliny mentions it having been discovered by Dactyles on Mount Ida after the forests on the mountain side had been destroyed by lightning, this about 1432 B. C. Jeremiah and Ezekiel both mention iron in their Scriptural writings, the latter especially mentioning two qualities of the metal, calling one "bright iron," which was probably steel. Moses mentions an iron furnace, and Job speaks of it as being taken out of the earth.

Top and Bottom.

"My friend," said the long haired passenger to the young man in the seat opposite, "to what end has your life work been directed?"

"To both ends," was the reply. "I have the only first class hat and shoe store in the village."

USING YOUR EYES

Do You Think You Can Remember Everything You See?

THEN TRY THE PICTURE TEST.

Study For a Minute a Painting With a Number of Figures and Objects In It and Then Endeavor to Describe It and the Result May Surprise You.

"Seeing is believing" is an old saying which is in a fair way to lose its force. Modern psychology is proving by experiments that people do not see even a fraction of the things they confidently believe they see.

The picture test was first demonstrated in America at Clark university by the pioneer in this field, Professor William Stern of the University of Breslau. At this time two unusually intelligent children, a boy and a girl in the upper grammar grades of the Worcester schools, were shown separately for the period of a minute a colored picture entitled the "Bauerstube," giving the interior of a German peasant's home. Among other details is seen a table at which a man and a boy are seated, while a woman is standing.

The man has removed his coat, and his bright red vest is clearly exposed to view. The boy is sitting on a bench, his bare feet not quite touching the floor. The woman wears a brilliant red skirt, over which is a blue-green apron. She has a yellow shawl over her shoulders.

Near by is a cradle of the same striking blue-green as the apron. At the rear of the room is a bed, and over it hang three pictures. These pictures depict landscapes, and in one is a long avenue of trees. At the foot of the bed is a window through which nothing is visible except a branch of a tree. Near the window is a clock with the pendulum swung to one side. The hands point to exactly half past 12. All of the details of the picture are extremely clear.

The children examined by Stern had an opportunity in the minute allowed for the examination of the picture to study it in some detail. They knew that they were to be tested immediately on what they had seen. Had not the audience that witnessed the demonstration been able to follow the details of the testimony by means of a reproduction of the picture thrown by a lantern on a screen at the back of the children they would have been impressed with the remarkable clearness and apparent accuracy of the testimony, particularly with reference to a certain cupboard which both testified stood near the bed.

This cupboard was described minutely with substantial agreement as to the details. The fiction of the cupboard was developed by a few suggestive questions ingeniously put, such as the following: "Is there a cupboard in the room?" (The reply was "Yes.") "Where is it?" "How many drawers does it have?"

Professor Colvin of the University of Illinois, writing in the Independent, says that he has carried on the same experiment with a score of subjects, both adults and children, and has not found one who could give a completely accurate description of what he had seen, even in the direct testimony, while under the influence of the questions the witnesses have all shown extensive falsification in one or more particulars.

Scarcely two witnesses have agreed as to the time of the clock; some have not observed that it was going (a fact clearly indicated by the position of the pendulum); several have described the shoes of the boy in detail (he is barefooted); four have seen the cupboard; several have said that the lawn is visible through the window and have embellished it with fountain and shrubs; some have seen a road winding beyond the lawn and lined with an avenue of trees, taken bodily from one of the pictures on the wall; a nonexistent tablecloth has been described as torn; the woman's apron has been given all the colors of the rainbow, but seldom the right one; the sleeves of the man's coat, nowhere visible, have been described as worn at the edges; the brilliant red waistcoat has generally been overlooked. But, most remarkable of all, the entire twenty witnesses have taken their oaths that the cradle is not blue, but a red or a reddish brown.

The results of this picture test are all the more remarkable when we remember that the witnesses in this experiment are in a much more advantageous position for giving an accurate report than are the witnesses of ordinary events. In trials in court the witness is ordinarily called upon to relate what has occurred only after a considerable lapse of time. Meanwhile he is subjected to various questions, often by interested persons. He talks about the occurrence with neighbors and friends, and then he is placed on the witness stand with the injunction to tell "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." Under such circumstances the wonder is that there is any resemblance between the testimony and the actual facts.

Happiness.

Happiness when at a distance appears so great as to touch the sky. When it enters our door it so dwindles that very often we no longer recognize it.

Temptation rarely comes in working hours. It is in their leisure time that men are made or marred.

Holland's Flowers.

The Dutch are a nation of flower lovers, skilled gardeners and inventive farmers. On canal boats, on floating river houses, around farmhouses, in humble village and great city one finds flowers, flowers, flowers. Some one has said that Holland's illustrious conquerors have been her engineers and her florists. Through this flower culture has come her wealth, for this has been one of her chief industries.—Magazine Flowers.

Like a Miracle.

"The age of miracles has gone," declared the cynic.

"No, it hasn't," said the woman. "My husband told me this morning that he noticed I was wearing last season's hat and gave me money to buy a new one."—Baltimore American.

Hadn't Heard of Any Other.

Bjones—Don't you think a talkative woman is more popular with the men than any other kind? Henpeckke—What other kind is there?—Philadelphia Record.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson IV.—Second Quarter, For April 28, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. v, 1-12. Memory Verses, 2-6—Golden Text, Matt. v, 8—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

The lesson today and the portion from Luke vi suggested to be read with this and which will be our lesson next week look somewhat like the same discourse; but, while the subject matter is similar, the words were spoken on two different occasions. This is seen by comparing Matt. v, 1, and Luke vi, 17. In the former we read that "He went up into a mountain and when He was set His disciples came unto Him," and in the latter, "He came down with them and stood in the plain." Both John the Baptist and Jesus had been preaching, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand" (Matt. iii, 2; iv, 17), and Jesus had been through all Galilee preaching the gospel of the kingdom and healing all manner of sickness and disease (iv, 23). In Matt. v to vii we have the principles of the kingdom which was then at hand, which was postponed because they rejected it and Him (Luke xix, 11, 12), but which He will set up on the earth at His coming again in glory. The teaching of these chapters does not set before us a life to be lived to procure salvation, but a life that can be lived only by saved people, for it is written, "His disciples came unto Him, and He opened His mouth and taught them (verses 1, 2), so that those who say that this sermon suits them and is gospel enough for them do not know what they are saying, for His first utterance condemns all pride and self sufficiency, just as the first of the Ten Commandments lays all low in the dust and brings in the whole world guilty before God (Rom. iii, 19). There is a wonderful analogy between these beatitudes of our lesson and the petitions of the prayer in chapter vi, 9-13, commonly known as the Lord's Prayer, more correctly the disciples' prayer, an epitome of all true prayer. Only such as are saved, who have become children of God by receiving Jesus Christ as their Saviour (John i, 12), can truly say "Our Father who art in heaven." John viii, 44, applies to all others. Only the poor in spirit can say "hallowed be Thy name," for all others prefer to magnify their own name. All who mourn because of the Bridegroom's absence and sigh and cry because of the abominations they cannot remove (Matt. ix, 14, 15; Ezek. ix, 4-6) do pray, "Thy kingdom come," and, being meek enough to obey without asking why, they can heartily say, "Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." That will be the kingdom, and nothing less than that will suffice. These first three petitions refer to His name, His kingdom and His will and suggest to us the Father, the Son, who will subdue all things to Himself and then deliver up the kingdom to the Father (I Cor. xv, 24), and the Spirit, by whom alone the will of God can be wrought in us or on the earth. The other four petitions concern us, as also do the beatitudes, because of our relation to God. The hungering and thirsting after righteousness corresponds with "Give us this day our daily bread." The merciful are those who have been forgiven much and are always ready to forgive others. The pure in heart are grieved by the thought of being overcome by temptation and pray not to be led into it, while the children of God who belong to the God of Peace are peacemakers and not peace breakers, like the evil one from whom they pray to be delivered. All such may expect to know much of the hatred and power of the adversary, for all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution and be hated by the world which lieth in the wicked one (II Tim. iii, 12; I John v, 19, R. V.; John xv, 18-20; xvii, 14). But, thinking of the kingdom and the power and the glory and that He has said that all who are persecuted for His sake are happy or blessed people, we can by His grace rejoice and even be exceeding glad and leap for joy when ill treated for His sake (verse 12; Luke vi, 23). The Spirit, through Peter, tells us that we must not think fiery trials strange things, but rejoice inasmuch as we are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that when His glory shall be revealed we may be glad also with exceeding joy (I Pet. iv, 12, 13). The Spirit, through Paul, says, "The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us" (Rom. viii, 18). It is only as we by His grace manifest this spirit of the kingdom that we can prove ourselves to be the salt of the earth and the light of the world (verses 13, 14). In His last prayer He made it very clear that He considers us as here in His stead, for He said: "I am no more in the world, but these are in the world. As Thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world" (John xvii, 11, 18). Unless the life of Jesus is so manifested in the children of the kingdom (II. Cor. iv, 10, 11) that the world can see Him in us how will they ever learn of Him, these multitudes who read no Bible and go to no place of worship and yet upon whom He has compassion? It is all darkness and chaos with them, and unless the light shall shine upon them through us it will be bad for them and for us who are intrusted with the gospel for them. We must think of those who are still blinded by the God of this world (II Cor. iv, 4, 6).

Guarding His Job.

Old Sam had been seen for several days patiently sitting on the bank of the Rappahannock river, near the dam, holding his shotgun in his hand.

Finally he attracted the attention of a passerby, who asked:

"Well, Uncle Sam, are you looking for something to do?"

"No, suh," answered Sam; "I's gittin' paid fo' what I's doin'."

"Indeed," said the other. "And what may that be?"

"Shootin' de muskrats dat am undermininʼ de dam," answered Sam.

"Why, there goes one now!" exclaimed the stranger excitedly. "Why don't you shoot?"

"S'pose I wants to lose mah job, suh?" answered Sam complacently.—Saturday Evening Post.

Voice of Experience.

"Your wife seems to be very angry."

"Yes."

"What's the trouble?"

"I didn't inquire. That only makes words."—Detroit Free Press.

LEGAL SEALS IN JAPAN.

Every Person Must Have One Which the Government Registers.

Japanese seals (han) are of wood, stone or metal, with signs engraved on the face. They are used in addition to a signature to represent an individual, a legal person or a corporation. The seals of the emperor are distinguished as privy and state seals. They are each three inches square.

The state seal is used mostly upon documents relating to foreign countries. The privy seals are stamped on imperial rescripts, issued for proclamations at home.

Japanese law requires that each individual should send in an impression of his seal as a specimen (called jitsuin) to have it registered and kept in a government office (district office of a city, town or village) that it may represent himself in a deed.

The material employed to make these seals consists of various kinds of precious stones, gold, silver, etc. Those mostly in use at the present day are of agate, rock crystal, ivory, rhinoceros or buffalo horn, shell, marbles or of cherry wood or boxwood, and recently india rubber has come in use.

The ink used for stamping is called niku. It is generally of vermilion red. The cheapest kind of seals are made of boxwood and sold at 5 cents apiece. Most seals are oval in shape, but some are round and others square. They rarely exceed one-half inch in diameter.—Oriental Review.

PEROXIDE'S MANY USES.

It Is a Valuable Antiseptic and Can Be Employed In Other Ways.

One of the most powerful bleaching agents employed in various trades is peroxide of hydrogen, also known as hydrogen dioxide and oxygenated water. The natural color in ostrich plumes is removed by it, and it will also bleach a great number of other things, such as bones, ivory, silver, wood, silk, cotton and hair. It can be used to restore the color to old oil paintings which have become darkened by age.

Peroxide is a valuable antiseptic and will also destroy objectionable microorganisms in water. It can even be used to cure indigestion, but for this purpose as well as for other medicinal uses it must be diluted. A drop of pure peroxide is strong enough to raise a white blister on the skin.

Minute quantities of peroxide of hydrogen are found in the air, in rain water and in snow, and it is sometimes found in the juices of certain plants. The liquid is produced on a large scale by the action of acids on peroxide of sodium. The solution may be concentrated by allowing the water to freeze out, by passing dry air through it or by evaporation in a vacuum over sulphuric acid.—New York Sun.

Brother Jonathan.

The origin of the term "Brother Jonathan" was as follows: When General Washington went to Massachusetts to organize the army he found a great lack of ammunition and of other necessary means for the conduct of the war, and at one time it seemed quite impossible to arrange things properly. Jonathan Trumbull was then governor of the state of Connecticut, and the general, who placed complete reliance on his excellency's judgment, said, "We must consult Brother Jonathan." He did so, with the satisfactory result that the governor was successful in supplying many of the pressing wants of the army, and thenceforth, whenever difficulties arose and the army spread over the country, "We must consult Brother Jonathan" became a common saying until it passed into a nickname for the whole country.

A Kingdom For a Horse.

The king of England owes his crown to a horse's shoe. The act of settlement by which in 1701 parliament elected the house of Hanover to the British throne, passed the commons by only one majority. This deciding vote was given by Sir Arthur Owen, M. P. for Pembrokeshire, third of his title, who rode post haste from Wales for the purpose. He had relays of fresh horses all along the route, but arrived, dusty and travel worn, at Westminster barely in time to the very minute. Had one of his horses gone lame or cast a shoe he would have been too late.

His Cheapest Poker Game.

In a mining locality is a miner who feeds his money into the games around town as regular as pay day comes around. One Sunday, as the story goes, the "gang" was "sitting in" a game at the regular meeting place. There was no room left at the board for any one else to "sit in." Presently the habitues heard the familiar tread of the miner. He knocked on the door with the regulation secret tap as a sign that he wished to deposit some more money in the bank. The crowd was very busily engaged, and one wit in the crowd yelled out to the miner: "No room in this game for you, Skinny. Just throw your money over the transom, and we'll divide it up!" And Skinny shot a two dollar bill over the transom.

That night he met the regulars downtown. "Say," he exclaimed, with a grin, "that was the cheapest poker game I ever 'sat in!'"—Indianapolis News.

Handy With His Fists.

Admiral Wilson of the British navy won his Victoria cross at the battle of El Teb in 1884. There was a gap in the square, and five or six of the enemy made a vicious rush forward, attempting to get inside. Captain Wilson, who was present with the naval brigade, advanced to meet them alone, but his sword broke in the endeavor to cut one of the intruders down. Hereupon the officer, instead of beating a hasty retreat, stood his ground and began bowling over the enemy with his fists. Either from the nature of the ground or, as the record puts it, "the surprising nature of his attack," Captain Wilson escaped with a few wounds and was rescued by the square closing up round him. Sir Redvers Buller described the act as the most courageous he ever witnessed.

Not Likely.

Mrs. Morton (angrily)—Tommy Horton, what made you hit my little Johnny?

Tommy Horton—He struck me with a brick.

Mrs. Morton (angrily)—Well, never let me hear of your hitting him again if he hits you you come and tell me.

Tommy Horton (sneeringly)—Yes: and what would you do?

Mrs. Morton—Why, I'd whip him.

Tommy Horton (in disgust)—What! He hits me with a brick and you have the fun of licking him for it? Not much!—London Telegraph.

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SPLIT THE BRIBES.

Humorous Aspects of Vote Buying In the Island of Guadeloupe.

M. Gerault-Richards, according to Le Cri de Paris, freely communicates the processes employed in securing the election of a deputy in the island of Guadeloupe, where the population is almost entirely negro, to the French chamber of deputies.

"A little commerce with the electors of Guadeloupe," he said, "demonstrated to me that if the least confidence was given to the promises of these fellows I should be duped. I soon found out that to retain the interest of these electors I should give but half the present in advance, the second half to be given after the election in case of success. Following this arrangement, they were given one of a pair of shoes, the pair not to be completed until they had voted. The women of some lords of importance received their earrings in two installments.

"A superb pair of pantaloons of white linen bordered with red were shown one influential elector. The pantaloons were then cut in two in the middle, one leg being given to the voter and the other retained, to be given after he had done his duty.

"That same evening," said M. Gerault-Richards, "I met my good man proudly promenading the street clothed in one leg of the pantaloons. No one ridiculed his appearance. Some of his friends even complimented him."

NEW YORK'S OLDEST HOUSE.

Built About 1692 of Dutch Brick Imported From Holland.

Attention is called in the real estate board of brokers' bulletin to the building at 122 William street, which is said to be the oldest building in New York city. It was built in 1692 or thereabouts of narrow Dutch brick imported from Holland and laid in cement. When the city opened the streets in the vicinity of the William street building it owned the property and placed restrictions in the deeds, such as some modern developers make, that the lots should be improved with buildings at least two stories high.

There is a shed in the rear of the building which, the bulletin says, marks the first spot of first bloodshed in the Revolutionary war. This section, then known as Golden hill, was the camp of the Sixteenth regiment of foot (British grenadiers), and almost two months before the battle of Lexington the Sons of Liberty attacked them, with a result of five British soldiers wounded and one American killed and three wounded. The event is down in history as the battle of Golden hill.

The building is on the east side of William street between John and Fulton streets. It has been owned for many years by the Gilford family.

Chinese Laundry Tickets.

The Chinese laundryman at the beginning of each week makes out a batch of checks in duplicate, to be used as wash tickets. He selects the name of some god or goddess or of some object, as the sun, the moon, etc. To this he prefixes a number, as "Moon No. 1," "Moon No. 2," and so on. In the space between the two legends—for the signs are repeated twice—he has his own name—as, for example, Wah Lee. When a customer takes a bundle of washing to the laundry the Chinese, first tearing a ticket in two in ragged fashion, puts one half of it on the packet for reference. The other half he gives as a receipt to the person who has brought the package of laundry. It must be presented when the laundry is demanded.—New York Herald.

Wesley's "Narrow Neck of Land."

The actual first and last house in England is a shed where a woman sells specimens of rock. Just below this, as one goes down the zigzag path between the rocks, on the neck of the peninsular is a flat stone about two feet square and rising six inches above the ground. This, tradition asserts, is that upon which John Wesley sat when he composed the hymn—

Lo, on a narrow neck of land
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand
Secure, insensible!

It is also stated that Wesley wrote other hymns there. Apparently he had at this time (July 30, 1743) experienced a bad spell of weather at Land's End, for he writes, "I saw a strange sight—the sun shining in Cornwall."—English Illustrated Magazine.

Rubbing It In.

"That girl I've been goin' to see ain't got no sense of humor."

"Didn't she laugh when you proposed?"—Houston Post.

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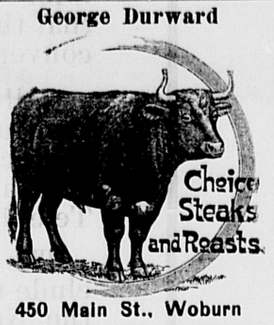
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From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

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For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
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36	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
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39	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
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64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
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A Case of Identity

An Officer of the Cuban War Who Died Comes to Life

By EUGENE WHITING

The Spanish-American war was ended, and the troops had been removed from Santiago on transports. A few invalids remained who were too ill to travel, under the care of Surgeon Edward Fergeson, who stayed behind for the purpose of caring for them and settling up the affairs of the medical department of the army. A gunboat under command of Ensign White of the navy had been ordered to remain for the purpose of bringing away those who needed transportation when everything had been cleaned up, when those who were to die had died and those who were to get well were able to be carried aboard ship.

Now, the Santiago campaign was something to be heartily sick of, and after it was over to be left in the cursed place to clean up was worse yet.

Ensign White was a bad selection for the purpose, for his fiancee was waiting



CAPTAIN FOSTER LOOKED FIXEDLY UPON BERKELEY.

for him to come home to marry her, and he was in a terrible hurry to accommodate her. He had taken care of everything there was to do, and nothing remained except to bring home those left in hospital. Calling on Surgeon Fergeson, he asked him the condition of things in his department.

"There are two men who can't live twenty-four hours. As soon as they are dead we can get out of this beastly country and go home."

"Are you sure they're both going to die?" asked White.

"They've both got the fever, and I can't see any chance for either of them. There's Lieutenant Berkeley of the —th New Jersey as good as dead. The other one is Sergeant Moore of the —th Massachusetts. He's not quite so bad as Berkeley, but there's no show for him."

"I say, old man," said White thoughtfully, "we're both anxious to go home. Now, you wouldn't mind having things ready to bury these fellows, would you, just as soon as they are dead?"

Fergeson shrugged his shoulders and made no reply, but silence gives consent, and White knew that when the invalids' souls had left their bodies there would be no necessity for wasting time as to the interment.

The gunboat had steam up, ready for departure, and Surgeon Fergeson was busy over some papers, while his striker was packing his belongings. A hospital steward came into his tent and said:

"Doctor, one of those cases is dead, and the other has disappeared."

The surgeon uttered an exclamation of impatience. He had expected to get off within an hour, and here was a complication that might cause no end of delay.

"How the dickens can a man at the point of death disappear?" he asked impatiently.

"Don't know."

"You go hunt for him and let me know which man has died. I suppose it is Berkeley. White is crazy to be off, and if I'm not on hand at the minute I'm afraid he'll go without me."

Half an hour later the steward came back and reported that the missing man had not been found and the dead man was Berkeley. Fergeson was so sure that Berkeley would not live that he did not question the man in the matter, especially as he was about stepping into an ambulance to take him to the shore, where a boat was waiting for him to put him on board the ship. He told the steward to see that the lieutenant had a decent burial and made a mental note to put the deceased's name down on the dead list as soon as he boarded the gunboat.

All these persons were young. Fergeson was an assistant surgeon, holding only the grade of first lieutenant. White was but an ensign, graduated a few days before the breaking out of the war at the Naval academy. Berkeley, who was reported dead, was but twenty-three years old and the hospital steward not much his senior. To the youth of the persons concerned is due the want of care in the matter that has been mentioned. Youngsters are not to be trusted as older officers, who would not have been likely to hurry away from the duties committed to their care, leaving one sick man roaming no one knew where and another to be buried without making sure as to who he was.

From the time that Surgeon Fergeson entered the name of Lieutenant Berkeley on his death roll he thought no more of him. He worried about Sergeant Moore, whose disappearance the hospital steward had reported, fearing that, since the man had been in his charge, something might turn up to bring out his failure to remain in Cuba and discover what had become of him. But as for Berkeley, he was safe underground and could not in anyway stir up the army regulations against the doctor.

Five years after the Spanish-American war a party of young persons was making merry together at Fort Monroe. One of the young ladies, Miss Julia Hulet, was receiving some attention from a young officer, Captain John Foster, who had been promoted from the ranks, or, rather, Captain Foster, was offering his attentions, which Miss Hulet was chary of accepting.

Since it was near the hour for dress parade, one of the party proposed that they go into the fort and see the ceremony. As they moved along a gentleman joined Miss Hulet, who seemed very much pleased to meet him. She introduced him to her friends as Mr. Berkeley.

On hearing the name Captain Foster looked fixedly upon Berkeley as though trying to recall some memory concerning him. From the moment of the latter's arrival he devoted himself to Miss Hulet, who received his attentions graciously, evidently to the annoyance of Captain Foster. The Spanish-American war was mentioned, and Berkeley spoke of having participated in the affair.

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Berkeley," Foster spoke up; "with what corps did you serve in Cuba?"

"The —th New Jersey infantry."

"There was a Lieutenant Berkeley of that regiment, but he died in Cuba."

"I was the only Lieutenant Berkeley in the regiment," replied the other, "and I did not die in Cuba." The words were spoken sharply since Foster had implied that Berkeley was passing under false colors.

"I'm sorry to differ from you as to Lieutenant Berkeley's death," said Foster insultingly. "I know for a fact that Lieutenant Berkeley of the —th New Jersey died in Cuba. The reason I know it is that I came home with the last departures from Santiago, and Surgeon Fergeson, who was with us, spoke of Berkeley's death, regretting that he was unable to remain in Cuba to attend to the officer's burial."

"I will call upon you tomorrow," replied the man who claimed to be Berkeley, "and will convince you that Mr. Berkeley is alive and very much in evidence."

This ended any further reference to the matter at the time, but there was not a person in the party who did not think about it intently. Miss Hulet was the one principally affected by it and during the time the party were witnessing the parade she showed by her manner that she took sides with Mr. Berkeley, being especially gracious to him and cool to Captain Foster. After the parade was finished and the party were walking toward the hotels Berkeley stopped to speak to an officer whom he had met in Cuba.

"Who is this Captain Foster?" asked Berkeley.

"He was a hospital steward during the war. After it was over, through influence at Washington, he received an appointment as lieutenant in the regular army. He has recently been promoted to be captain."

That was enough for Berkeley. The same evening when a party were gathered in the principal hotel, Foster and Berkeley being present, Berkeley said:

"Captain Foster, do you remember going into a ward in a hospital in Santiago where two men were supposed to be suffering with fever?"

Foster started, but made no reply.

"I had been in that ward at the point of death, but in the gray of the morning the fever left me, and I craved water. I got up to go for it. Where I went I don't know, but a few days later I found myself in a Cuban hut, not knowing how I got there. I learned long afterward that a hospital steward had reported me dead and that the other man, a sergeant in a cot beside me, had been buried under my name.

"After my return to the north it became necessary to prove my identity, which I did to the satisfaction of a court. But I believe that to the present day I am on the rolls of the dead of the army at Santiago."

While Mr. Berkeley was making this statement Miss Hulet kept her eyes fixed on Captain Foster. When Berkeley finished Foster stammered something about an "unlikely story," then turned and began to talk incoherently with one of the young ladies of the party. Miss Hulet, with a look of contempt at him, walked away with Berkeley.

Thus ended an episode due to the hurry of two officers to get away from a benighted land, one of whom was eager to meet his fiancee and the other to avoid being left behind. The third man—the hospital steward—was doubtless too lazy to make certain as to the identity of a dead man.

Nevertheless the saying "murder will out" is true in less important matters. The story that has been given here was repeated in the army, and Foster was finally called to account for a delinquency of several years before. Surgeon Fergeson was involved, and both officers after an investigation were reprimanded.

POPULARITY OF BASEBALL.

Qualities In the Game That Endear It to the Public.

There must be special qualities in a game that can take and keep such a hold on millions of hard headed, healthy Americans from boys to earnest old men. What are these qualities? Here is an attempt to define them:

First.—Efficiency. No other spectacle shows the human being to such advantage on the side of efficiency. If polo be mentioned to controvert this it certainly cannot compare in the next three advantages to be mentioned, and the inferiority of the circus the astute reader can figure out also from what follows:

Second.—Visibility. A person who understands the game sees almost every play perfectly. He sees the delivery by the pitcher, the preparation and swing of the batter, the ball dashing away, the rush, grasp and recovery of the infielder, the race of the runner down the line, the catch of the baseman and is ready to dispute with the umpire whether the ball arrived a tenth of a second before or a tenth of a second after the runner.

Third.—Sustained suspense. An English student of American affairs, endeavoring to make his countrymen understand the hold of the game, stated that if they would imagine the most intense moment in the fifth set of a tennis match being played for the championship of the world they might get an idea of the intensity of interest that pertains to a ball game at almost any time in any one of the nine innings.

Fourth.—The democratic background. The interest of watching the experts is inseparable from the fact that almost every boy in the United States is brought up to play the game itself. One sometimes hears it said that watching the game is less desirable than playing it, which is creating an absurd dilemma, as the clerk in a great town, who may be able to spend two hours of healthy interest in the baseball park, could not possibly be indulging in the game himself and also because watching the game makes one all the more eager to play it if he has the chance, just as playing it makes him all the more eager to see how it is played by the greatest experts in the world.—Norman Hapgood in Metropolitan.

No Military Needed.

Thomas McKean, chief justice of Pennsylvania, was a man of gigantic stature and a fiery temper.

A mob in Philadelphia defied the efforts of the sheriff to disperse it. He so reported to Justice McKean, then sitting in full court.

"Have you read the riot act?"

"Yes, your honor. It had no effect."

McKean's eyes flashed dangerously. "Have you ordered out the military?"

"Yes. Shall I fire on them?"

"No; I'll disperse them."

McKean rose and rushed out of the court in his wig and gown, his face flushed with passion, into the midst of the riotous mob.

"I am Thomas McKean, chief justice, and I command you to disperse!" So saying, he seized two of the ringleaders, literally tucked them under his arms and returned to the court, while the crowd crept home, silent as frightened sheep.—Green Bag.

Dickens' List of Names.

It is not really surprising that the names of Dickens' characters, odd as they are, should be found in real life, for it was from life that many of them were taken. Some, as we know, were copied from the names over shop doors, etc. But this was not the novelist's only source of selection. Among his papers John Forster found carefully drawn up lists of names, with the sources from which he obtained them, and the longest lists were those drawn from the "Privy Council Education Lists." Some of the names thus noted are too extravagant for anything but reality—Jolly Stick, Bill Marigold, George Muzzle, William Why, Robert Gospel, Robin Scrubbam, Sarah Goldsacks, Catherine Two, Sophia Doomsday, Rozetta Dust, Sally Gimblet.—London Chronicle.

The First Japanese In America.

The first Japanese who ever came to America as far as is known was Manjiro Nakahama, a fourteen-year-old lad, who was picked up by the captain of an American fishing vessel in 1841, twelve years before the coming of Commodore Perry to Japan. Nakahama, with four companions, had sailed out into the ocean on a fishing expedition, their boat had been wrecked by a storm, and they were finally washed ashore on a desert island in the northern Pacific. Three months of dire privation were passed on the island before the little party was rescued by the American vessel. His companions were left in Hawaii, but Nakahama, who became a great favorite of the captain, was brought to the United States and sent to a New England school. And when Commodore Perry came to Japan, Nakahama was able to act as interpreter in the negotiations carried on between the American envoys and the Japanese feudal government authorities.—Dr. Jokichi Takamine in Oriental Review.

Beavers' Work.

The beavers not only cut down trees for the purpose of making dams, but also use the smaller upper branches as a storage supply of food for winter use. These branches, from two to four inches in diameter, are cut into lengths of two or three feet and then by wonderful engineering ability are carried beneath the water and into the beavers' houses, or the burrows, with which the bank of every beavers' dam is honeycombed. Here they are carefully stored. The green bark is the staple article of food throughout the winter. The dams are of varying height and length, according to the particular location. I found a dam in Mesa county, Colo., which was just six feet from bottom to top and impounded a body of water six feet or more in depth and covering an area of several acres. This dam was perfect in construction. It was composed entirely of willow bushes, as no large timber grows in the vicinity.—Our Dumb Animals.

COAXING THE MULES.

Methods of Stage Drivers In the Mountains of Mexico.

The drivers who pilot the stageconches through the mountains in Mexico have a way of their own of coaxing their mules along the rough roads. The method is described by Wallace Gilipatrick in his book, "The Man Who Likes Mexico:"

"If you have never ridden on a Mexican coach you have still a new sensation in store. The Chapala coach has a cushion on top, and if you are fortunate in sharing this seat you may ride muy a gusto, seeing the country and the manner of manipulating an eight mule team at the same time.

"There are two about the size of rabbits in the lead, a string of four in the middle and two larger ones on the wheel. The driver has a whip with a lash long enough to reach the leaders. His assistant has another shorter one, but his chief persuaders are rocks.

"The assistant earns 50 cents a day and free insurance against dyspepsia. He alights at the foot of every hill and fills his sombrero with rocks on the way up. He then shies several bowlders big enough to dislocate a hip at the leaders, and when the whole team is in a gallop he swings himself on to the box in some miraculous way. I think he stands on the hub. He could never do it if he wore shoes."

TRAINED TURTLES.

Tricks These Clumsy Creatures May Be Taught to Perform.

Of all living creatures, says a writer in the Strand Magazine, the turtle is undoubtedly the slowest in its movement and probably possesses the least brain. Yet a well known American naturalist has succeeded in training three of these creatures to do a number of little tricks. He places them, one above the other, on spools, and if a piece of cabbage or other green stuff is held out in front of them they will make a complete circuit, all moving in unison, keeping their balance and not tumbling off.

The bigger turtle will also ring a bell. This it grasps in one of its forefeet, jerks it off the ground and then gives it a shake. It is quite amusing to watch the slow, deliberate manner in which this is done. The turtles have always lived in their owner's house, spending their time in the kitchen hunting down the vermin.

One of the turtles draws a little cart about the garden, a task which he apparently does not resent in the least. Of course he is never kept harnessed for any length of time. He is quite tame, follows the children about the garden and will even eat from their fingers.

The Teazel.

Those who have never seen a teazel can imagine a fir cone or "swamp cattail" set all over with little stiff hooks. It is the bur (or tassel or flower head or thistle top) of the plant dipsacus. However familiar to people who live in lands where the teazel is extensively grown, the fact may be that the prickly heads of that plant are universally used to raise the nap on cloth. A multitude of persons in this country probably never heard of it and would be astonished to learn in what enormous quantities the plant is cultivated. In France alone many thousands of acres of land are exclusively devoted to the cultivation of the teazel. French manufacturers use enormous numbers of the prickly heads, and from France there are exported many millions of them. They are also raised in Austria, England, Belgium, Poland and the Crimea. The prickles of the teazel have a small knob at the end, and this, mounted on an elastic stem and set with great precision on the central spindle, affords a little brush such as the utmost mechanical skill has never been able to rival, at all events at the same price.—Harper's Weekly.

Tea Testers In Formosa.

In the Formosan tea trade the most important man is the cha si, or taster. He inspects and tests samples of all teas offered to his firm, and his judgment determines the price to be paid. In a room admitting light only from the north the cha si does his work. He first examines the leaf, then its fusion in hot water and lastly its odor and taste. Practically all the faculties are exercised in making this test. It requires the services of an expert, and the tea tester receives a good salary, though relatively not so large as obtaining twenty years ago. A tea tester never uses any perfume which would destroy the tea odor. He must not allow the acuteness of his taste to become dull. He never drinks domestic tea. Constant tea testing, it is said, will injure the health. In Formosa the tea testers are Americans or Englishmen.

Black and White.

For many years a large department store has spent thousands of dollars on placards with which almost every article of merchandise is ticketed throughout the store, and only within a short time did they realize the amount of money that was wasted in using the white cardboard with black lettering. These white cards soon become soiled and shop worn if allowed to remain in place any length of time. The cards which are handled by customers in bins, trays, etc., are even more so. By substituting the black cardboard with white lettering this store has overcome this difficulty to a very great extent. The show cards are always clean, fresh and bright looking and they last many times as long, saving the firm several hundred dollars in the course of a year.—Business.

Free Freight.

Every railway carries more or less freight for its own use, and therefore without pay, and in some countries both freight and passengers are occasionally carried free on governmental or other account. As such gratuitous service does not increase the monetary receipts, it is ordinarily omitted from the companies' earnings. The term "revenue train miles per mile of line" indicates the train density of trains that have added to the earnings.—New York Times.

LEAVING THE SHIP

Rules of the Sea When an Ocean Liner Is Sinking.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST.

After They Are All Safe In the Lifeboats It Is Every Man For Himself In a Desperate Fight For Life, With Officers and Crew Trying to Keep Order.

"The women and children first always, and after them—hell."

This was the way the "rules of the sea" were explained by a veteran captain of a big Atlantic liner. He was asked to explain in detail just what would take place on a big steamer when she was sinking and the order to "abandon ship" had been given.

"On the deep sea we use force if necessary," continued the skipper, "to keep back the men and let the women and children get the first chance at the lifeboats. But once they have been loaded then it becomes a case of each man for himself, and, while the officers and crew would try to keep a semblance of order, they have no right to give preference to any one. The first ones in line are the ones to get on the boats. Perhaps they have fought and struggled to get in line. We have nothing to do with that."

"Aren't the old men and the sick men put off first, before the healthier ones?" he was asked.

"Not unless the healthier and stronger ones deliberately give up their places," he answered. "There are no sick aboard when danger calls. All are supposed to be well enough to look out for themselves. And so far as the old men go—there is nothing in that. They are certainly not given the preference. Old men have lived their lives. Let the young men have the chance to live theirs. This is the way it is looked on at sea. Besides, young men can be of help in a boat, while an old man just makes that much more dead weight.

"You must remember that when such a gigantic calamity faces you the little finenesses of life are thrown aside. Men become animals, brutes with the first instinct—that of self preservation. Some are stronger than others and put this desire under control. Others yield to it and become wild beasts, fighting and biting and clawing their way to help. Sometimes we have to shoot this kind—shoot them down like we would mad dogs—if they try to interfere with the orderly first steps when the women and the young are being looked after. But later, when it becomes a free for all, then then type has fuller play. You cannot blame them. Life is sweet, and they are justified in doing all they can to save themselves. All we seek to do is to stop them from interfering with those who cannot protect themselves and so have not the same chance of being saved."

According to the description of the method of abandoning ship which is practiced in daily drill, the passengers is far as possible are gathered in the assembly rooms when the captain realizes that his ship is in desperate straits. Every measure is employed to calm them, and while the officers and crew take their appointed stations the passengers are told that it has been deemed best to take to the lifeboats.

While the passengers are held in the saloons the crew strip the lifeboats of their incumbrances, rig the falls and then lower themselves in the boats from the boat deck down to the upper deck, where the boats swing from the davits, touching the ship's side just below the rail.

Say there are eight lifeboats on each side of the vessel. Lanes are formed of members of the crew, and through these lanes the women and children are passed to the officer who stands at the railing and who hands the passengers over the rail into the lifeboat with the help of two of the boat's crew.

If any men try to break through these lines they are thrown back. If they persist and become a menace to order they may be shot. Each officer is armed with a brace of pistols for use in just such emergencies.

In each boat there is food of a compressed sort and water. The boats handle from fifty to seventy persons each, including the sailors who man them. Each boat is commanded by an officer. The surgeon, purser, engineers and other staff officers take their turn in the boats when the list of line officers has been exhausted.

Once the women and children are out in the boats the men take their turns if there is room left.

It should be said that in loading the lifeboats absolutely no distinction is drawn between the different classes of passengers. The women and children of the steerage are given the same consideration as their sisters in the imperial suits.

The horror of abandoning the ship lies in the enforced separation of members of families. Fathers and brothers are torn from the arms of mothers and daughters. The children must go. There is a "must," too, as regards the women, but if a wife should decide to remain behind with her husband it is doubtful if the "must" would be enforced.—New York World.

Wise Physician.

"I told the doctor I was tired of waiting, so he asked me to put out my tongue and close my eyes. Kept me that way for ten minutes."

"And meanwhile?"

"He attended to four other patients."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

In order to get, you must learn the art of doing without.—Youth's Companion.

Too Much Nothing.

"This cheese is full of holes," complained the prospective purchaser.

"Yes, sir," said the proprietor. "That's right."

"Haven't you got one with the holes full of cheese?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Who fears is worthy of calamity.—Ben Jonson.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1912

THE LEGISLATURE.

When will the present General Court adjourn? is getting to be quite a frequent enquiry among the people, but no signs of the end of it have yet been discovered.

It has been the practice heretofore for the Legislature to adjourn at an earlier date in Presidential years than on others in order to give the Solons an opportunity to take hold of the National campaign and spread themselves.

The Court has been in session four months, and information respecting adjournment would be thankfully received.

WOBURN'S VOTE.

In the Presidential Preference contest last Tuesday Woburn's vote was, Republican:

LaFollette	2
Roosevelt	327
Taft	335
Democratic:	
Clark	168
Wilson	50

Or 882 in a registered vote of 3200!

IN A NUTSHELL.

Taft carried Massachusetts at the Presidential Preference Primaries on May 30, by 3955 majority.

On Wednesday Roosevelt threw up the sponge, released his delegates, and requested them to vote for Taft.

☞ It is common report that Representative Joe Henry Parker, Jr., will be a candidate for a third term at the next election, or, as some of his friends say, he may aspire to higher honors. It can't be denied that he has made a good Representative, but Joe Henry, Jr., is a Democrat, and Democrats are not entitled to three terms running from a Republican District.

☞ A stereopticon lecture on "Some Forgers I have Met," by William J. Kinsley of New York, is to be given to the students of the Banking Department of Burdett College at Steinert Hall, 162 Boyiston Street, Friday afternoon May 24, at 2.30 o'clock. Mr. Kinsley is the foremost Handwriting Expert in America and has been instrumental in bringing many noted criminals and forgers to justice.

☞ The second Boston Real Estate and Ideal Homes Exposition will be held in Mechanics Building, May 9 to 18. The first Exposition held in Horticultural Hall last April, was such a decided success that it was necessary to engage Mechanics Building for this year.

☞ The Taft Rally in Lyceum Hall, this city, last Friday evening, was a grand one. McCall, Elder and Lawrence were the speakers, and they gave it to the Republican Bolters good and strong.

☞ Judge John G. Maguire presides at the Fourth District Count during the absence of Judge E. F. Johnson, who, with Mrs. Johnson, will tour California during the next month, or more.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

James M. Swift—Citation.
Woburn National Bank—Statement.
J. W. & E. F. Johnson — Citation.
N. E. Tel. & Tel. Co.—Legal Formalities.

— The School Board heartily endorse Mr. French's Village Improvement Society.

— Memorial Day, May 30, falls on Thursday this year; or four weeks from yesterday.

— The return of Dr. V. C. Stewart from N. Y. enabled his Board of resume activities this week.

— The Woburn High School ball team beat the South Bostons to a frazzle (Roosevelt) last Saturday.

— Owing to the absence of Mayor Murray but a small amount of business was done at the meeting of the B. P. W. last Monday evening.

— Failure to find a person to fill his place, Mr. Orlando M. Brooks is still, although reluctantly, discharging the duties of Janitor for First church.

— We hear that the changes in the ice trade of Woburn and Winchester by which Nichols, Brown & Gifford, and M. C. Hopper retire, are perfected.

— Woburn business houses, including provision markets, will close every Wednesday afternoon for the next 5 months beginning on May 1, day before yesterday.

— The Chronic Agitator of the School Board got another setback at the last meeting. The best way to deal with such fellows is to let them severely alone.

— At 7 o'clock last Sunday morning the thermometers here indicated only 36 above and a cold, windy day followed. Great weather changes were the general rule through April.

— Last Tuesday evening Woburn Council, 77, K. of C. exemplified the Third Degree on the largest class of candidates they have ever conferred it on. The Council is flourishing.

— Charles H. Moloy Camp S. W. V. held a grand rally in Post 38 G. A. R. Hall last Monday evening. It was Rally Day and a large number of visitors were royally entertained by the Vets.

— At the forenoon service last Sunday the Choir of First church sang "Our God, our Help" composed by Mr. William W. Crosby of the First Parish Committee and an organist of ability.

— A neatly executed card sets forth the fact that Hon John G. Maguire, practising Lawyer and Associate Justice of the Fourth District Court, has become professionally settled in the Johnson block.

— Robert Chalmers, M. D., and Charles H. Buss, D. S., started from Boston with the Shriner delegates for Los Angeles, California, last Saturday. They expected to be gone about a month.

— The weather was not so bad for the Primaries last Tuesday, after all. It rained hard the night before and it was only after a severe struggle that the sun was able to put in an appearance on Tuesday.

— Mrs. Parker, wife of Rev. Henry C. Parker, gave a very interesting lecture on "Life in Texas" at the meeting of the Alliance Branch of the Unitarian church yesterday afternoon before a large audience.

— If Alderman Sullivan continues to hammer away at Mr. Burt, General Passenger Agent of the B. & M. Railroad Company, every commuter in this city will soon have an individual line of his own to Boston.

— The St. Charles Alumnae gave a delightful May Party last Wednesday evening. The May Queen was Miss Mary Mahoney. A big party of children took part in the Maypole Dance, which was a beautiful performance.

— Edmund Shea of 30 Vining street suffered a serious fracture of the skull last Monday morning by the bursting of a cylinder at the Murdock tannery. He was taken to the Choate Hospital and attended to by Dr. Thomas Caulfield.

— State Senator Frank P. Bennett, Jr., of Saugus gave a fine lecture before the Woburn Grange last Wednesday evening. Representative Joseph Henry Parker, Jr., spoke entertainingly on the doings of the present Mass Legislature.

— The day is close at hand when tenants will demand telephones in their rented buildings just as they now demand city water, heating apparatus, and "all the modern improvements," and will compel the landlords to furnish them, too.

— The Woburn Village Improvement Association will offer valuable cash prizes to children who show the neatest lawns and best kept premises. Seven of them will be awarded, and it is calculated that the scholars will go in for them.

— It has been a subject of general remark hereabouts for a week past that the trees have seldom donned their summer garments so promptly and rapidly as they have this spring. In a few hours leafless and apparently lifeless trees have become resplendent in green.

— Trinity Episcopal church held anniversary services last Sunday, and enjoyed the banquet and postprandial oratory at the rectory on Monday evening. Rev. Samuel G. Babcock, Archdeacon of the Diocese, preached at the Sunday morning meeting, and Rev. Richard T. Loring, assisted by Rev. John W. Suter, in the evening.

— The Century of Song," which was given at First church a few weeks since and delighted a large audience is to be repeated on Thursday evening, May 16, under the direction of Miss E. Minnette Dow of Court street, the compiler of the programme and leader of the concert. It is to be repeated by the request of many lovers of old songs.

— Woburn's City Council has refused to grant a permit for another Hebrew cemetery at Montvale by the vote of eight to seven. Residents of Montvale are justified in this opposition to making that section a vast series of cemeteries.—*Winchester Star.* Right you are, Neighbor. No more graveyards for fair Montvale, if you please.

— The Fryeburg (Maine) Academy Alumni Association held its annual dinner at the Copley Square Hotel on April 26. Mrs. Thomas Heartz, a member of the Association, and two daughters attended, and enjoyed a pleasant evening with old friends and schoolmates. The President spoke of the loss of Mrs. H. M. Eames, who was one of the Directors for several years.

— Burbank W. R. C., 84, are to give a whist and dancing party this evening in G. A. R. Hall. The Committee of arrangements who will have the affair in hand are: Bessie Smith, Edith Douglass, Sadie Page, Agnes Carr, Mrs. Sarah Fountain and Mrs. Lillian Doherty. The refreshment committee comprises Mrs. Emma Taylor, Mrs. Sarah Duren and Mrs. Abbie Woodside.

— Mrs. John H. Hovey of 19 Church avenue was appointed messenger by the kind ladies to convey, "with greetings from the [Woburn] Conference," to the Editor of the JOURNAL last Tuesday evening, a big bunch of fresh sweet Mayflowers, his favorite nosegay, for which he hereby returns thanks. In the words of an eminent dramatist we say: "The Ladies: God bless 'em."

— Last Sunday an election of officers by the St. Charles C. T. A. S. resulted as follows: Spiritual Director, Rev. Walter A. Fegan; President, Martin H. Hogan; Vice President, Thomas J. Gorman; Recording Secretary, George Doherty; Financial Secretary, Walter O'Brien; Treasurer, Daniel Callahan; Trustees, Martin H. Hogan, Thomas Flaherty, J. Ernest McDonald; Chairman Advisory Board, Neil J. Doherty.

— Again in this year of grace, 1912, the kind "Lady of Doughty's Falls" has placed us under obligations to her for a bunch of elegant Mayflowers gathered in the glens and glades of fair Beech Ridge, the home, more than 100 years ago, of the maternal ancestors of the JOURNAL'S present Editor, for which he returns thanks. The bright little blooms came to hand as fresh and fragrant as though just plucked from their trailing stems, and as keenly enjoyed by us as they were when, in our boyhood, we gathered them in "Uncle Tom's Woods."

— The Bay State Street Railway Co. put open cars on their Woburn-Boston line last Wednesday, May 1. Wonder how long it will be before they will have to take them off and turn on the heaters again?

— The Make Others Happy Class of the First Baptist Sunday School served a May Breakfast in the vestry of the church Wednesday morning from 5 to 9. About 250 people attended and all voted it the best May breakfast ever given in Woburn.

— It is said that the G. A. R. Posts of this city contemplate a departure this month from the customary order of Memorial Day exercises. Instead of an afternoon meeting, with a formal oration, band music, etc., there is to be a gathering of a more social nature, with individual speaking, singing and a dinner as its principal features.

— Last Wednesday morning the Chestnut Street A. C. defeated the Plympton A. C. by a score of 6 to 4. The batteries for the Chestnut Streets were: Joseph O'Brien, p, Edward Doherty c, Charlie Keith 1b. The losers for the Plymptons were: Walter Coleman c, John Walsh p, and Saro Walsh 1b. The game was played on Plympton field.

— Last Tuesday the Executive Committee of the Choate Hospital May Party awarded prizes to the High School pupils. Miss Josephine Sweetser, first; and Miss Frances Parker, second; for the best posters with which to advertise the Party. Gladys Bean, Cora Boutwell, and Master Barnum, received honorable mention by the Committee.

— It is reported that the Woburn Democracy are already beginning to lay pipes to capture the next Mayor and are considering several candidates. Another term for Mayor Murray is out of the question, and it becomes necessary to take a new man for the office. Possibly lightning may strike City Solicitor Sullivan, or Tax Collector Golden, or Mr. Lawrence Reade; but a new candidate will be imperatively demanded.

— Finer Mayday weather than that of last Wednesday was never experienced in New England. The morning was cool—a little too much so, indeed, for tramps at the peep o'day through the pastures and woods in quest of wild flowers; but at noon the temperature was 70 above and growing more so. Some such strolls were, however, reported, and there were a few Mayday breakfasts and dancing parties in the evening.

— We have received no information direct from Mr. Holland respecting the removal of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, of which he is Treasurer, from its present quarters to the rooms lately occupied by the postoffice in the same building, but rumors to that effect are in circulation. The large and constantly increasing business of the Bank demands more room to do it in and it has been decided to take the former P. O.

— The liquor cases were disposed of last week by Judge Johnson "according to Gunther." Fines and imprisonment were imposed in some of them, continuance in others, and in pretty much all of them appeals to the Superior Court were taken. Lawyer Ham of Boston was the Prosecuting Attorney for the Woburn Law Enforcement League, and Lawyer John P. Feeney of Boston conducted the trials for the respondents. They fought the cases sharply, expended considerable eloquence on them, and the Judge he wound them up.

— Mrs. Oliver F. Bryant came over from her home in Wakefield last Tuesday to attend the Spring Meeting of the Woburn Conference held in the old First Church here that day. She was accompanied by her granddaughter, the daughter of her son, Mr. Oliver Bryant, who is and has been for many years a prominent business man at Los Angeles, California. Deacon and Mrs. Oliver F. Bryant were leading members of the First Congregational church of Woburn during their long residence here, and enjoyed the highest esteem of everybody. Another son of Mrs. Bryant, Mr. Edward F. Bryant, is a Chicago Banker of note in financial circles there.

— Trinity church of this city and other friends here regret to learn that Rev. Harry Nash, for many years a Professor in the Episcopal Divinity School at Cambridge, Mass., a leading clergyman in the Episcopal denomination and writer, has lately been obliged to give up work and seek rest. His trouble is of a nervous character, to which he was compelled to yield a year ago, but from which he recovered and resumed his professional and pastoral duties. It returned lately and he is taking a rest. Numerous friends of Rev. Harry Nash in Henry County, Illinois, where his father was a preacher, and he passed his boyhood days, will be sorry to learn of his illness.

— Mr. Charles A. Nichols, the well known rug manufacturer, carpet cleaner etc. in Buel Place, this city, was born on April 26, 1842, and celebrated the 70th anniversary of his birth last Friday in a quiet and decorous manner in and about home. Many of his host of friends were cordially received and greeted by him, for Mr. Nichols is a sterling man and good citizen. At his special birthday dinner he entertained as his Guest of Honor Mrs. Susan Winship of Willow street, Cummingsville, who was 83 years old on April 26, same day Mr. Nichols rounded out, in peace and plenty, his 70th year. Mrs. Winship is an estimable lady and very highly esteemed in this city. Long life to both of our old friends, say we.

— In these mellow days of May let us all join in singing "Knaresboro" which Professor Hood will tell us is found in the ancient "Bridgewater Collection," the first line of which begins with: "Hark! how the feathered warblers sing," and praise the good Lord for spring and birds and flowers. It tells us of the speedy coming of the month of roses and "June weddings," many of the latter of which are expected in this city, for it is Leap Year and girls enjoy the privilege of "popping the question." And then, again, there is glad music in the fields among the workmen as well as in the groves, and the joyous notes of old "Knaresboro" are heard there in the soft, sunny vernal days.

— A pleasant incident in our yesterday's experience was a call from Mr Charles O. Ames, a hardy and prosperous New Boston street farmer. Although 88 years old he is one of the healthiest and ruggedest men in Woburn, and has, in the opinion of Dr. Chalmers, a safe hold on a dozen years more.

— Last Tuesday evening the St. Charles Ladies Auxiliary elected the following officers: President, Miss Blanche Gillis; Vice Pres., Miss Agnes Gately; Financial Secretary, Miss Mae Duran; Recording Secretary, Miss Mabel Doherty; Treasurer, Miss Anna Gorman; Board of Directors, Miss Josephine Barry, Chairman; the Misses Susan Doherty and Miss Nellie G. Doherty; Sentinel, Miss Helen McDonald.

Porto Rico's New Wonder.

From far away Porto Rico come reports of a wonderful new discovery that is believed will vastly benefit the people. Ramon T. Marchan, of Barceloneta, writes "Dr. King's New Discovery is doing splendid work here. It cured me about five times of terrible coughs and colds, also my brother of a severe cold in his chest and more than 20 others, who used it on my advice. We hope this great medicine will yet be sold in every drug store in Porto Rico." For throat and lung troubles it has no equal. A trial will convince you of its merit. 50c & $1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by All Druggists.

Josiah Parker.

Josiah Parker was born in Woburn on October 25, 1832; died at his home No. 10 Highland street, this city, where he had lived for the last 40 years, on April 26, 1912; and the funeral was held there on Sunday, April 28, 1912, the officiating clergyman being Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D., pastor of the First Congregational church of Woburn.

He was the last of the children of Frederic C and Nabby (Thompson) Parker, his brother, Mr. F. Chandler Parker, having passed away only a few months ago, at an advanced age.

The deceased was a tanner and currier by trade, an occupation followed by him all his life.

Mr. Parker was an honest, upright man, and an exemplary, citizen. He came of pure and honorable stock, a direct descendant of Captain Parker who commanded the Middlesex Yeomanry at the Battle of Lexington on the morning of April 19, 1775.

He led a quiet life; was kind and generous; and enjoyed the confidence and esteem of all who knew him. He is survived by a widow, who was Miss Sarah Hanson of Peabody; a sister, Mrs. George Russell; nieces: Mrs. Herbert Richardson, Erie, Pa.; Mrs. Charles H. Symmes, Winchester; Mrs. Joseph Spear, Hyde Park; Mrs Edward Sullivan, Woburn; Mrs. Charles Hartshorn, Medford. Capt William C. Parker of Woburn, George Russell, living in Woburn near the Reading line, Will Russell, living at the old home on Cambridge street, Fred W. McDonald of Boston and Joseph B. McDonald of Woburn are his nephews.

Flagged Train With Shirt.

Tearing his shirt from his back an Ohio man flagged a train and saved it from a wreck, but H. T. Alston, Raleigh, N. C., once prevented a wreck with Electric Bitters. "I was in a terrible plight when I began to use them," he writes, "my stomach, head, back and kidneys were all badly affected and my liver was in bad condition, but four bottles of Electric Bitters made me feel like a new man." A trial will convince you of their matchless merit for any stomach, liver or kidney trouble. Price 50 cents at All Druggists.

Methodist Church.

At 10.30 A. M. Holy Communion. At 7 o'clock regular evening service with address by the pastor, Rev. Fred M. Estes. Epworth League Devotional Service at 6 o'clock.

The First Quarterly Conference will meet Monday evening, May 6, to discuss plans for church work in the coming year.

The gymnasium season at this church was brought to a successful close last Monday evening with a banquet in honor of the members of the gym tendered them by the Baraca class. Henry C. Sawyer, former Assistant District Attorney gave a most interesting address on "Criminal Law" illustrating his talk with many interesting and descriptive incidents. At the close a flashlight picture was taken of the gymnasium class.

The Epworth League held its first business meeting of the New Conference year Thursday evening in the church vestry. The League is now in the Lynn District instead of the Cambridge as formerly. It was voted to help support a Bible Woman in India. New Committees for the Mercy and Help and Social Departments were elected. The members were divided into two companies, with Miss Daisy Holdridge and Mr. Earle True as Captains, for a Money Raising Contest, the same to close sometime in August.

The Annual Convention of the Lynn District Epworth League will be held at Mt. Bellingham M. E. Church, Wednesday, May 8, 1912. Business Session at 3 30 P. M. Reports of Officers and Circuit Presidents; Election of Officers and adoption of revised Constitution. Supper at 5 45 P. M. served by the local Chapter. Evening session at 7 P. M. Installation of Officers and address by Rev. Herbert W. Stebbins, Chaplain of Charlestown State Prison.—Georgietta McIntire, Cor. Sec.

Another Town Makes A Long Lighting Contract With Boston Edison Company.

Stoneham, through its Board of Selectmen, has just signed a contract for ten years' service from The Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston for electric lighting in all its municipal buildings and on its streets.

By making such a contract the town has the advantage of knowing that it is definitely assured of the best electric service, and also gets the advantage of the liberal discount of ten per cent from the yearly rates which is provided for in the Boston Edison Company's printed schedule.

Many Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Woburn Conference.

This old organization of Congregational churches, which includes those of Woburn, Wilmington, Reading, North Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Medford, Winchester, Lexington, Billerica, and Burlington, held their 1912 spring meeting in the First Congregational church of Woburn on Tuesday afternoon and evening, April 30. The home ladies prepared and served a good substantial supper for 600 people, and there were no vacant seats or empty plates at the tables.

[Who changed the name of this ancient and honorable organization from "Woburn Conference" to the nearly meaningless one of "Woburn Association?"

The Conference is composed of duly elected delegates from each of the churches which belong to it, but many others attend the meetings which are held on fixed dates during each year, for the services are of more than ordinary interest and attract large numbers of Christian people and laymen.

The sessions of the Conference held here last Tuesday were especially entertaining and instructive. The leading participants in the exercises were able and eminent clergymen from neighboring towns and cities whose treatment of Bible texts was deeply interesting. The following was the programme:

AFTERNOON SESSION

2.00 Devotional service, conducted by Rev. Peter A. Mickels
2.15 Organization and business
A Word of Welcome by the pastor of the entertaining church
2.30 Written Reports from the churches [Limited to three minutes each]
Theme for Conference
"THE OPEN CHURCH"
4.00 The Church of the Open Eyes
"Open Thou Mine Eyes"
Rev. George E. Martin, D. D.
4.15 The Church of the Open Ears
"Mine Ears Hast Thou Opened
Edward H. Hosford
4.30 The Church of the Open Lips
"That I May Open My Mouth Boldly" Rev. J. Harold Dale
4.45 The Church of the Open Mind
"Be Renewed in the Spirit of Your Mind"
Arthur H, Wellman
General discussion
5.45 Supper amd social hour

EVENING SESSION

6.45 Organ recital
Walter H. Lewis
7.00 Business and announcements
7.15 Devotional service, conducted by Rev. Austin Rice
Hymn
Responsive reading
Anthem by chorus
Prayer
Solo by Mrs. Jennie Trecartin Fox
Theme for Conference
"THE OPEN CHURCH
7.35 The Church of the Open Heart
"Whose Heart the Lord Opened"
Rev. John O. Paisley
7.55 The Church of the Open Dour
"I Have Set Before Thee an Open Door" Rev. Frank W. Hodgdon
8.15 The Church of the Open Hand
"Thou Shalt Open Thine Hand Wide Unto Thy Brother"
Rev. Cornelius H. Patton, D. D.
9.00 Adjournment

Nearly all the Pastors of the Woburn churches were guests of the Conference and enjoyed the supper much.

A lady of fine taste and judgment said the tables looked lovely.

Mrs. John Hovey reported that nearer 700 than 600 people took supper. The speeches were excellent and to the point.

The floral decorations of the church were beautiful.

To the Woburn women due credit was given for their good work.

Woburn don't do things "by the halves."

It was the best yet.

When Your Feet Ache

From Corns, Bunions, Sore or Callous Spots, Blisters, New or Tight Fitting Shoes, Allens Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, will give instant relief. Sold everywhere 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.* For FREE Sample address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Burning Celluloid.

Burning celluloid is one of the most difficult and dangerous kinds of fire to extinguish. An investigation by Dr. Panzer of Vienna has shown that, while the substance does not ignite spontaneously, decomposition continues after the flames of a piece of burning celluloid are extinguished and does not cease even when the material is plunged into a vessel of carbonic acid or steam. Oxygen from the air not being necessary for decomposition, water and ordinary chemical extinguishers have little effect on celluloid fires. Decomposition takes place at temperatures between 220 degrees and 365 degrees F., and may be started by an open flame or even a hot stove. When slowly heated the celluloid first softens, then blisters and finally decomposes suddenly, sometimes bursting into flame. The products are gases, liquids and carbon. The white fumes from combustion form an explosive mixture with air, and the colorless gases contain poisonous carbon monoxide and nitrogen oxides. As these gases, explosive and irrespirable, are intensely hot, moreover, it is almost impossible for firemen to get near a celluloid blaze in a building.

Fatal Admission.

Merchant—What other qualifications have you for the place? Applicant—Well, my friends tell me I have a contented disposition and— Merchant—You won't do. We want a man with a discontented disposition, one that will hustle.—Philadelphia Press.

Legal Formalities

and delays that may ensue

Legal formalities in connection with municipal permits to set poles and string wires sometimes involve delays of a month or more in completing orders for telephone service.

Don't wait until the last minute, therefore. Give your order without delay, so that these legal requirements may not inconvenience you when you want service.

Call Fort Hill 7600 and ask for the Contract Department. If possible, we shall complete the work in time to list your address in the next Boston Division Telephone Directory.

The next Telephone Directory will include not only Greater Boston, but also the North Shore and the South Shore. No other directory will be published this Summer.

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE BELL SYSTEM AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

A Girl Who Was Tired.

In the American Magazine Edna Ferber has a story entitled "That Home Town Feeling." One of the principal characters in it is Mercedes Meron of the Morning Glory Burlesquer company. Here is what Mercedes says about the alleged gay life that she leads:

"I'm dead sick of this. Who cares whether I live or die? It's just one darned round of grease paint and sky blue tights, and new boarding houses, and bumping over to the theater every night, going on, and bumping back to the room again. I want to wash up some supper dishes with egg on 'em, and set some yeast for bread, and pop a dishpan full of corn, and put a shawl over my head and run over to Millie Krause's to get her kimono sleeve pattern. I'm sour on this dirt and noise. I want to spend the rest of my life in a place so that when I die they'll put a column in the paper, with a verse at the top, and all the neighbors 'll come in and help bake up. Here—why, here I'd just be two lines on the want ad. page, with 50 cents extra for 'Kewaskum paper please copy.'"

Forged Postage Stamps.

Bad money and spurious banknotes are as common as sparrows, but forged postage stamps are seldom heard of. The most glaring case of stamp forgery in Great Britain occurred in 1872 and 1873, and its origin has never been discovered. In those days the minimum rate for telegraphic messages was 1 shilling, and the stamps that were forged were all for such amount, each being passed through the Stock Exchange telegraphic office. One of the principal reasons against postage stamp forgery is the keenness of philatelists. The vigilance of the collector would speedily bring to light the existence of any faulty stamps. Of the many thousands of varieties of stamps issued, only about 100 are known to have been forged, and these specimens have usually been skillfully faked more with the object of trapping the collector than robbing the postal authorities.—London Standard.

A stout heart may be ruined in fortune, but not in spirit.—Victor Hugo.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.46 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 18, every Sunday morning at 10.45.
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday from 2.30 to 4 30.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, April 26, Herbert J. Bryant, aged 57 years, 25 days.
In this city, April 26, Josiah Parker, aged 79 years, 6 months, 1 day.
In this city, April 27, Annie McGonagle, aged 79 years.

S. FRANK SHERMAN,

118 High Street, Reading, Mass., twenty years' experience Making and Tuning Pianos. All orders will receive prompt attention.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

No. 7550.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

At Woburn, in the State of Mass., at the close of business, April 18, 1912.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$305,811.98
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		100,000.00
U. S. Bonds to secure Postal Savings, $5,000.00		5,000.00
U. S. Bonds on hand		20,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds		6,875.00
Bonds, securities, etc		403,308.13
Due from approved reserve agents		80,715.94
Checks and other cash items		655.94
Notes of other National Banks		2,545.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		577.83
Lawful money reserve in Bank, viz:		
Specie	34,558.70	
Legal tender notes	5,450.00	40,008.70
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		5,000.00
Total		$970,498.52

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$100,000.00
Surplus fund		20,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid		46,911.55
National Bank notes outstanding		100,000.00
Due to State and Private Banks and bankers		28,405.25
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks		27,006.56
Dividends unpaid		300.00
Individual deposits subject to check		634,923.05
Demand certificates of deposit		645.00
Certified Checks		1,959.35
Deposits of U. S. Postal Savings, $1,437.66		1,437.66
Reserve for the depreciation in market value of bonds		9,000.00
Total		$970,498.52

STATE OF MASS., COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, ss.

I, JOHN C. BUCK, Cashier of the above named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

JOHN C. BUCK, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of April, 1912.

HAROLD P. JOHNSON, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

JOHN W. JOHNSON,
L. W. THOMPSON,
WM. E. BLODGETT,
Directors.

Linnell's Market

Beech-Nut Brand

(Goods in Glass)

Sliced Beef,
Sliced Bacon,
Peanut Butter,
Red Current Jelly,
Grape Jelly,
Pineapple Preserves,
Raspberry Jam.

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Tel. 314 W.



DURABLE RUGS
Made from
Old Carpets.
WE PAY THE FREIGHT.
Write for further particulars.
LEWIS MFG. CO.,
Dept. R, Walpole, Mass.

RHEUMATISM
PROMPTLY RELIEVED BY
THE ENGLISH REMEDY
BLAIR'S PILLS
SAFE. & EFFECTIVE. 50c & $1
DRUGGISTS.
OR 915 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank:

Mary M. Howard, Lucy A. Goodell, Geo. E. M. Galeucia, Lutha F. Spalding, John Knights, 3rd, Lizzie P. Adams, Jeruha G. Hatch, Perley M. Berry, Augusta M. Spalding, Freddie H. Reed, Ella B. Kilborne, Mary E Cordell, E. G. Challis, Kate Bowe, Mary E. Gibson, Timothy Coughlin, Arthur M. Dyer, Rosanna Burns, Kate Foley, and to all other persons interested in certain sums of money deposited in the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, located at Woburn, in said County, to the credits of the persons above named, in the amounts set forth in the hereinafter described petition:

WHEREAS, James M. Swift, Attorney General for said Commonwealth, has presented to said Court his petition representing that for more than thirty years previous to the date of said petition no deposit has been made on any of the said accounts, nor has any part of the principal or interest of any of the said accounts been withdrawn, and no interest has been added upon any of the banks books; that said deposits have remained during said period unclaimed, nor is any claimant known, and that the depositors of said accounts cannot be found, and praying that this Court, in accordance with the provisions of Section 56 of Chapter 590 of the Acts of the year 1908, order and decree that said sums of money, with the increase and proceeds thereof, be paid to the Treasurer and Receiver-General of said Commonwealth.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex on the twentieth day of May A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to the said Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, fourteen days, at least, before said Court, and by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fourth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

3-10-17 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, and all other persons interested in the estate of William C. Kenney, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Margaret M. Kenney, administratrix of the estate of said deceased has presented to said Court her petition for license to sell at private sale, in accordance with the offer named in said petition, or upon such terms as may be adjudged best, the whole of a certain parcel of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts, and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the seventh day of May, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate, fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

4-26-3 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Maria Claffy, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Elmer C. Claffy of Boston in the County of Suffolk, without giving a surety on his Bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-third day of May, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of April in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

5-10-17 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Administrator's Sale

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a license granted by the Probate Court within and for the County of Middlesex, dated March 18, 1912, the subscriber administrator of the Estate of Katherine E. Davis, late of Woburn in said County, deceased, will sell at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on **Wednesday, the fifteenth day of May, A. D. 1912,** at three o'clock in the afternoon, a certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on the northerly side of Beach Street, containing one-eighth of an acre, more or less, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Southerly by said Beach Street; Easterly by land now or formerly of Mark C. Feich; Northerly by land of Lucy M. Knight; and Westerly by other land of said Lucy M. Knight.

One Hundred ($100.00) Dollars will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days from date of sale.

JOSEPH T. DAVIS, Administrator.

John J. Maguire, Attorney for Administrator.
Woburn, Mass., April 24, 1912.

NEW
Maple Syrup
VERY FANCY
$1.35 Gal. Can
35c. per qt.
New Maple Sugar small cakes 25c. lb.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242-3.

THE **Club Man**



must have Clothing that bespeaks refinement. His garments may be cut on conservative lines or fashioned after the newest and most startling "effect." But they must be refined. Good materials—perfection of fit and finish—close attention to details—are some of the things that have made MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY'S Ready-to-Wear Clothing popular with men of refined tastes for over half a century

Men's Spring Suits, - $25 to $40
Men's Spring Overcoats, $20 to $45

Inspection of Workshops invited at all times.
Exclusive "Stetson" Hat Department for Men and Young Men

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY 400 Washington Street Boston, Mass.

OUR Store Policy

has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—$20.

Whitcher's
PILL BOX
LET US SHOW YOU.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1911.
[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for MALDEN SQ. at 5 45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2 15 P. M. then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.15 A. M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, *11.15 P. M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 3.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, †11.15, †11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Centre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8 30 A. M and every 30 minutes to 10 30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

* Melrose Highlands Only.
† To Stoneham Square Only.
GEO. H. GRAY, Supt.

HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS
Made into handsome and durable
RUGS
For full particulars address
C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.
Canesseat Chairs Reseated.
Telephone 492 W

NOTICE.
Hair Mattresses Made Over. Ticks Washed and New Ticks furnished when required. New Hair added when needed.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
Violin and Piano-forte
INSTRUCTION
Season opens October 2.
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Telephone 446

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS
WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY
FOR COUGHS COLDS PRICE 50¢ & $1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE
AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.



CHRISTIE MacDONALD in "The Spring Maid," Tremont Theatre, Boston.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

Madame Bertha Kalich, the celebrated tragedienne, and one of the highest salaried stars on the American stage, comes to B F Keith's Theatre next week for a limited engagement of one week only. For her vaudeville tour Mme. Kalich has chosen a powerful one act playlet entitled "A Light From St. Agnes." The locale of this drama is laid in Louisiana during the days when that colony was under French rule. "A Light From St Agnes" has created a profound impression in every city where it has been presented. The New York critics declared Mme. Kalich never had a role that offered more splendid opportunities for emotional acting. Mme. Kalich will be surrounded by an excellent bill of features. Linden Beckwith, the "Magnetic Mistress of Melody," will sing several new songs; Merrill and Otto present a bright skit called "After the Shower;" Charles Mack & Co have a comedy, "A Son of Killarney;" The Holdsworths are clever musicians; Pero & Wilson are expert equilibrists, and Rice, Sully and Scott are three clowns on the horizontal bars.

THE TREMONT

The Spring Maid" and its captivating little star, Miss Christie MacDonald, at the Tremont for a limited engagement next Monday direct from its New York run of three hundred nights at the Liberty Theatre. And this in face of the fact that the tuneful operetta has been playing to Capacity houses every night of its engagement there. Not since "The Merry Widow" has there been a musical production so loudly heralded as "The Spring Maid" and its entrancing melodies are too well known to music lovers to need any added comment. The production of "The Spring Maid" in Boston will be identically the same as it was during the two season's run in New York City. Not a single change will be made in the splendid cast supporting Miss MacDonald and there will be the same chorus of fifty and orchestra of forty to adequately handle the tuneful score.

BOSTON'S NEW THEATRE

Boston's latest palace of amusement, Gordon's Olympia, on Washington Street, opposite Boylston Street, in the very heart of the theatrical and business section of the city, will be thrown open to the public next Monday morning, May 6, at ten o'clock. The Olympia will be found the last word in theatrical construction for not only is it magnificently equipped with every possible device for safety; built of reinforced concrete throughout, and superbly decorated; it will also have the biggest novelty and a greater convenience than is possessed by any other theatre in the city, and possibly in the country—escalators or moving stairways to every part of the house. And every seat in the house, is not only "a clear-sight seat" but it is individual. There are no benches in the balcony or the gallery, every patron has his or her own chair and there are no stairs to climb. One is carried direct to his seat. The Olympia will be popularly known as the "House with the moving stairs."

A Great Building Falls
when its foundation is undermined, and if the foundation of health—good digestion—is attacked, quick collapse follows. On the first signs of indigestion, Dr. King's New Life Pills should be taken to tone the stomach and regulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Pleasant, easy, safe and only 25 cents at All Druggists.

WINCHESTER.

Suffrage Teas and "Light Refreshments" are all the go here just now. They will do until some other fads are ready to be taken hold of by our womenfolks.

Some of the Republicans of this town think our Senator made a donkey of himself in the Primaries campaign. Not so: nature's products can't be improved very much by mortal man.

Our distinguished fellow citizens, Congressman S. W. McCall, and Hon. Samuel J. Elder, did yeomen's service in behalf of Taft's nomination at the Primaries in Massachusetts. They are strong men.

It is reported on the streets that the ice business in this town is likely to soon pass over into new hands. The present operators, Brown and Gifford have made money at it and other parties think they can do so if it can be obtained at a reasonable price.

The Democrats of this town are not happy. It is hard for them to stomach Gov. Foss who is a Republican disguised by a thin veneering of second-hand Democratic Reciprocity; Woodrow Wilson they don't want; and Champ Clarke they fear they can't get.

Taking the vote at our last Town Meeting as a criterion to judge by, our people are not so deeply interested in the Grade Crossing question as correspondent to the *Star* and committees try to make us believe they are. The matter will settle itself one of these days.

Only A Fire Hero
but the crowd cheered, as, with burned hands, he held up a small round box, "Fellows!" he shouted, "this Bucklen's Arnica Salve I hold, has everything beat for burns." Right! also for boils, ulcers, sores, pimples, eczema, cuts, sprains, bruises. Surest pile cure. It subdues inflammation, kills pain. Only 25c at All Druggists.

Repartee.

At a dinner party at which several distinguished medical men, including Sir William Gull, were present the conversation happened to turn upon the subject of quackery, and Sir William expressed his conviction that a certain amount of it was essential to success in practice, adding, "It is an example of the old saying, 'Populus vult decipi'—'people like to be deceived.'" "Quite so," said the host. "Now, can any one present give an English equivalent to that?" "Nothing easier," remarked a well known Manchester physician. "The public likes to be gulled."—London Mail.

PRESIDENT TAFT RESENTS INSULTS

Attacks of Theodore Roosevelt Full of Falsehoods.

PATIENCE IS EXHAUSTED.

Misrepresentation, Vilification, Abuse and Assaults of the Rough Riding Colonel Will Not Longer Be Tolerated—Former President Would Wreck the Party.

After enduring with infinite patience not only because of the dignity of the high office which he holds, but also because of the personal friendship which he has enjoyed and had hoped to maintain with former president Theodore Roosevelt, President William H. Taft has finally been forced to resent the misrepresentations of his actual position on public issues, the untruths which have been uttered with respect to his official actions and to the conduct of this campaign and attacks upon him which not infrequently involved his personal honor as a man as well as his integrity as president of the United States.

The president and his campaign managers have sought throughout this campaign by a dignified and fair course of conduct to maintain the Republican party as a militant power for good in the land, with a view to another triumphant victory at the polls in November.

On the contrary, Theodore Roosevelt and his friends and backers have conducted an organized campaign to wreck the Republican party, not only by engendering personal animosities by attacks on individual leaders of the party in various states, but by offering and supporting a national platform which is rank socialism. As a result of this situation Director William B. McKinley of the national Taft bureau issued the following statement to the public on April 14:

"The outcome of the Pennsylvania primaries is plainly indicative of the fact that national issues are playing only a small part in some states in the campaign for the Republican nomination for president.

"Instead of constructive statesmanship being put forth in an effort to solve the problems before the country and as a bid for votes on the ground of merit, a nation wide campaign of willful and malicious misrepresentation, vilification and assault on the president of the United States has been substituted. Such a campaign, amounting in fact to a conspiracy, not only to humiliate the president personally but to commit the Republican party to rank socialism, has been countenanced and conducted by former President Theodore Roosevelt.

"The time has arrived to call a halt on such proceedings.

"President Taft, always mindful of the decencies of human conduct, believing that friendship is a sacred thing and that, like truth, it should be maintained even at a personal sacrifice, and also believing that the American people expect the occupant of the highest office in the gift of the nation, as well as those who have formerly occupied it, to respect the dignity of that office, has during the course of this campaign patiently submitted to misrepresentation, vilification and insult without reply.

"The result is that his opponent has thrown all restraint to the winds. Senator Joseph M. Dixon, the national campaign manager of former President Roosevelt, has been permitted, without rebuke from his candidate to insult the president of the United States. He has not only been permitted to charge the president with being 'a receiver of stolen goods,' without protest, but former President Roosevelt has repeated the charge on the stump.

"The time has now come when the American people will no longer sit idly by and see this unfair and malicious persecution and vilification continued by a man and by the friends of a man who has already served two terms in the White House by the votes of the Republican party and who now, not only in violation of the unwritten law of the republic, but in violation of his own solemn promise to the nation, voluntarily given on the night of Nov. 8, 1904, is seeking a third term on a national platform so unrepublican in nature that he dare not discuss it himself, as is shown by his recent speeches in Illinois, Pennsylvania and New Hampshire.

"The fact that this candidate is now claiming to wear the mantle of Abraham Lincoln is evidence that the acme of demagogism in this country has been reached.

"Those states which have yet to elect delegates to the Republican national convention in Chicago might just as well realize now that the republic as well as the Republican party has been placed in jeopardy by the issues raised by Theodore Roosevelt. They must realize that the unwritten law of the republic that no man shall be president three terms is an insurmountable obstacle to the success of any party in any national election in this country. They must realize that the proposal of the recall of judges and of judicial decisions is not only unrepublican, but rank socialism. The duty of Republicans toward such a platform and toward a candidate for the nomination on such a platform is therefore plain.

"The president is in this fight to stay. He will be the nominee of the Republican convention at Chicago. In this connection it must not be forgotten that he was nominated four years ago without the votes of the states of Illinois, Pennsylvania, Indiana, New York or Wisconsin. In this contest he is already assured of an overwhelming majority of the delegates from Indiana and New York and of a large number of delegates in Pennsylvania, none of whom voted for him in 1908."

COVERING HIS TRACKS.

Roosevelt Attacks Penrose, but Takes Up Notorious Boss Flinn.

In Pennsylvania, in an attempt to divert attention from his socialistic Columbus (O.) speech and from William Flinn of Pittsburgh, his Pennsylvania manager, Theodore Roosevelt attacked President Taft and Senator Boies Penrose. The fact is that there is not a character in public life today who has the notorious record of "Old Bill" Flinn, and Roosevelt did not dare mention his name in Pittsburgh.

Until 1901 Flinn was the "boss" of Pittsburgh. He was run out of power by the decent people of that community. In the few years he "bossed" Pittsburgh Flinn received from men he put in public office contracts aggregating more than $21,000,000, as is shown by the public records.

In 1895 Flinn attempted to make a contract with Matthew Stanley Quay, United States senator, which he wrote out in his own hand, a copy of which is still in existence. In this document Flinn bound himself to deliver to Quay the votes of all Pittsburgh and Allegheny county legislators and congressmen and all delegates to state and national conventions, in return for which Quay was to protect Flinn in his private and political business in the legislature of the state.

The proposition was so rotten that even Quay turned it down.

This is the man Theodore Roosevelt, former president of the United States, has resurrected into political life under the plea of "Let the people rule."

PATRONAGE LIE NAILED.

Roosevelt the Most Notorious Patronage User in History.

The hypocrisy of Theodore Roosevelt has not been better illustrated in this campaign than by his charge that President Taft has used federal patronage to secure his renomination.

No president of this country ever used patronage as did Theodore Roosevelt to secure his nomination in 1904.

He used it without stint to defeat his enemies in the campaign of 1908.

In this campaign his own appointees, retained by President Taft, have, in answer to his call, worked against President Taft.

In Montana his campaign manager, Senator Joseph M. Dixon, has compelled every federal officeholder he can control to violate all civil service rules and the executive orders issued by President Roosevelt himself.

In Texas Cecil Lyon, the personal friend of Roosevelt, has coerced the federal officeholders to support Roosevelt and has demanded of them a "slush fund" to defeat Taft. Lyon recommended, on his own admission, all but five of 5,000 officeholders in Texas.

The state machines, under the control of the "Roosevelt governors," have been solidly aligned against Taft in seven states.

Senator Dixon, in a letter which the Taft managers now hold, has threatened to oppose in the senate the confirmation of federal officeholders who have expressed their preference for Taft. If this is not intimidation and indirect bribery, what is it?

STANDING OF CANDIDATES.

President Taft now has 388 delegates to the Chicago convention instructed for or pledged to his renomination. His support is of such character as will vote for him first, last and all the time. Mr. Roosevelt has 170 votes, Senator La Follette 36 and Senator Cummins 6.

A Boswell and Johnson Story.

Boswell once asked Johnson if there were no possible circumstance in which suicide would be justified.

"No," was the reply.

"Well," says Boswell, "suppose a man has been guilty of a fraud he was certain would be found out."

"Why, then," says Johnson, "in that case let him go to some country where he is not known and not to the devil, where he is known."

His Orders.

Blink (the wholesaler)—Well, how many orders did you get yesterday? Blink (the salesman)—I got two orders in one store. Blink—What were they? Glink—One was to get out, and the other was to stay out.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Standing Joke.

Street Railway Magnate—Who's the complaint from? Secretary—A humorous chap. He signs himself "A Patron of Half an Hour's Standing."—Pittsburg Press.

REINCARNATION.



"POPULAR DEMAND" OR MONEY—WHICH?

Cost of Roosevelt Boom Exceeds That of Last National Campaign.

The financial backers of Theodore Roosevelt have expended to date nearly $1,000,000 in an endeavor to renominate the former president for a third term. How this money is used and where it comes from are of interest to all citizens.

In Oklahoma the charge has been made that the Roosevelt managers paid $75 a vote to delegates to conventions. This is the state where Mr. Roosevelt said there was a "genuine primary."

The same "crew" has since "worked" Kansas and Nebraska and is now in Arkansas, as witness the following telegram:

Roosevelt managers are using money under the guise of paying wages to workers, another name for bribery.

In Pennsylvania, instead of standing at the polls and handing each Roosevelt voter a five dollar bill, "due bills" were issued calling for this amount which were collected at headquarters when countersigned by the district leaders. It is estimated that $100,000 was expended in this manner. This would "reach" 20,000 voters.

In New York county the Roosevelt managers expended a quarter of a million dollars. One district leader paid $10,000 out of his own pocket in his own district on promise of reimbursement besides what headquarters sent him.

In Chicago two men contributed $7,000 for use in one district on primary day, and $200 was offered eight precinct captains to desert Taft.

Where is the money coming from?

George W. Perkins, director of the International Harvester company and of the United States Steel corporation neither of which Theodore Roosevelt ever harmed, but, on the contrary, defended as president and defends now is the "head of the barrel." Frank A Munsey, a large holder of steel common stock, is a close second. In addition Gifford Pinchot, John F. Bass of New Hampshire, who ran the Roosevelt campaign in North Dakota; Governor Chase Osborne and Truman H Newberry of Michigan; Chauncey Dewey and Alexander H. Revell of Chicago; Thomas Niedringhaus and Walter Dickey of Missouri and a host of others in the Roosevelt fold are millionaires or multimillionaires. Incidentally Theodore Roosevelt himself has made a million dollars since his return from Africa. He once said "no man could make a million dollars honestly in a lifetime."

LEST WE FORGET!

That Theodore Roosevelt hauled down the tariff revision flag from the White House at the request of Senator Nelson W. Aldrich and Speaker Joseph G. Cannon.

That Theodore Roosevelt once said in a letter, "Can we antagonize the Morgan interests, which have always been so friendly to us?"

That the International Harvester company and the United States Steel corporation are "Morgan interests," that they are represented in the Roosevelt headquarters by George W. Perkins, the chief contributor to the Roosevelt campaign fund, and that Theodore Roosevelt has not mentioned any Morgan interest or friend of Morgan in this campaign except to defend it or him.

That Theodore Roosevelt refused, after he had ordered the suit filed, to permit the prosecution of the International Harvester company and that he reached this decision after a visit from George W. Perkins.

That Medill McCormick of the McCormick family is one of the most active supporters of Theodore Roosevelt.

The Social Weaver.

Perhaps the most curious nesting habit is that of a certain species of weaving bird to be found in Africa called the social weaver. A number of these begin clubbing together and build immense grass canopies, like umbrellas, on the tops of trees, weaving the grass so closely together that it acts as a rainproof roof. Under this shelter each pair of birds build their own nest and thus form happy little colonies.—London Tit-Bits.

Not At All.

"Thomas," said the mother severely, "some one has taken a big piece of gingerbread out of the pantry."

Tommy blushed guiltily.

"Oh, Thomas," she exclaimed, "I didn't think it was in you."

"It ain't at all," replied Tommy. "Part of it's in Elsie."—National Monthly.

Her Ultimatum.

"My dear, would you have time to sew a button on for me before you go?"

"I've told you before, Alfred, Jane will do it for you. Please remember you married a typewriter, not a sewing machine."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Class Distinction.

"Did ye see as Jim got ten years' penal for stealing that 'oss?"

"Serve 'im right too. Why didn't 'e buy the 'oss and not pay for 'im like any other gentleman."—London Sketch.

Chief Ingredients.

The self made man has hardly ever neglected to begin by laying in a large supply of self esteem.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Best Way.

Choose always the way that seems the best, however rough it may be. Custom will soon render it easy and agreeable.—Pythagoras.

The Mental Railroad.

Patient—I cannot concentrate, doctor. My train of thought keeps jumping the track. Doctor—Ah, a nervous wreck!—Puck.

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THE SPIDER WEB

A Story of a Labyrinth

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It was a June evening. The old Doughton mansion was bathed in the light of the rising moon, which flooded the old fashioned garden and showed the ancient maze called "the spider web." In the very center of the maze, the spot so difficult to attain, something white gleamed.

Molly Doughton was standing there picking the great white bride roses that formed a snowy pyramid in the center of the spider web.

I hastened down the path which led to one of the many entrances to this puzzling maze formed of trimly cut hedges of boxwood. Its exact age I did not know, but it was very old.

"Who is that?" called Molly across the web.

"Jack," I answered. "Stay where you are, Molly. I'm coming after you."

"If you can," she laughed gayly.



"HURRY, JACK!" SHE BREATHED SOFTLY.

"Stephen says he can thread the maze also. Shall it be a race?"

"Come on, Jack," he urged.

"Very well."

"And the victor receives a bunch of bride roses," declared Molly from the center.

"What is a bride rose compared to a bride?" demanded Stephen argumentatively. "For my part I'd rather have"—

"Don't be too fussy over your reward," interrupted Molly coolly. "Nothing is lovelier than roses in June, and if you don't care for the trophy you needn't enter the contest."

"I'm glad to take a chance on anything you offer, Miss Molly," cried Stephen hastily. "Confound this spider web. This makes three times I've come out at the very place I started from!"

"Same here!" I complained bitterly. "Is there any time limit on this race, Molly?"

"Of course! When the clock strikes 12 everything and everybody vanishes like magic!"

"Good for me!" crowed Stephen suddenly. "I didn't return that time. I'm getting ahead some!"

I was swearing softly to myself, for I was starting again for the fifth time.

I could see Stephen plugging away ahead of me, and I knew he was nearing the goal of desire. I felt that I must battle with him if he carried off the bunch of white roses that Molly was plucking for the victor.

Again I started bravely forth, keeping my eyes away from Molly, and so I, like Stephen, passed by the fateful turning and entered one of the inner circles of the web nearer the center.

"I'm a spider," declared Molly. "You are flies, of course. I shall put to death the one that comes within my reach!"

"Happy death!" murmured Stephen sentimentally.

"Foolish fly!" jeered Molly.

I was silent. Somehow this race was a matter of life and death to me. I felt that if I reached Molly's side first the victory might prove an opening for me to say something important to her—to declare my love. It needed moonlight and June magic to bolster up my courage, for I was fearfully afraid of women and of Molly Doughton in particular.

If only Stephen Drake had not been there.

But he was there and a formidable obstacle, for now we were in the same box bordered path with Molly several yards beyond us.

At that moment she appeared to me to be the unattainable.

"Which road do you take, Jack?" demanded Stephen genially.

I looked up to see that there was choice of two paths to take now. This was the most difficult turning of all. If one chose the wrong turning here he might go back to the outer edge of the web and have to begin all over again. Of course the right turn would bring one nearer to the center.

Once when I was a boy Molly's brother Tom and I had spent a night in that wretched spider's web. We had essayed to thread its intricacies at twilight and had become lost within its mazes. Too proud spirited to call for deliverence, we had wandered around and around until, tired out, we fell asleep to awaken on the outer edge of the web with our indignant relatives bending over us. Since then I had refused to enter its mysteries.

Tonight, however, with Molly standing in the center, the prospect was alluring.

If Stephen Drake had not been there! But he was there and much in evidence.

"Which road do you take, Jack?" he repeated.

I looked at the two openings. The inner one appeared to lead to the goal and yet might traitorously land me without the web. The outer one might lead me by devious ways to Molly.

Something drew my eyes to the ground, and there in the narrow way between the box rows I saw white rose petals scattered. They drifted here and there along the ground like vagrant flakes of snow, and they led to the outer opening. My vein of sentiment prompted me to choose to follow the rose petals and abide by whatever fate they dealt out to me.

"I'll take the outer way," I said and stepped past him into a path where more petals flecked the way.

Stephen chose the inner opening that circled nearer to Molly and apparently led directly to her side. My heart almost stopped beating at the sight of Stephen drawing so close to Molly—my Molly, I cried in my heart.

"Jack," Molly called out—was there a note of anxiety in her sweet voice—"you are standing still!"

"Coming!" I called lustily, and started anew on my race over the white petals.

It was singular that they should lead so persistently along the path. My heart beat faster. I was drawing nearer the goal!

Stephen was ahead of me, though. All at once I heard a groan of disgust from his direction and saw him bearing away on an ever widening circle.

"Going home?" I called out.

"Looks like it," he grunted. "What would happen if I jumped over these hedges and landed beside you, Molly?"

"You'd be out of the game," declared Molly.

"Not fair!" I called.

"It's a tedious journey," complained Stephen as his path drew him away from us. "I've worn out a pair of shoes already, and if I had measured the distance—why, I have walked miles tonight!"

"Isn't it worth the goal?" challenged Molly.

"Yes, indeed! Coming back now, Molly!" he called out more cheerfully.

There I was plodding away, following those rose petals along the narrow paths of the maze. Sometimes they led away in a wide circuit from the center and quite discouraged me from ever reaching Molly. Again they brought me so close to Molly that I could smell the sheaf of white rose she held in her arms.

I compared the maze to Molly herself—sometimes approachable, sometimes distant and puzzling—and I had been for months striving to thread the maze of her moods and reach her heart. Even now I did not dare think what the outcome of my daring question would be.

All at once Stephen gave a whoop of delight.

"I'm on the right track now," he bellowed joyfully. "This is a cinch. Watch me!"

I paused to watch him. I was not far from Molly. It would not take many more turnings for me to reach her provided the rose petals still pointed the way. Who had lost them—Molly, purposely?

Stephen was hastening through the aisles of the maze with astonishing speed. It certainly looked as though he had solved the secret. From the house came the sound of a piano. Molly's sister, Sylvia was playing Chopin waltzes.

"I'm coming, Molly," panted Stephen as he approached.

Then Molly's voice, low and anxious, drifted across the intervening rows of boxwood hedge.

"Hurry, Jack!" she breathed softly.

I hurried; nay, I fairly galloped around the circle, following those blessed rose petals to the center of the spider web.

An agonized howl came from Stephen Drake. His treacherous path had suddenly gone astray and led him out into the midst of the herb garden.

"Good night, greedy spider!" he called back to Molly. "I'm going to soothe myself with music."

"Good night, happy fly!" teased Molly. But her sweet voice trembled, for now that Stephen had gone to Sylvia she and I were alone in the garden—alone in the spider web!

Only a few rows of boxwood separated us, and the white rose petals were scattered along the path I was to follow.

It led me straight to the slim white figure standing there among the bride roses, and when I took her into my arms and my face was crushed against hers and the fragrant white petals I knew that she had been waiting for me all along in the maze of circumstances—and she herself had drifted white petals of hope along my path, just as this June night she had dropped white rose petals to guide me to her place in the center of the web.

It was not yet midnight, and yet, true to Molly's prophecy, everything and everybody vanished from my happy sight—that is, everybody save Molly.

Gathering Stones For Teeth.

Upon the rocky coast of Normandy between Havre and Dieppe are to be seen numbers of men and boys of all ages walking slowly up and down the shore and occasionally picking up a pebble and placing it carefully in sacks which they carry. When these sacks are filled they are carried to a foreman, who examines the pebbles carefully and pays the collector. The pebbles gathered are not very abundant, but the washing of the shore produces more each day, and the work goes on, while the business—for it really is quite an industry—seems to pay those engaged in it. These small stones or pebbles are shipped across the sea to the United States, where they are reduced to a fine powder, which is afterward converted into a very fine grade of porcelain, from which many of the best false teeth are made.—Exchange.

Imprisoned In the Wind.

Butterflies may be imprisoned and uninjured in the midst of a whirlwind. Gales in a genuine typhoon are so terrible that the stoutest ships can scarcely hope to weather them, but there is a spot at the very center of the storm where something like a dead calm prevails. From the outer edge of the disturbance, which may be 300 miles across, the wind velocity increases toward the center until within a few miles of that point there comes a sudden lull. There the rain ceases and the sky often clears. In this little calm area, which sailors call "the eye of the storm," a group of butterflies has frequently been imprisoned, and their dainty, delicate forms are as safe in this aerial cage as if hovering in sunny meadows, but as helpless as in a collector's bottle.

Encouraging.

Amusing is a favorite threat of the famous Dr. Keate, who used to say:

"Remember, boys, you are to be pure in heart or I'll flog you till you are."—London Answers.

Musical Name.

Mrs. Towne—So Hiram Sharp's girl Effie has become a music teacher? Hepsibat—Yes; we call her Eff Sharp.—Boston Transcript.

Congressional Plagiarism.

The custom of "lifting" a brother congressman's bills without sanction or permission has resulted in a warm discussion concerning the ethics of legislation. In newspaper work, novel writing or any other strenuous employment the appropriation or use of another man's words or ideas entitles him to credit and legal protection. Not so, however, in the legislative hopper. If one man fails to have a resolution or bill passed another takes it up, transferring such paragraphs and clauses or ideas as he wishes, without credit, and labeling the result with his name in such a way as to secure full and undisputed possession.

The only question considered is, "Will it pass?" for if it does not pass it represents only so much white paper snugly tucked away in pigeonholes until the advent of the next legislator whose inclination runs to fathering bills. The pigeonholes and crypt at the capitol are filled with documents suggestive of the faded hopes of many an enthusiastic congressman whose bill failed to "get by" and is ready for the appropriation of another ambitious legislator.—National Magazine.

Butter From Birds.

A century ago butter birds were milked to beat the band by the natives of the northern part of South America. In midsummer the Indians went into the great caverns where these strange birds had builded, and with long poles the nests were broken and destroyed, something like the way the Yankee boys in barns used to break up the homes of mud daubers and barn swallows. Butter birds builded nests in the tops of the caverns in niches and holes worn ages ago by water. A poke or two with a pole and the nest of gray clay looking like a big cheese came falling down, the young birds scattering on the floor of the cavern. The great lumps of fat between legs and under the tail of the nestlings were torn from them and piled into earthen pots and melted down into bird butter. The butter bird is about as large as a chicken and so sweet is the bird butter that it keeps a year or so without turning rancid. It is oily, clear and without smell.—New York Press.

Decay of Diplomacy.

Diplomacy is not a career which encourages the growth of a strong personality. The diplomatist is necessarily the tool of other men. Wandering from capital to capital, he is the mouthpiece of successive ministers, to whose divergent policies he must adapt himself with the good grace that leads to swift promotion. If he develops decided views of his own or allows himself to cultivate embarrassing sympathies he is apt to be marked as a dangerous and uncomfortable subordinate, for whom there will presently yawn some obscure and distant hole in a South American legation. The great ambassadors lived in the days when no telegraph had yet been invented to make bureaucracy omnipresent. It wants only some further perfection of the long distance telephone to abolish the diplomatist altogether.—London Athenaeum.

Gems of Oratory.

Here are some gems of oratory from the Austrian parliament:

"I have already said all I wish to say and therefore willingly withdraw all I might still say."

"I cannot longer keep silent without saying some words."

"Locomotive engineers stand with one foot in crime and with the other gnaw the rags of hunger."

"A funeral procession always has something mournful about it, especially when the decedent was a human being."

"If I am a parliamentary deputy I am still human."

THE YELLOW HAMMER.

And the Tie That Binds the Bird to the State of Alabama.

It is not generally known that the state bird of Alabama is the yellow hammer. In explanation of this fact the chairman of the fish and game commission of the state writes as follows:

"As a matter of history it is known that Confederate uniforms became scarce toward the end of the war; therefore in order to provide the gallant Confederates with proper clothing the good women picked the cotton, carded it into rolls, spun them into thread, wove it on home made looms into cloth, and then they were distressed to find that they did not have nor could they procure the dye with which to color the cloth they had made. They deliberated over this vexed question for many days, and finally an ingenious dame suggested that hickory bark be boiled and that the cloth be dipped into the yellow water that would result from the boiling process.

"The happy thought was enthusiastically hailed, and tidings of the solution swept the state, and so all the uniforms were made of bright yellow cloth. The coats were made with long tails, and the soldiers that wore them, when they ran after the enemy, very much resembled the yellow hammer, the bird that seems to dip through the air as gracefully as does the seagull skim the waves of the opal ocean."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Casties of El Morro.

There are two things about San Juan which are to be found in almost every part of Spanish America where there are mountains or highlands. One is the statue of Columbus; the other is the castle of El Morro. Most people of the United States are more familiar with Morro castle in Havana. When they hear there is another Morro at Santiago in Cuba and then another in Porto Rico they wonder what it means. The explanation is quite simple. These castles or citadels are located on projecting necks of high land which dominate the harbor entrances. El Morro in Spanish simply means "the snout." Some of the picturesqueness of the term seems to disappear when we speak of a snout of land, but it is very good geographical terminology.—Christian Herald.

Birth of a Play.

Mr. Frohman is said to possess the gift of seeing the germ of a play in the slightest incident or sentence. An American journalist once wrote to him:

"Dear Sir—Why couldn't a play be written round 'Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight?'"

Mr. Frohman grasped the idea and replied, "Excellent; come and see me."

A few days later he received a wire saying: "Can't come. If used send $500."

The check was sent. David Belasco, the dramatist, was called in, and the result was a very popular play, "The Heart of Maryland."—Exchange.

SWORDS OF JAPAN.

Religious Rites Follow Every Process of Their Making.

The sword making of Japan is perhaps the most curious in the whole world. In that country swords said to be equal to those of Toledo or Damascus are made by a special series of processes, but a feature of the industry is the religious ceremonial that accompanies every process.

On the walls of the huts in which the work is done are representations of the god of the sword makers and the chief goddess of the Shintos. There are also bits of paper and wisps of straw, charms to keep away evil spirits. No female is allowed to enter the place, as the presence of women is supposed to be conducive to the appearance of demons, who would certainly bring disaster to the sword's mission. Prayer is offered before the work begins, and various religious rites must be performed before any one of the swords can be declared to have been well and truly made.

The last thing that takes place after the polishing and sharpening of the swords is the offering of them one by one to the sword god to be blessed. The weapon is placed in front of the kakemona on the wall, with an offering of saki, rice and sweetmeats, after which prayer scrolls are read and a blessing upon the work is invoked.—London Globe.

COOKING VEGETABLES.

Use Uncovered Utensils Except For Dried Beans or Peas.

Two mistakes are commonly made in preparing vegetables for the table: The first of these is the practice of keeping the vessel tightly covered during the entire process of cooking. This is done usually with an idea of preventing the dissemination of unpleasant odors through the house. But the effect of it is directly the opposite. The odors confined within the vessel grow instead more rank with the chemical changes that take place, and when the vessel is opened occasionally, as it must be, these extremely disagreeable odors escape. Besides this, the vegetables themselves are made less digestible when cooked in this way, with the exception of dried beans or dried peas.

The second mistake commonly made is that of cooking vegetables too long. Instead of being made more tender by prolonged cooking many vegetables are made unpalatable and indigestible. Cabbage, for instance, if cooked the right length of time, is pleasing of flavor and for most persons entirely digestible, but if cooked too long it causes indigestion and loses its flavor. —Garden and Farm Almanac.

Held on to the Bills.

A prominent minstrel man says that not long ago an attache of his show was sent out in a certain town to give some handbills or heralds to boys for distribution. The man found only one boy willing to work. He didn't deem it necessary to explain to the boy that the bills were to be distributed about town. He took it for granted that the boy knew. The youngster took the printed slips of paper, and the man gave him a quarter and left. Half an hour later the showman chanced to pass along the street and saw the boy standing on the sidewalk, crying.

"What's the matter?" asked the man. The boy gave a couple of final sobs and, wiping his eyes on his sleeve, said:

"A man jist come along an' took one of my bills."—New York Telegraph.

Green Scum of the Nile.

"Nile green is an opaque green," said a traveler. "It isn't the green of a wave breaking in the sun. It's the green of the scum that floats on duck ponds. Every year about the middle of April the Nile becomes covered with a green scum, a genuine duck pond scum. It strikes Khartum about April 20, and it floats on down to Cairo—a solid scum that is often 500 miles long without a break. This scum is made of minute lives, algae. It has an offensive smell. It is, in fact, as offensive to the nose as to the eye. How green the Nile is then! On account of this scum the expression, Nile green, arose. But it isn't the waters of the Nile that are green. No; they are always muddy. It is the scum."

Hopeless.

"What is the matter with that poor fellow?" asked the man who was "seeing the lunatic asylum." "He has an interesting face."

"That's a poet," replied the attendant. "Queer case."

"Tell me about him. Is there any chance of his recovery?"

"No; it's hopeless. It seems he had written a pastoral poem in which the name of Oberon was used several times, but the proofreader was an Irishman, and when the poem appeared in print Oberon had been changed to O'Brien."—Judge's Library.

Setting Him Right.

The meek looking man walked up to the book counter. "I want something to keep me home at night, show me my faults, tell me how to spend my"—

"Hold on, old man," said the clerk, "you're in the wrong department. Marriage bureau on the left, three aisles down."—Philadelphia Record.

It Doesn't Pay.

The trouble with the man who fails is that he wants to wait until tomorrow to study the lesson of the hour.—Chicago Record-Herald.

If one is patient and watches all will come of which one is capable, but no one can be patient who is not independent.—Disraeli.

Pure English.

"My dear, I wish you would speak more carefully," said a stickler for pure English to his wife. "You say that 'Henry Jones came to this town from Sunderland.' Don't you see that it would be better to say that he 'came from Sunderland to this town?'"

"I don't see any difference in the two expressions," rejoined the lady.

"But there is a difference in the two expressions—a rhetorical difference. You don't hear me make use of such awkward expressions. By the way, I have a letter from your father in my pocket."

"Oh, dear! Is my father in your pocket?" inquired the wife. "You mean that you have in your pocket a letter from my father."

"There you go with your little quibbles! You take a delight in harassing me. You are always taking up a thread and representing it as rope."

"Representing it to be a rope, you mean, dear."

And then he grinned a sickly grin and wished he had never started the discussion.—London Answers.

A MASTER OF DETAIL.

Paintings to Suit Abbey Had to Be Historically Correct.

One of the strongest characteristics of Abbey was his terror of anachronism. No detail of a great canvas was small enough to escape his infinite precaution in this regard, no research too exhausting that yielded the correct answer to some archaic matter of dress or armor. Because of this scrupulous care his studio at Morgan hall, itself an ancient building, more than 300 years old, became a veritable museum of heraldic shields, coifs and casques. Whenever he wished to paint a certain detail of complicated armor he purchased or borrowed a whole suit as a model. Once, so the story is told, when Abbey had completed a large painting depicting an ancient court scene he discovered that the quarterings in the heraldic shield woven in a woman's skirt were incorrect. He painted out the skirt and corrected his error.

His masterpiece in oils, the "Quest of the Holy Grail," which he did for the Boston library, has been pronounced perfect in every detail of architecture, of dress and heraldry. His "Coronation of Edward VII." has been praised by antiquarians because of its perfection and accuracy of detail. It was this painting which won Abbey his greatest fame in England.

Though Abbey spent nearly all of his working years in England and on the continent, he did not consider himself an expatriate, and he was always keenly American in his sentiments. Baseball was with him a consuming passion. When he discovered that there was none to play his favorite game in England he took up cricket as the next best thing, and cricket was his favorite pastime.—New York Sun.

FEMININE AUTOCRATS.

Women of Sahara Rule the Men With Rods of Iron.

The Tuaregs, found in the vilayet of Tripoli, are descended from the Auxoriani of old, who in the fourth century took Leptis from the Romans after eight days' siege.

Among the Tuaregs, writes Hanns Vischer in "Across the Sahara," it is man, the brute, who by all the laws of the country has to obey the women. Descent is traced through the mother. Woman shows her proud face to all the world, while the man goes veiled. In the presence of a woman of noble birth men cover their faces and heads altogether. The women give the children what little instruction they have and train them to respect and obey them.

The stick he carries and the great wooden box into which he puts what his wife suffers him to have are all the man possesses and all he retains if for some reason his wife chooses to divorce him.

In Ghat when a man goes out after sunset he is usually followed by a negro servant, sent by his wife to dog his steps, and woe to him if he forgets himself or comes home too late! He will find the door shut and must count himself lucky if he is not put on to the street altogether.

The young man who in spite of all this wants to marry must pay a heavy sum for the bride, to obtain which he is obliged to look for other means than his usual work for the Arab trader. Thus he is forced into taking part in one of the annual rhazzias.

The women decide when the right moment has come, and the men sally forth against some luckless caravan or to the rich highlands of Tibesti.—Detroit Free Press.

Three Essentials For Success.

He who would succeed must arm himself with three vital and most necessary weapons—first, he must have ceaseless industry; second, he must have limitless ambition of purpose; third, he must possess unquenchable enthusiasm, coupled with a determination to succeed. Given these three and something else besides—the gift of imagination—and it matters not, I believe, whether the life of a man begins in a cobbler's shop or a grocery store or whether it begins in such an illuminating joyfulness in beautiful things as that which brightened my early childhood. With any beginning success will, of a surety, be his who makes himself truly deserving of it.—Howard Pyle in Woman's Home Companion.

Professional Pride.

A local pugilist was brought before a police magistrate charged with assault. Said the magistrate:

"Prisoner, complainant says that you willfully and maliciously knocked his hat off."

Up spoke the accused, pride in his voice:

"No, your honor; I didn't knock his hat off. I knocked him from under his hat."—New York Times.

His Way.

"At the beginning of each week Titewad gives his wife the money to run the house on during the week."

"I suppose he asks her how much money she wants and then hands it over?"

"No, he asks her how little she can get along with and hands that over."—Houston Post.

Defining a Duck.

A schoolboy assigned to prepare an essay on ducks submitted the following: "The duck is a low, heavy set bird composed mostly of meat and feathers. He is a mighty poor singer having a hoarse voice, caused by getting so many frogs in his neck. He likes the water and carries a toy balloon in his stomach to keep him from sinking. The duck has only two legs, and they are set so far back on his running gears by nature that they come pretty near missing his body. Some ducks when they get big have curls on their tails and are called drakes. Drakes don't have to set or hatch, but just loaf and go swimming and eat everything in sight. If I was to be a duck I would rather be a drake."—Exchange.

Skeleton of the Skyscraper.

The skyscraper is taller when building than when built. While the red steel columns are being set one upon the top of the next by the long arm of the erector they seem to be climbing upward and upward without end, says the Chicago Post. It is as if they had set out to reach the clouds and man was helping them to realize their aspirations. And while the unfinished tops stick manfully into the air realization appears perfectly possible. It is only when the horizontal line of the eaves is drawn at right angles to the vertical lines of the pillars, when the roof is put on and the climbing steel boxed in, that the building loses its aspiration and becomes as limited as the rest of us.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson V.—Second Quarter, For May 5, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Luke vi, 20-26; xvi, 19-31—Memory Verses, Luke vi, 20, 21—Golden Text, Luke xii, 15—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

These few verses in Luke vi are a part of His discourse in the presence of His disciples and a great multitude of people who came to hear Him and to be healed of their diseases as He came down from the mountain and stood in the plain. The teaching is somewhat similar to that in last week's lesson, but the poverty and hunger and weeping seem to be more literal physical conditions than in the Sermon on the Mount; also by contrast the riches and fullness and laughter of verses 24, 25. The contrast between the "now" and a future time is more fully set forth in the Luke xvi lesson, and the bright side of it is concisely stated in I Cor. xiii, 12, "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known." As to literal poverty, we know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ—that, though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich (II Cor. viii, 9), and as we think of the Bethlehem manger, the Nazareth home and the hunger and thirst and homelessness of His life ofttimes in His public ministry we may perhaps imagine something of ordinary poverty, but who can tell the full meaning of the emptying, the service, the humility and obedience of Phil. ii, 7, 8, R. V.? The literally rich are often poor in spirit, meek and lowly at heart, while the literal poor are often proud and self centered. We must always remember that the Lord looketh on the heart and trieth the heart (I Sam. xvi, 7; Jer. xvii, 10). The "woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you" of verse 25 seems not to be a very popular verse in some quarters, for even preachers and evangelists have been known to hold back the truth on certain great topics so as to have the approval of men, a very prominent worker having recently said publicly that he aimed never to hurt the feelings of his fellow ministers. How very different from Him who said, "I do always those things that please the Father," and also from the apostle whose principle was "not as pleasing men, but God, who trieth our hearts" (John viii, 29; Thess. ii, 4). Concerning the topic of our lesson, "Poverty and Riches," Luke abounds in records of rich men, as in xii, 16; xvi, 1; xviii, 23; xix, 2; xxi, 1, besides the rich man and Lazarus of the last part of our lesson. From these passages we note that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth, and some would do well to ask themselves, "Then whose shall those things be?" Riches sometimes make it difficult for the owners to enter the kingdom, and yet Zaccheus, who was rich, did enter. Sometimes the gifts of the rich did not count as much in His sight as the gifts of the poor. We are simply stewards, whether intrusted with mysteries or money or other things, and we must give an account of our stewardship. We may so use that which is intrusted to us as to become rich toward God (Luke ii, 21), and those who have been helped by us to know the Lord will make greater to us the glory in His kingdom, while the Lord Himself will reward all His faithful ones at the resurrection of the just (Luke xiv, 14; Rev. xxii, 12). Our Luke xvi lesson study reads like a statement of facts, and there is no reason why it should be called a parable. It is the one occasion on which our Lord drew aside the veil and gave us to see the unseen realities after we leave these bodies, plainly teaching that for each one it will be happiness or torment, not the highest degree of bliss which will be the believer's portion only after the resurrection of the righteous nor the deepest woe which will be the unbeliever's portion after the judgment of the great white throne, but a conscious existence in bliss or woe, with no possibility of passing from one to the other. The reason of the rich man's condition after death was not because he had been rich, but from the last verse of the chapter it is evident that when on earth he had no use for Moses or the prophets. He was not a believer in the Scriptures, but evidently proud and self satisfied. After death he proved the reality of a place of torment and became anxious that his brethren should not reach the same destination. He pleaded that if one went from the dead they would believe, but was told that the writings of Moses and the prophets were all sufficient. We know from John xi and xii that another man named Lazarus did rise from the dead, but while some believed others sought to kill him again (John xii, 10, 11). Our blessed Lord Jesus Christ, by whom and for whom all things were created, knew the unseen realities as no one else did, and we may count on every word He said as being literally so. By his death for our sins and resurrection from the dead He has provided forgiveness of sins, eternal life, eternal redemption, a joint heirship with Himself for "whosoever will," and only those who receive Him are the truly rich for time and eternity (Prov. viii, 18; Rev. iii, 18). All others are poor indeed. Oh, the multitudes of rich poor people!

The Fussy Ocean.

"I do so admire the ocean," Aunt Becky wrote to the home folks. "It goes as fur as you can see, an' then a leetle farther, but it's like some folks I know. It just can't keep still, an' while it don't seem to have anything pertickler to growl about it's a-fussin' an' a-frettin' day an' night!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Way of the World.

"Opportunity is like every one else."

"In what way?"

"Always anxious to call on the man who is already successful."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Ever Take It?

"Matrimony is a step in the dark."

"Merely another way of saying that it jars you like the step that isn't there, eh?"—Houston Post.

Three Letters.

Bill—He's considerable of a letter writer. He wrote me three yesterday. Jill—Three, did you say? Bill—Yes; I. O. U.—Yonkers Statesman.

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DECATUR'S DUEL.

The Meeting With Barron That Ended the Brave Commodore's Life.

The practice of dueling, inherited from England, led to some tragic events in early American history. One of these resulted in the death of one of our early naval heroes, Commodore Stephen Decatur. He had gained distinction in the Tripolitan war, in the war of 1812 and stood very high in popular esteem.

Another naval officer of the period was Commodore Barron, who commanded the Chesapeake in the fight with the British frigate Leopard. While in command of the Chesapeake he was charged with neglect of duty, was tried by a court martial, on which Decatur served, and was found guilty and suspended from the service.

Later when he applied for restoration Decatur declined to approve it, and out of this grew a correspondence culminating in a duel. In one of his letters Decatur said, "Between you and myself there has never been a personal difficulty, but I have entertained and do still entertain the opinion that your conduct as an officer of the Chesapeake has been such as ought to forever bar your readmission to the service."

Barron sent a challenge, which Decatur accepted, and the duel took place at Bladensburg, near Washington, March 22, 1820. They fought with pistols at eight paces, and both fired and fell together, Decatur apparently killed, but he soon revived enough to say a few friendly words to his antagonist, who also lay on the ground. Both were removed to Washington, where Decatur died that night, but Barron recovered and lived till 1851.

GYPSIES OF SPAIN.

Quick to Use Their Knives In Quarrels Among Themselves.

One of the things to attract the notice of every traveler that visits Spain is that strange race which he finds scattered here and there in small groups in the remote rural districts or near the great centers of population. It presents a type that can be mistaken for no other in the Spanish dominions.

The lips thick, the eyes large, black and piercing; the hair long, black and straight; the complexion olive tinted, the Spanish gypsy, whether encamped in a sheltering ravine or under the arches of an aqueduct or in the shadow of an overhanging cliff, is indeed Spanish because born in Spain, but in all else he is a gypsy.

Time was when Spaniards of the true blue blood called gypsies "New Castilians," or "Egyptians," or "Moorish footpads;" but, while their traits have undergone no change, their name is now definitely gitanos, or gypsies.

Between 50,000 and 60,000 is the number now in Spain. Most of them have no fixed abode, but in some parts, and notably in Andalusia, there are several small settlements, for towns they can hardly be called, where these wanderers have taken possession of caves in the mountain side, whence they sally forth to tell fortunes and to filch. Wherever they are they are inclined to be quarrelsome among themselves and to enforce their arguments by means of wicked looking knives, which they wield with great dexterity. —America.

When Silk Hats First Came In.

Silk hats were known in France some years before John Hetherington frightened Londoners by wearing one. They came in with the French revolution, when all patriotic citizens abandoned wigs and had their hair cut short. Engravings printed so early as 1790 depict sans culotte dandies wearing top hats. In a rare print of the trial of the Girondists, which took place in 1793, all the judges appear crowned with silk hats. Although the silk top hat is not much more than a hundred years old hats of that shape were worn hundreds of years before. In Elizabethan times a cylindrical hat with a brim rather similar to that of the fifties and with the addition of a plume was worn by the nobility. According to Raphael, it was worn very much earlier even than that. A red top hat appears in the cartoon "Paul Preaching at Athens."

The Life of the Soil.

The soil may be said to be alive. It is a matrix supporting various groups of definite micro-organisms, and the investigations of the past few years indicate the possibility of determining by bacteriological diagnoses the crop producing capacities of different soils. It has been shown that the action of the nitrifying bacteria, especially in samples of soil, correlates fairly well with the productiveness of the same soils under field conditions.

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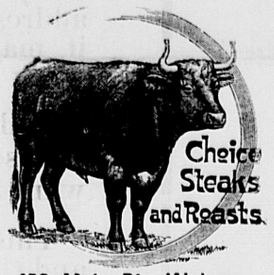
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The Pipe of Discord

It Becomes a Pipe of Peace

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"Never," said Ariana Willis emphatically; "never will I marry a man who smokes a pipe!"

Philo Standish opened his mouth in such wide astonishment that the clay pipe which had been the object of Ariana's pointed remark dropped to the ground, where it was shattered against a stone.

"Sho!" ejaculated Philo vexedly as he stooped and picked up the smoking bowl. "That's the fourth pipe I've broken this week." He knocked the bowl on the fence rail and looked darkly at Ariana's blooming triumphant face.

"You made me drop that pipe, Ariana Willis! Confound it all, can't you wimmen give a man any peace?"

The smile faded from Ariana's face and left it anxious but unrelenting in its judgment. "You know, Philo Standish, that I've joined the Women's Home Protective league, and we are all pledged to break every tobacco pipe we can lay hands on—and—if we're married we've got to make our husbands stop smoking, and if we're not married"— She paused and blushed. She was engaged to be married to Philo Standish.

"If you ain't married?" demanded Philo, with a threat in his usually pleasant voice.

"Why, we promise not to marry a man who smokes!"

Philo drew a deep breath and looked her straight in the eyes.

"And you ain't going to marry me because I smoke?"

"Not unless you give up smoking," was Ariana's firm answer.

"Then," said Philo impressively, "you stand a good chance of dying an old



THE PIPE DROPPED CLUMSILY FROM HIS FINGERS.

maid, Ariana Willis. I wish you good day. I'm going down to Hyman's to get another pipe."

"The mean thing!" half sobbed Ariana as she turned about and went back home. She had been on her way to the weekly meeting of the Women's Home Protective league when she had seen Philo Standish leaning over the rail fence that bounded his wheat field.

Then came the bitter thought that she must confess by her broken engagement that Philo did not love her enough to yield to her pleadings.

There remained an entire week, however, before the next meeting of the league took place, and in that time she hoped to be able to convince Philo Standish that his happiness as well as her own depended upon his yielding to this request. She would speak to Philo when he called on Sunday night.

Philo didn't call on Sunday night. Ariana tossed her head and said she didn't care, but that didn't prevent her from shedding tears on her ruffled pillowcase. The following Tuesday she went to the meeting of the Home Protective league and heard some astonishing things.

"Well, Ariana Willis, we were just talking about you!" cried Mrs. Freeman Pike, the president of the league. "We wondered if you'd heard the news. But you must have!"

Conscious of twenty pairs of curious eyes fixed upon her, Ariana braced herself to hear something disagreeable.

"What news?" she asked, with assumed nonchalance, as she slipped out of her cloak and laid it on the square piano.

"About what the men are doing?"

"We thought you'd know."

"Seeing that Philo Standish got it up."

"Whatever put it into his head?"

They paused for breath, and the color came back to Ariana's startled face.

"I could answer your questions better if you'd tell me what you're all talking about," she remarked rather tartly as she sat down and took out some crocheting.

The other members of the league looked at their president. Mrs. Freeman Pike shrugged her shoulders and smiled rather wryly.

"It seems the men folks have got up a league of their own," she admitted reluctantly.

"But women don't smoke," protested the bewildered Ariana.

"It isn't a smoking league—it's an anti-gossip league!" Mrs. Pike leaned back in her chair and looked at Ariana. "Philo Standish got it up."

"What's it for?" Ariana's voice sounded very small indeed.

"For the protection of men folks from women's gossip and unnecessary chatter," said Mrs. Pike.

"What have they said about it?" asked Ariana. She lived with a widowed mother, and there were no men in the Willis family to bring home news of this description.

"Why, they all promise not to marry any woman who gossips about her neighbors."

"What are we to talk about, then?" demanded Mrs. Lemuel Skinner impatiently. She was an arrant gossip.

"Oh, household matters and things like that!" laughed Mrs. Freeman Pike who was a widow.

"And exchange cake recipes," sniffed Ariana.

"And tell each other we've each got the best and kindest husband in the world," sneered the pretty girl near the door.

"Ann Blake!" chided the girl's mother. "What are you talking about husbands for? You ain't got any!"

"And not likely to have!" retorted Ann with sudden spirit, and, being near the door, it was easy for her to slip out into the hall and make her escape from the house.

The remaining leaguers exchanged glances of commiseration with Mrs. Blake. "She'll get over it, Mrs. Blake," comforted Mrs. Freeman Pike. "She wouldn't never be happy with Benny Hall so long as he smoked cigarettes. If he wouldn't give 'em up for a sweet, pretty girl like Ann there ain't no hope for him."

Mrs. Blake moved uneasily in her comfortable rocker. "I don't know," she said slowly. "Otherwise Benny's a nice boy and works industriously. He told Ann he just smoked 'em because they was sort of stylish. He said he'd stick to cigars or a pipe if she'd only marry him."

A murmur of disapproval went through the room.

"It says 'tobacco in any form,'" quoted Mrs. Pike, referring to the purpose of the league.

Meantime Ariana had been thinking hard.

"It's a great cause," she said meekly, "and we ought to be willing to suffer for it, only I hope that deserting the men in this way won't result in their going right straight to the bad."

There was stunned silence in the room. Then:

"I never thought of that!"

"A man's got to have a woman's gentle influence."

"She can do more in a quiet way than to desert him and keep him riled up. Lemuel's hardly spoken to me for a week."

"Mr. Blake has been so disagreeable all the week that the children declared there wasn't any peace at home any more along with my belonging to the Home Protective league and their pa joining the Anti-gossip society," complained Ann's mother.

"Seems to me if we're going to have a Home Protective society it's poor policy to begin by breaking up homes and estranging families," ventured Ariana timidly.

"There's some truth in that, Ariana," nodded Mrs. Pike. "Of course men folks are hard to change. They're set in their ways, but I've got some ideas that might work out. Suppose we get our sons to promise not to begin to smoke until they're twenty-one. Like as not by that time some of 'em won't want to. And we might spend our efforts in having a social club to meet around at different houses once a week and let men, women and children join in and have a good time. And I guess that'll promote good feeling all around and kind of protect the homes"—

"And shut off that Anti-gossip society," put in Mrs. Lemuel Skinner so energetically that everybody laughed outright.

"Shall we do it?" asked Mrs. Freeman Pike, looking around at the interested faces.

"Let's!" was the unanimous decision.

Late that afternoon Ariana Willis went home by the road that led past Philo Standish's wheat field. In her hand she carried a small parcel wrapped in white paper. Her face was first flushed and then pale with inner excitement.

Philo saw her coming and happened to be near the fence. He was smoking half heartedly at the clay pipe and took pains to relight it as Ariana approached. To his surprise, she came straight to the fence and called him.

"Philo!" she called softly.

He turned instantly, and his hand must have been shaking, for the pipe dropped clumsily from his fingers and was shattered on the same stone that had witnessed the breaking of another one.

"What is it, Ariana?" he asked, ignoring the incident.

Ariana held out the little package. "I'm glad you broke your clay pipe, Philo. I've brought you a nice, new one."

Philo reached both hands and drew Ariana close to the fence. He put the pipe in his pocket and spoke tenderly. "Thank you, dear. I've thought maybe you'd compromise on letting me smoke once a day and"—

"No, no!" cried Ariana.

"I'd like to feel I was doing it for you, Ariana. Do you know that foolish league I organized has busted up."

"When?" demanded Ariana.

"This very instant," declared Philo as he kissed her on the lips.

POLICE OF RUSSIA

The Trick They Work to Gather In Political Suspects.

CAUGHT IN THE MOUSETRAP.

When, After a Secret Arrest, the Snare Is Set It Holds All Who Enter, Regardless of Nationality, Dress, Social Position or Official Rank.

Although the peculiar form of police ambuscade known as a mousetrap has had its highest development and its widest application in Russia, writes George Kennan in the Century, it did not originate in that country, nor did it receive there its strikingly appropriate appellation.

It was imported from France a century or more ago, and the name that it bears was given to it by Alexandre Dumas in 1829. The distinguished French story teller described it in "The Three Musketeers" as follows:

"The invention of the mousetrap does not date from our days. As soon as societies in process of formation created police the police in their turn invented mousetraps. As our readers may not be familiar with the slang of the Rue de Jerusalem and as it is fifteen years since we applied this term for the first time to the thing, we may be allowed perhaps to explain to them what a mousetrap is.

"When in a house of any kind a person suspected of crime is arrested the arrest is kept secret, four or five men are placed in ambuscade in the first apartment, the door is opened to all who knock, it is then closed after them, and they are arrested so that at the end of two or three days the police have in their power all the persons who are accustomed to visit the place. And that is a mousetrap."

Dumas does not explain that the trap is set and the first arrest made at a late hour of the night, generally between 1 and 3 o'clock a. m., so that the mice will not become aware of it and avoid the dangerous locality. You may call upon a "politically untrustworthy" friend in the evening, drink tea with him, discuss the state of the country and go home at midnight without having seen or heard anything to excite suspicion or suggest peril, but if you return to the same house or apartment early the next morning you are liable to fall into a mousetrap.

The trap, moreover, catches and holds every person who enters it regardless of nationality, dress, social position or official rank. Russian revolutionists are accustomed to assume all sorts of disguises, from the blue frock coat and wrinkled top boots of the gendarmerie to the sword, epaulets and golden cords of the general staff, and if the czar himself in the uniform of the Preobrazhenski guards should visit incognito a house in which a trap had been set he would be arrested promptly and sent to the nearest precinct station house for identification.

No discretionary power of any kind is given to the police officers in charge. The mice caught may not look at all like the mice for which the trap was set, but even if they appear to be ermine or lizards or small, blind kittens they must go to the station house for examination and judgment.

In every large Russian city the police keep an alphabetical list of all persons who are believed to be in sympathy with the revolutionary movement or who for one reason or another are regarded as politically untrustworthy. Such persons are liable to be arrested on suspicion at any time and are almost sure to be taken into custody after the assassination of a high official when there is no clew to the assassin, and the police hope to get a clew by a dragnet system of arrest and investigation.

At such times a hundred arrests or more are often made in a single night, and in the houses or apartments of the persons made prisoners mousetraps are set to catch all comers. The police in charge of the traps are strictly enjoined to send to the nearest precinct station house every person caught, no matter what he may look like and no matter what plausible account he may give of himself. Revolutionists and terrorists often wear uniforms, and a man who declares that he is a colonel of gendarmes or even a general of division may really be a dangerous conspirator in disguise. The instructions given to the trap tenders are always implicitly obeyed, and they sometimes bring about results of an extraordinary and wholly unforeseen character.

A Single Blow.

"You say he died from a single blow administered by himself?"

"That is just what he said."

"But it isn't possible."

"Yes, it is."

"But how did he do it?"

"Blew out the gas."

"Oh!"—London Telegraph.

A Faith Cure.

"Have you ever really known of a cure by faith?"

"Yes. When I was sixteen years old I fell madly in love with a widow of thirty, but my mother and father had faith that I would live if I didn't get her, and I did."—Judge's Library.

The Worm Turns.

Ocean Voyager—Don't the passengers make you tired with the questions they ask? Captain—Yes, very. What else is it you want to know?—Boston Transcript.

Books are men's hearts in other men's hands.—Arabic.

His Efforts.

"What did you do to catch that cold?"

"Oh, ran after it for a couple of Marathon sprints and then finally overtook it by borrowing a friend's racing car."—Baltimore American.

The Necessity Removed.

Baker—Manning's operation has been postponed indefinitely. Barker—Why's that? Baker—His surgeon's wife has inherited a large fortune.—Life.

ITALY'S LUCKY TRAMPS.

The State Shelters Them and Food and Drink Come Easy.

Assuredly the tramp in Italy is a man to be envied! Save for a coat to his back and shoes to his feet there are few things which he need worry about as he passes from village to village in that country of blue skies and sunshine. Food he can find in the vineyards and on the fig trees, drink is obtainable almost for nothing, so plentiful is wine, and shelter is provided for him gratis by a benevolent government.

"I was often struck during my recent journey in northern Italy by the delightful public dormitories which are erected by the roadsides throughout the country, especially in the valleys leading from the Mediterranean coast to the hill towns of Liguria.

I visited a dormitorio publico on the highway near Camporosso, in the Nervia valley, and surely no wayfarer could desire a more charming resting place. The authorities have placed it under the shade of the olive trees, so that, however hot the sun may be, the footsore traveler can obtain his much needed siesta in a perfectly cool place. It looked so attractive, standing there in the shade, that I myself was almost tempted to escape from the sunshine and seek refuge beneath its hospitable roof."—Wide World Magazine.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.

Their Origin and the Conditions That Made Them a Necessity.

In ancient times each district in the highlands had its "todhunter," whose duty it was to see carefully to it that the then flourishing firm of fox, otter and company did not do a too prosperous business in lamb and poultry. Sometimes these todhunters were of "the laird's men," sometimes they were supported by the whole community of small farmers and grazers, but always they were local dignitaries. There was honor and considerable profit in their office, and in time it came to be more or less hereditary. Their duty was simple. They waged a war of extermination against the vermin, which, however, was a very different matter from the good old English sport of fox hunting.

In the rough country horse and hound would have been worse than useless, and Reynard made his den in such rocky ground that he could not be dug out. The sole solution was a dog small enough to follow the fox or otter or badger or wild cat into his lair, strong enough to bring him out dead or alive and game enough to do both. A dog developed from this necessity, and that dog was the ancestor of the present day Scottish terrier.—William Haynes in Outing.

Water at Meals.

There is a very popular fallacy abroad—namely, that a person should never drink water with his meals. There is one and only one danger in this. That is the temptation to wash down half masticated food with water. There is one distinct advantage in the digestion of food when water is taken with the meals. As food is swallowed it goes to the stomach in a lump about the consistency of a bread dressing. One can see that it requires a great length of time for the digestive juices to penetrate the mass and come in contact with the food particles. If the food is diluted with water the digestive juices can easily have access to it. In this and in other ways water keeps the digestive tract clean. If people drank enough water there would be no operations for appendicitis.—Kansas Industrialist.

Why Animals Fear Man.

The universal antipathy of animated nature for man can scarcely be explained as the teaching of experience. Man has played his role of universal meddler for too short a time to have impressed himself on the memory of each individual line. There must be something in his attitude of mind that communicates itself to them and induces its proper automatic reflex. The mouse that runs over the lion's foot and gnaws at his bone goes to earth like a flash when man comes near. The bee hangs in the air and then goes on because man stands by her favorite foxglove. Even the witless snake stirs in its sun smitten sleep and is moved by a feeling in the air to seek its den.—London Nation.

Following the Rule.

"Barbara," the teacher scolded, "your writing exercise is very nice except the last line, which is dreadful. Why do the letters stagger and fall over one another in that disgraceful way?"

Barbara raised reproachful blue eyes wet with tears. "You 'ticularly said write every line better than the last!" she reminded her mentor.—New York Press.

The Real Reason.

Freddie—Mamma, me face is dirty. Please wash it. Mamma — Freddie, where in the world do you learn to say "me face," like a little street arab? Why don't you say "my face is dirty?" Freddie—Because your face isn't dirty.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

On Safe Ground.

Whenever on one of his rare holidays Captain Goldby went to the city he took some young relative with him as a special treat. On one such occasion he told his seventeen-year-old grandson, whom he had with him, that they would "dine at a real rest'rant and get a taste of fancy cooking."

When they were at last seated in the great dining room the grandson waited impatiently while the captain read the bill of fare completely through without omitting a single article, whether domestic or foreign in title. At last he sighed and handed the card across the table to the boy.

"You choose what you like, sonny," he said, with a sigh. "As for me, I reckon as I've already eat more herrin' than any other man livin' I might as well stow away a little more. It's al'ays agreed with me so far."—Youth's Companion.

BROKE HER PROMISE.

She Hated to Do It, but Then She Felt That She Was Justified.

A widely known motor racer was asked by a friend if he would be so kind as to allow three young women to accompany him while he was trying out a new racing car.

"Why, I can't be bothered with passengers at a time like that, and especially with women. They always talk to me, and I can't have my mind distracted. It might prove dangerous, you know."

"But these girls won't bother you. I'll tell them not to. One of them is my sister. They are crazy to go; want to say they have ridden with you. You know how girls are."

"Well, if you will tell them they mustn't speak to me while I am driving they may go. They mustn't move around or do anything to distract my attention. You impress this upon them. If they are willing to do this they can go."

The promise was made, and they started. At one place the driver ran over a water guard and there was a tremendous bump. He did not try to look around, as he was going at a rapid rate of speed, but presently he felt a timid touch on his shoulder.

"What is it?" he growled.

A weak little voice answered him: "Really, I hate awfully to bother you. I know I shouldn't and promised not to. But I feel I must tell you Helen isn't with us now."—Harper's Magazine.

A TOMB IN TOKYO.

Luck In Chips From the Headstone Over a Famous Thief.

Behind the temple sacred to the nameless dead and close to the wrestling amphitheater in Tokyo there is to be found the grave of the celebrated robber Nezumi Kozo, who stole from the daimios long ago in the old Yeddo days that he might relieve the sufferings of the poor.

There is a superstition connected with this grave which has made it a much frequented spot. If a portion of the headstone is carried away it acts as a lucky talisman, particularly to those who speculate or are otherwise engaged in games of chance. It is usual for a person breaking a piece from the stone to make a vow that in case he is successful he will buy a new headstone to replace the one he has mutilated. Many prayers must have been answered, for the stones are piled high on either side of the grave, and an enterprising individual near by has the stones already for sale and only waiting the name of the donor to be engraved and then set up.

A shelter has been placed over the spot, and from the roof hang gray lanterns and pilgrims' banners. A large money box catches all the stray sen which go for the upkeeping of the grave. Gamblers and geisha are often visitors. Students before their examinations feel more assured of success if they have a chip of Nezumi Kozo's headstone in the sleeve of their kimono.—Argonaut.

BURBAGE, THE ACTOR.

He Was the First to Appear In Shakespeare's Leading Roles.

The first actor to personate Shakespeare's leading characters was Richard Burbage, who was probably born in the same year with Shakespeare, and whose name stands next to that of Shakespeare in the licences for acting granted to the company at the Globe theater, in London, by James I. in 1603 Burbage was performing at the Globe theater on the night of June 29, 1613, when that edifice was burned. This was shortly after Shakespeare had given up the stage and retired upon a competency to his native town of Stratford. It is said that because of this disaster not one line of a drama by Shakespeare, in his handwriting or in the handwriting of that period, has been preserved.

Burbage died March 16, 1618, two years after Shakespeare, and his death was the occasion for much more elegiac effusion than had followed the death of his great but modest friend. The poets, who had been under heavy obligations to the actor, felt his loss severely and gave him what post mortem payment they could. It is said that Burbage was also a successful painter in oil. Oh, that he had given the immortal bard a sitting or two before his easel, but doubtless he painted for ready money, and it may be that Shakespeare was not a desirable patron of art!

Burbage, like Shakespeare, was not unthrifty, and at his death left a landed estate that produced £300 a year, equivalent to about six times that amount today or almost $10,000 a year.—Exchange.

Always Against Them.

Mike Kelly had been a habitue of the courthouse for fifteen years and at every criminal trial had occupied a front seat, listening with evident admiration to the speeches of the prosecuting attorney.

"Ben," he said one day after the prosecutor had ended his remarks, "I've heard you speak again and again, but never, on my soul, have I heard you say a good word for the poor devil on trial."—Popular Magazine.

Mary's Little Ring.

Mary had a little ring; 'twas given by her beau; and everywhere that Mary went that ring was sure to go.

She took the ring with her one day when she went out to tea, where she might display it to the girls, who numbered twenty-three.

And when the girls all saw that ring, they made a great ado, exclaiming, with one voice, "Has it at last got round to you?"—London Tit-Bits.

Unreasonable.

"What is your objection to Dr. Foodlam?"

"His unreasonableness. He told me I should have to take more nourishment and then charged me so much that I couldn't afford to take any."—Satire.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1912

THE WOBURN RECOUNT.

State Senator Brown of this District was dissatisfied with the count of the election officers at the Primaries on April 30 and directed his Attorney, Harold P. Johnson, who, like his client, was a Roosevelt follower, to call for a recount of the ballots cast in this city for him.

A recount was accordingly held by the Board of Registrars of Voters on Monday evening and resulted in no change in Brown's chances of attending as an 8th District delegate to the Republican National Convention next June.

The Senator lost one vote and gained one, which left him where he began.

DISTRICT RECOUNT.

Dissatisfied with the report of his defeat at the Primaries on April 30, as an 8th District candidate for Delegate to the Republican National Convention, State Senator Brown of Medford petitioned for a recount in every voting precinct in the District.

His petition was granted, a recount held, and the verdict of the people, for whose benefit he consented to run on the Roosevelt ticket, stands.

Senator Brown will not represent the 8th Massachusetts District at the Chicaga Convention.

BROWN IS BLAMED.

The Roosevelt faction, of which he was a member at the Primaries, hold Hon. Charles H. Brown of Medford, Senator from this District, responsible, with two other Republicans, for the defeat of a motion to reconsider the Senatorial Preference Bill in the Upper Branch of the Massachusetts Legislature last Monday which, they say, would have carried but for their three votes, and rendered the reelection of Murray Crane to the U. S. Senate next winter extremely doubtful.

Senator Brown is severely censured by the "Progressives."

☞ From documents received from Capt. Charles F. Staples, who is Secretary and Treasurer of the Anniversary Committee, we learn that the Town of Bowdoinham, Kennebec County, Maine, is to celebrate the 150th anniversary of its incorporation on September 18, next, for which extensive preparations are already well advanced. The plan for it is unique. It is briefly set forth in an article of the Town Meeting warrant and favorably acted on by the voters of Bowdoinham on March 4, 1912. The article reads:

"To see if the town will vote to appoint a committee to solicit funds, which will be deposited in various savings institutions which compound their interest. Said deposit is to remain on interest to the credit of the town of Bowdoinham until September in the year 2012. At that time the accumulation is to be used by the town of Bowdoinham for educational and charitable purposes."

The scheme for the celebration is novel and the credit of it belongs wholly to the people of the old and highly respectable Town of Bowdoinham on the Cathance.

☞ Mayor Murray, Chairman Stewart of the Board of Health, and Street Commissioner M. J. Kennedy, have pledged themselves and their Departments to aid, with teams, the Woburn Village Improvement Association in their good work of cleaning up the city and making it more presentable to the eye of the stranger. It is a praiseworthy undertaking, a much needed improvement, and aid from City Hall will be appreciated.

☞ According to the annual report of the Board of Directors to the stockholders of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company of Boston which ended on December 21, 1911, the receipt of a copy of which is hereby acknowledged, the Company had at that date a total of 421,002 stations, and a total wire mileage of 870,293. The number of employees on the same date was 11,069.

☞ The new way of selecting delegates to the Presidential conventions, as practiced in this State on April 30, came pretty close to being a failure. Only a small share of the voters understood it, and the rest of them didn't mind. In this city nobody hardly seemed to care anything about the newfangled methods of choosing delegates, and the vote showed it.

☞ Mayor Murray has instituted Court proceedings against the Woburn Amusement Company through Chief of Police McDermott for carrying on a moving picture show in this city without a license to do so. They are the outcome of a quarrel between the Mayor and the Co., in which the public are not especially interested.

☞ At their meeting on May 2 the City Council refused by a vote of 12 to 3 to grant a 6th class druggist license to a firm who had petitioned for one. The decision was made on the ground that the city voted "Nolicense" at the last election, and the commands must be obeyed. Alderman McGovern of Church avenue made a strong and telling speech against granting licenses to drug gists.

☞ The Annual Report of the State Ornithologist, Edward Howe Furbush, has just been published by the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, and is worth reading. It contains a fund of information concerning birds that every lover of them ought to possess, and can nowhere else be obtained. Mr. Furbush is the most instructive and entertaining writer on the subject in New England.

☞ It was a narrow squeeze for both sides at the Maryland Primaries last Monday. Just a few more votes and Taft would have carried the State. The Primary plan for choosing delegates to the National convention is a farce, at the best.

☞ As Baltimore was the scene of the first shooting down of Union soldiers in the Southern Rebellion in 1861 who were on their way from Boston to the defence of Washington, it seems meet that Roosevelt should capture the Maryland Primaries last Monday.

☞ The Boston Correspondent of the Woburn JOURNAL begins his series of weekly campaign letters in today's issue. They have been popular in years past, and will no doubt prove to be in the future.

☞ Ex-Senator Herbert S. Riley, Representative Joe Henry Parker, Jr., and Mr. Delacy Cockum of the Billerica Grange were the speakers at the meeting of the Woburn Grange last week.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

The Dauchy Co.—Saved by a Postal.
N. E. Tel. & Tel. Co.—Your Address.

— The rain on Monday interfered materially with the week's washing.

— It was 72 degrees above at Callahan's Crossing yesterday noon, May 9.

— The weather this week has been fine for ducks, but poor for corn planting.

— On June 6 Brewster Colony U. O. P. F. are to celebrate an anniversary.

— The Winchester strike is growing. A number of the laborers went out last Monday.

— Fruit trees are in blossom here, and the prospect for a large yield of pears is good.

— The City Council refused licenses to druggists 12 to 3, which appeared to mean business.

— You'll find your wife at Lyceum Hall this evening. Everybody is going to the May Party.

— Dr. Stewart's Board of Health didn't do much business at their last meeting. There was not much to do.

— Our H. S. team must wake right up and play ball. It contains good ball timber and can wax any team in the League.

— The foliage on the trees is as thick and heavy now as in midsummer nearly. Rain, east wind, and a little sunshine have done it.

— Excellent strawberries at 18 and 20 cents a box are not at all dear for May. Angelo Crovo is selling heaps of them at those prices.

— The Battalion drill of the High School for the Parker and Moore prizes is to take place on the H. S. grounds Friday, May 31.

—The Knights of the Sacred Heart, a Catholic organization that is growing very fast, will camp out this summer somewhere within 7 miles of this city.

— Our thanks are hereby tendered for Press courtesies that enabled the JOURNAL to enjoy the splendid Choate Hospital May Party yesterday and today.

— An abortive attempt was made last week by one of the School Board to kick up another fuss over the High School lunchroom. He was promptly "tabled."

— After the business of installing the officers of St. Charles C. T. A. S. last Tuesday evening refreshments were had followed by a pleasant dance with good music.

— The Shubert Trio—Maude Littlefield, violin; Dora Winn Andrews, piano; John C. Andrews, clarinet, played at a Masonic festival in Wilmington a few evenings since. They furnish fine music.

— The old Mishawum Club are holding a birthday celebration this evening, May 10. It will consist of a popular entertainment, a banquet, oratory, and other good things.

— Captain Waldo H. Shattuck, one of the brightest students in the High School, with a military bent of disposition, has been appointed Major of the Woburn High School Battalion.

— The Woburn delegates to the annual convention of the Railroad Station Employees Union to be held 4 days at Manchester, N. H., beginning May 14, are James J. Carroll and Frank G. Lippsett.

— Mr. Herbert C. Huntress, General Manager of the S. B. Goddard & Son Woburn-Boston Insurance Company, President of Towanda Club, etc., has, it is said, bought of Mr. L. W. Thompson the fine residence on Warren avenue built by the late Leonard Thompson, Esq, and occupied by his family until the present time. It occupies a splendid site and is one of the best home places in Woburn.

— This week the Woburn public schools are enjoying their last vacation before the close of the present school year and graduation of the Senior Class of the High School, which will occur during the latter part of June.

— Mr. George E. Tripp has opened a store at 3 Montvale avenue for the sale of all kinds of photographic goods of which he will keep a full and complete stock. He and his business are worthy of a liberal public patronage.

— The Water Department is making good progress in laying the new mains. The digging on Warren avenue was finished last week. The old mains have held out remarkably well, but it is high time that new ones should be put in.

— Mr. Edgar Thompson of Chicago brother of Mr. Waldo Thompson of this city, has been visiting relatives and friends here of late. For several years he has been employed by a leading Western Railroad Company as Civil Engineer.

— Numerous Woburn Unitarians attended the Conference at Lexington last Wednesday. Eminent clergymen of that denomination, including Rev. Charles F. Dole of Boston, preached. There was a large attendance and a refreshing season.

— The "first frog song of the season" has not yet been reported at this office. It generally closely follows that of the robin, bluebird, oriole and a few other feathered warblers, but seems to be tardy this spring in giving its evening concerts.

— Mr. Edmund Shea, whose skull was accidentally fractured by a machine that he was operating at the Murdock leather factory last week, died at the Choate Hospital on Monday night. He never recovered consciousness after the accident.

— By adjournment from last Saturday the liquor cases are to be tried by Judge John G. Maguire in the District Court. The inability of Lawyer John P. Feeney, Attorney for the respondents, to be present necessitated the postponement on May 4.

— Many lovers of pure air and charming scenery go to Rag Rock or Horn Pond Mountain on sweet May mornings where they find a full supply of both. Picturesque landscapes are seen from them in all directions, and the air is pleasant and bland.

— The prospect for cheaper coal in and around Boston is not cheering. No settlement of the Barons was affected at the Boston conference of them the other day. It looks as though they would continue to rob the people for some time to come.

— News was received here a few days ago that Judge E. F. Johnson, Dr. Robert Chalmers, Dr. Buss, and Mr. Charles Fitz, tourists, had reached Los Angeles, California, in good health and fine spirits. It was also reported that they were enjoying the trip.

— The proprietors of the vaudeville and moving picture theatre, were arraigned in the District Court last Wednesday and pleaded not guilty to a charge of conducting their show without a license. Judge Littlefield will try the cases tomorrow or next Tuesday.

— The following were the Ushers at the Choate Hospital May Party yesterday: Bertha Boutelle, Gretchen Van Tassell, Dorothy Cotton, Gertrude Cotton, Rachel Blodgett, Amelia Gould. Hern's Orchestra are furnishing music for the Party today, as they did yesterday.

— Work on the former postoffice rooms corner of Pleasant and Federal streets preparatory to their occupation by the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, who own the fine building, is progressing in a manner satisfactory to Mr. A. Herbert Holland, Treasurer of the Bank. Considerable time will be required to complete it.

— The annual recitals of Miss Maude H. Littlefield's violin and piano classes are always looked forward to with deep interest by lovers of choice music. They draw large audiences, as they will, no doubt, this season. The first of the two recitals is to be given in Music Hall at 8 o'clock Friday evening, May 17; and the second in the same Hall at 8 o'clock Friday evening, June 7. The classes are large and throroughly drilled, and fine concerts may be relied on.

— We found out last Monday morning with considerable surprise and a good deal of disgust, that the price of stove coal was then $8 63 a ton. The question, what will become of us poor newspaper men if a stop is not immediatly put to such unprecedented and outrageous charges for coal? In the song popular half a century ago anthracite was called "black diamonds" and if all the "Barons," the miners, and Railroad Presidents are not imprisoned or killed off the "egg" and the "nut" will soon become as precious and costly as the real thing, for which the retail dealers are not responsible.

— Last Saturday the funeral of Michael Caulfield, member of Post 33, G. A. R who died at his home in Montvale on May 2, 1912, at nearly 90 years of age, was held and the interment of his earthly remains was in Calvary cemetery. Rev. Patrick Higgins was the officiating minister. He led an eventful life. Born in Ireland, at an early age he accompanied his parents to Newfoundland and from there followed the sea for a long time. He served in the British Navy 7 years, and came to Boston in 1850, where, when the Civil War broke out, he enlisted in the American Navy and did good service as a Union soldier.

— If the JOURNAL has been correctly informed, last Sunday, May 5, 1912, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D., rounded out 10 years of successful service as Pastor of the First Congregational church of Woburn. He succeeded Rev. Doremus Scudder D. D., who is Pastor of the largest and wealthiest church in Honolulu, Hawaii, whose religious work among the Japanese is a matter of honorable record. He was formerly a Missionary Physician in Japan, where his estimable wife was also a missionary. Rev. Dr. Norton came to Woburn at the close of a long and prosperous ministerial service at San Diego, California. Previous to his settlement there he was Pastor for 7 years of the Congregational church at Princeton, Illinois.

— Woburn Firemen's Relief Association held its annual meeting on Wednesday evening, May 8, and elected the following officers: President, Frank E. Tracy; Vice President, John F. Kenney; Secretary, G. H. Newcomb; Fin. Secretary, James H. Hammond; Treasurer, Edward E. Stowers; Auditors, W. G. Stretton, A. J. Foster, G. A. Boutwell; Trustees of Burial Lot, John F. Kenney, Frank Callahan, Sylvester Lannon. Among the important business transacted it was voted to hold a "Firemens' Day" in the near future and a committee was appointed for that purpose.

— Last Wednesday was the ninth day, one after another, that an east wind, commonly and properly known as the "Boston East Wind," had prevailed here, and how much longer it continued to blow we lacked courage to keep an account of. Seemingly its character, and certainly, its effect varies according to the season of the year. In the spring, as now, it is exceedingly disagreeable: in dogdays it is the reverse—pleasant and welcome. Last Sunday the weather at Nashua, N. H. was mild and balmy; but as soon as our homebound travelers from that happy land struck the east wind a few miles north of Woburn they shrivelled up with cold like early vegetable vines in a heavy frost. Thus opinions differ.

— The annual May Party held to aid the Choate Memorial Hospital in its good work opened yesterday, May 9, in Lyceum Hall and will close this evening. It is pronounced the best one that has yet been given, with an attendance larger than that on any previous year. It is under the direction and management of Miss Helen Sylvester, the accomplished and popular singer, dancer, reader, actress, and entertainment purveyor, assisted by several Matrons who have immediate charge of the young dancers. Miss Betty Callahan is Queen of May, and some of the dances are: The Maypole, the Japanese, the Pierrot and Pierrotte, the Butterfly, the Danube Maidens of which Miss Esther Bean is Matron, and solo dances, the Spanish, Highland Fling, and others. It looks as though the Managers would have a fat purse of money to turn into the Hospital fund.

— The old saying, "go away from home to get the news" is not always true. Here is proof of it: Mr. Corliss, a cousin of the builder of the "Corliss wheel" exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, and his wife, the daughter of Capt. William A. Andrews a newspaper reporter, author, and lecturer who, many years ago, crossed the Atlantic Ocean from Atlantic City, N. J. to Spain alone in the "Sapolio," a boat built by himself 14 feet and 6 inches long, 5 feet 5 inches broad, and 3 feet deep, live at No. 7 Bennett street in this city, but are about to move to Billerica and occupy a bungalow which they are building there. Mrs. Corliss has a book written by her father, Capt. Andrews, in 1893, which contains a full account of his perilous trip, the preface of which was furnished by Mark Twain. Subsequently some New York capitalist furnished another boat for Capt. Andrews in which he was to sail again for England. When ready to start he took his bride by a second marriage, stepmother of Mrs. Corliss, and left New Jersey on what seamen and landsmen declared was a suicidal undertaking. From the day of their departure to the present time not a word has been heard from Capt Andrews and his bride. The law declaring them dead after 7 years, the heirs of Capt. Andrews took legal steps to administer on his estate and a short time ago Mrs. Corliss received her share of it, with which she and her husband are building a Billerica home.

— The enviable reputation that Winchester enjoys as a Boston suburb had its origin in the organization of the "Winchester Village Improvement Society" some 25 years ago, the idea of which had its birth in the brain of Samuel W. Twombly, a public spirited and active worker in promoting the material interests of that fair Mystic Valley town. He was soon joined by other citizens of wealth and influence and the W. V. I. S. was a success. Appreciating the advantages of Mr. Twombly's Society, contributions of money, time and labar came generously in aid of its work; the authorities heartily endorsed, and voted liberal sums to help execute its plans for beautifying and increasing the attractions of Winchester as a residential town, which was the original design of Mr. Twombly and his associates, and the splendid results of which, began in a small way, are seen and enjoyed there today. Lately Mr. Charles W. French, whose faith in the future growth of Woburn in population, wealth and importance is evidenced in the building by him of a fine residence on Francis street, conceived the idea of organizing a "Woburn Village Improvement Society," and forthwith set about putting it into execution. He met with gratifying encouragement from the start and very soon had men and money enough pledged to insure success for his praiseworthy scheme to improve and make our city still more attractive to seekers after pleasant homes. Mr. French is an active, energetic young man, loyal to his native town, and under his leadership, backed by the influence, work and money of substantial citizens the W. V. I. S. and city are bound to grow. Mr. French and his associates have already begun and are making good progress in their work of improvement.

B. T. H. Porter.

He was a highly respected resident of Woburn many years.

Born at the North End, Boston, in 1823 he came here at an early age and engaged in the occupation of carpenter and builder. This he changed to the insurance business which he successfully carried on until the infirmities of old age compelled him to retire from work.

Mr. Porter died at his home, No. 2 Johnson street, this city, on Wednesday, May 9, 1912.

The funeral will be held on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

the antiseptic powder to shake into the shoes. Makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Relieves painful, swollen, tender, sweating, aching feet and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Sold everywhere, 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.* Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

Zelda Sears, the late star of "The Nest Egg," Harriet Burt, the prima donna of "The Time, The Place, and The Girl;" Trovato, the Filipino violinist; and the Charles Ahern Troupe of cyclists, will be among the principal features of a great all star bill announced for next week at B. F. Keith's Theatre. For her vaudeville engagement Miss Sears has secured one of the funniest and most original comedies ever written. It is entitled "The Wardrobe Woman," and deals with life behind the scenes in a small one-night stand theatre in the far West. The show has "busted up" to use the slang expression, and the company is stranded without a cent to pay for their next meal.

THE HOLLIS STREET.

Frances Starr has added to her glory as an actress and David Belasco to his fame as a producer by the new Edward Locke play, "The Case of Becky," which will open its last week at the Hollis Monday night, May 13. Mr. Belasco has certainly found a play different from anything he has produced, and Miss Starr a role that few actresses would dare attempt. That Miss Starr has scored a sensational success in Boston in this difficult part is an evidence of her lasting claim to be one of the greatest emotional actresses. She endows the chief role in "The Case of Becky" with great charm and girlishness, and with wonderful artistry. Her's is the difficult task of representing two different characters embodied in one person—a role of dual personality.

GORDON'S OLYMPIA.

The opening of Gordon's Olympia, Boston's latest and finest popular price Theatre, on Washington street opposite Boylston street, last Monday noon was an historical event in the Histrionic life of Boston. The crowds which packed the Olympia all day and all the week since were simply amazed at the wondrous beauty of the house and its numerous features tor the comfort of patrons. The escalators, which give the Olympia the title "House of the Moving Stairs," were generously patronized and proved a boon as well as a great novelty. By means of these moving stairways patrons can go direct to their seats in any part of the house, and the ease and comfort with which this is done makes the seats in the gallery almost as desirable as those in other parts of the building.

"THE SPRING MAID" AT THE THE TREMONT.

Last Monday night at the Tremont Theatre the return of "The Spring Maid" with the dainty star Christie MacDonald was greeted with a large and enthusiastic audience. Opening here over a year and a half ago and not staying long enough for the people of Boston and surrounding towns to hardly get acquainted with the delightful melodies it was taken to New York, where it has remained ever since. Werba & Luescher have left the original cast intact and in the strong supporting company are Tom McNaughton, Thomas Conkey, Ben Hendricks, Ann Tasker and Charles H. Hart, all were most heartily applauded. Such numbers as the waltz song, "Day Dreams," "Two Little Love Bees," "Fountain Fay," and "How I Love a Pretty Face," were encored over and over and the audience could not seem to get enough of them. There will be the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

THE BOSTON.

Everybody is talking about the wonderful success of Julian Eltinge in "The Fascinating Widow" at the Boston Theatre. The name of Eltinge is a household word in this city, where the famous young actor was born and reared until he went forth to claim the attention of the theatre going world. He returned crowned with his well earned success to the Boston Theatre and his welcome must have made his heart beat the quicker, for the reception accorded him proved the undeniable and marvelous hold he maintains on the affections of his admirers in this city. We cannot praise the artistic accomplishments of this young man too highly. All the flattering things which could be said of his wonderful impersonations of the feminine sex would require columns of space. The Wednesday and Saturday matinees, with 800 good orchestra seats at $1, are specially suited for amusement-seekers unable to attend the evening performances.

B. F. Keith Now Controls All Vaudeville.

B. F. Keith has purchased the Percy G. Williams' circuit, composed of the eight largest and finest high-class vaudeville theatres in New York City, and by the consummation of a deal with Messrs. Meyerfield and Beck of the Orpheum Circuit, Mrs. C. E. Kohl of Chicago, and Max Anderson of New York, has clarified the vaudeville situation and brought about the biggest amalgamation of interests ever known in the theatrical world. It involves millions of dollars, and by the purchase of interests in each others houses East and West, practically makes a gigantic combination of all the high class vaudeville theatres in America.

Porto Rico's New Wonder.

From far away Porto Rico come reports of a wonderful new discovery that is believed will vastly benefit the people. Ramon T. Marchan, of Barceloneta, writes "Dr. King's New Discovery is doing splendid work here. It cured me about five times of terrible coughs and colds, also my brother of a severe cold in his chest and more than 20 others, who used it on my advice. We hope this great medicine will yet be sold in every drug store in Porto Rico." For throat and lung troubles it is. No equal. A trial will convince you of its merit. 50c & $1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by All Druggists.

Only A Fire Hero

but the crowd cheered, as, with burned hands, he held up a small round box, "Fellows!" he shouted, "this Bucklen's Arnica Salve I hold, has everything beat for burns." Right! also for boils, ulcers, sores, pimples, eczema, cuts, sprains, bruises. Surest pile cure. It subdues inflammation, kills pain. Only 25c at All Druggists.

Your Address
In the Directory

You will want telephone service at your summer residence, of course. It may seems a long look ahead, but it is well to decide now.

The Summer Telephone Directory for the Boston Division is almost ready for the printer. You will want your Summer address there, but if you delay your order it may be impossible to complete the work in time to print it.

Tell us now where you will want service so that we may have it when you want it.

This Directory includes the North Shore and the South Shore as well as Boston and Suburbs.

Call Fort Hill 7600, ask for the Contract Department, and give your order.

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. — LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE — BELL SYSTEM — AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

Methodist Church.

The pastor will recognize the 23rd anniversary of the Epworth League at the Sunday morning service by delivering a sermon to young people on "Building Character by Model." At the evening hour of worship, 7 o'clock, he will give an inspirational sermon on "The Open Door."

The Epworth League service at 6 o'clock will be directed by the Cabinet and will recognize in some suitable way anniversary day.

Burlington.

This old town is to have a fine and commodious Town Hall. At a meeting held on Friday evening, May 3, the report of a special committee was made and accepted. It provides for a Hall that will cost $15,000, large enough to meet the demands of the town, 2 stories and supplied with every modern convenience. The town is amply able to have such a Hall, and has needed one for many years.

If the attractions of this old town as a summer residence were better known and appreciated, more rich Boston business men, gentlemen of elegant leisure, Lawyers, Doctors, etc. would come here and establish summer homes. Its location is high and dry; it furnishes the best of spring water; no more delightful scenery can be found anywhere; it is wholly an agricultural town; and the inhabitants are intelligent and honest.

WINCHESTER.

According to the returns our people didn't go wild at the Primaries. Only 889 ballots were cast.

Memorial Day, May 30, will be observed here as usual. No programme for it has yet been issued. The G. A. R. have it in hand.

The Democrats of this town favor the nomination of Speaker Champ Clarke for President every time. They have no use for Woodrow Wilson, and not to blame, either.

Between running down auto law breakers, and quieting Italian labor in surrections, our Chief of Police and his faithful men are kept as busy as bees these delightful spring days.

Wonder how Tom Lawson felt over Roosevelt's defeat at the Mass primaries? Wonder if anybody knows which candidate he favored? Tom has kept very quiet since the fall of copper.

The Household Economics Committee of the Fortnightly closed the course of lectures for this season on Monday, May 6, by a talk on "The Child the Adult of Tomorrow." The Course has been a success.

The town has again voted for the "Town Plan" for abolishing the grade crossing nuisance. That provides for raising the highway over the Railroad and is generally favored. It has been voted for several times, and is more likely to be adopted at last than any other. It has been a hard nut to crack.

A labor strike broke out here last week which for a time threatened serious results. About 200 Italians employees of Fitzgerald & Co., contractors, struck for higher wages and shorter hours, and became ugly. After some of them had been fined by Judge Maguire in the District Court the others cooled down. How long peace will continue nobody knows.

Flagged Train With Shirt.

Tearing his shirt from his back an Ohio man flagged a train and saved it from a wreck, but H. T. Alston, Raleigh, N. C., once prevented a wreck with Electric Bitters. "I was in a terrible plight when I began to use them," he writes, "my stomach, head, back and kidneys were all badly affected and my liver was in bad condition, but four bottles of Electric Bitters made me feel like a new man." A trial will convince you of their matchless merit for any stomach, liver or kidney trouble. Price 50 cents at All Druggists.

Notice to the Trustee.

In handling other people's money the principal must be kept intact. If as a trustee, those to whom you are responsible insist upon an income which you in your heart know cannot be obtained without taking some slight chance, give up the trust without hesitation, says World's Work. There is no more bitter experience through which an honest trustee or executor can pass than the rendering of an accounting for a lost or depleted trust. No reason or excuse can weigh for an instant against the actual result which he faces. A single slip in the handling of funds like this may doom all future generations of that family to lives of poverty. This is the greatest responsibility ever laid upon a trustee, an executor, a banker or an adviser, and no honest man should assume it unless he is prepared to endure for the sake of the future all the criticism that may center upon him on account of extreme conservatism in the present.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "The Divine Motherhood."
Men's Class at noon.
12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 6.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45.
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday from 2.30 to 4.30.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, May 5, Mary Scanlon, aged 65 years.
In this city, May 6, Edmund Shea, aged 34 years.
In this city, May 7, Katherine Harnden, aged 79 years.

DURABLE RUGS
Made from
Old Carpets.
WE PAY THE FREIGHT.
Write for further particulars.
LEWIS MFG. CO.,
Dept. R, Walpole, Mass.

RHEUMATISM
PROMPTLY RELIEVED BY
THE ENGLISH REMEDY
BLAIR'S PILLS
SAFE & EFFECTIVE. 50c & $1
DRUGISTS
OR 95 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

S. FRANK SHERMAN,
118 High Street, Reading, Mass., twenty years' experience Making and Tuning Pianos. All orders will receive prompt attention.


PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c and $1.00 at Druggists.

SAVED BY A POSTAL
Thousands Have Been Cured by Dr David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy—Lives Saved by a Postal Card.
They wrote for a free trial bottle, and were so much pleased with the general results obtained, that they bought a large size bottle of their druggist and it benefited or cured them. It has cured thousands—it will cure you.
Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is of the greatest value for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Blood; rheumatism, constipation and illnesses peculiar to women. Stops such dangerous symptoms as pain in the back, headache back of eyes, inability to hold urine, burning pains and frequent urination. Wonderfully successful for nearly forty years. Write to-day to Dr. David Kennedy Co., Rondout, N. Y., for a free sample bottle and medical pamphlet. Large bottles sold by 40,000 druggists.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
MIDDLESEX, ss.
PROBATE COURT.

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank:

Mary M. Howard, Lucy A. Goodell, Geo. E. M. Galenus, Lutha F. Spalding, John Knights, 3rd, Lizzie F. Adams, Jerusha G. Hatch, Perley M. Berry, Augusta M. Spalding, Freddie H. Reed, Ella B. Kilborne, Mary E. Cordell, E. G. Challis, Kate Bowes, Mary E. Gilson, Timothy Coughlin, Arthur M. Dyer, Rosanna Burns, Kate Foley, and to all other persons interested in certain sums of money deposited in the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, located at Woburn, in said County, to the credits of the persons above named, in the amounts set forth in the hereinafter described petition:

WHEREAS, James M. Swift, Attorney General for said Commonwealth, has presented to said Court his petition representing that for more than thirty years previous to the date of said petition no deposit has been made on any of the said accounts, nor has any part of the principal or interest of any of the said accounts been withdrawn, and no interest has been added upon any of the passbooks; that said deposits have remained during said period unclaimed, nor is any claimant known, and that the depositors of said accounts cannot be found, and praying that this Court, in accordance with the provisions of Section 36 of Chapter 590 of the Acts of the year 1908, order and decree that said sums of money, with the increase and proceeds thereof, be paid to the Treasurer and Receiver-General of said Commonwealth.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex on the twentieth day of May A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to the said Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, fourteen days, at least, before said Court, and by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fourth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

3-10-17 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
MIDDLESEX, ss.
PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Maria Claffy, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Elmer C. Claffy of Boston in the County of Suffolk, without giving a surety on his Bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-third day of May, A. D. 1912 at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of April in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

5-10-17 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Administrator's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a license granted by the Probate Court within and for the County of Middlesex, dated March 18, 1912, the subscriber administrator of the Estate of Katherine E. Davis, late of Woburn in said County, deceased, will sell at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on Wednesday, the fifteenth day of May, A. D. 1912, at three o'clock in the afternoon, a certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on the northerly side of Beach Street, containing one-eighth of an acre more or less, bounded and described as follows, viz.: Southerly by said Beach Street; Easterly by land now or formerly of Mark C. Felch; Northerly by land of Lucy M. Knight; and Westerly by other land of said Lucy M. Knight.

One Hundred ($100.00) Dollars will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days from date of sale.

JOSEPH T. DAVIS, Administrator.
John J. Maguire, Attorney for Administrator.
Woburn, Mass., April 26, 1912.

KNOCK
— THE —
HIGH PRICES
ON MEAT BY BUYING

Best Shrimp, 10c can, 3 cans 25c.
Best Crab Meat 20c and 35c.
Alaska Salmon 13c can.
Kippered Herring 10 and 15c can
Soused Mackerel 15c can
Norwegian " 17c can
Best Am. Sardines 10c., 3 for 25
Best Norwegian " 10c., 3 for 25
P. & C. Sardines, 30 and 41 can
Campbell's Soups 10c can 3 for 25
Van Camp's " 10c can 3 for 25
Woburn Eggs 28c. dozen.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242-3.

OUR
Store Policy
has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—$20.

Whitcher's
PILL BOX
LET US SHOW YOU.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1911.
[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for MALDEN SQ. at 5.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A.M., then every 60 minutes to 2.15 P.M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15 P.M., SUNDAY at 8.15 A.M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P.M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, *11.15 P.M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.05, 7.05 A.M., then every 60 minutes to 3.15 P.M., then every 30 minutes to †10.45, †11.15, †11.45, P.M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A.M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P.M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P.M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A.M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P.M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Centre at 5.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P.M. SUNDAY at 8.30 A.M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P.M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P.M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P.M. SUNDAY at 9 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P.M.

* Melrose Highlands Only.
† To Stoneham Square Only.
GEO. H. GRAY, Supt.

HAVE YOUR
OLD CARPETS
Made into handsome and durable
RUGS
For full particulars address
C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.
Caneseat Chairs Reseated.
Telephone 492 W

NOTICE.
Hair Mattresses Made Over. Ticks Washed and New Ticks furnished when required. New Hair added when needed.

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— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
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Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
Violin and Piano-forte
INSTRUCTION
Season opens October 2.
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Telephone 446

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS
WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY
FOR COUGHS COLDS
PRICE 50¢ & $1.00
TRIAL BOTTLE FREE
AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Kindergarten



The first step from baby clothes to Boys' Suit means a wee, small suit, but a big step in clothes. Realizing the importance of his first suit, we have taken great care to create an absolutely correct assortment of Russian Blouse Suits and Sailor Suits for Kindergarten ages in washable and woolen fabrics.

Woolen Suits - - - $5 to $10
Sizes 2 1-2 to 10 Years
Washable Suits - - - $1.50 to $6
Sizes 2 1-2 to 10 Years
Boys' and Youths' Clothing and Furnishing Goods Department, Second Floor. Take Elevator

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY 400 Washington Street Boston, Mass

ARTIFICIAL EYES

We shall have an Artificial Eye Maker at our Washington Street Store only, from

May 20th to May 25th

to make Artificial Eyes by copying exactly the natural eye.

These Copies are more satisfactory, both as to fit, color, and naturalness, than ready-made eyes.

For information and appointments for sittings, please address.

ANDREW J. LLOYD COMPANY
315 Washington Street, Boston

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.
Relieve Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and are a pleasant remedy for Worms. Used by Mothers for 22 years. *They never fail.* At all Druggists 25c. Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

So Nead.

Priscilla—Jack is the oddest fellow. He took me driving yesterday, and when we were seven miles from home he said if I wouldn't promise to marry him he'd make me get out and walk back. Penelope—Did you walk back? Priscilla—No, indeed, but the horse did!—London Telegraph.

Two Factors.

Willis—I've got to cut out this high life while my wife is away. Gillis—What's the trouble now? Willis—The pace and the neighbors are beginning to tell.—Puck.

An Extremist.

Hicks—Mathers is one of those simplified spelling cranks, isn't he? Wicks—I should say so! He spells wife "yf."—Boston Transcript.

Household Talk.

Husband—A fool and his money are soon parted. Wife—I haven't noticed any of the fool about you for some time.—Judge.

Humility is the virtue all preach, none practices and yet everybody is content to hear.—Selden.

A Great Building Falls
when its foundation is undermined, and if the foundation of health—good digestion—is attacked, quick collapse follows. On the first signs of indigestion, Dr. King's New Life Pills should be taken to tone the stomach and regulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Pleasant, easy, safe and only 25 cents at All Druggists.

IF YOU ARE ILL
from any disorder of the STOMACH, LIVER or KIDNEYS, or if your bowels are inactive at times, or you should suffer from headaches, get a 50 cent bottle of SEVEN BARKS of your druggist. If you are run down and don't feel as young and chipper as you used to, give SEVEN BARKS a fair trial; it will purify your blood, clear your system and brain, and make life worth living. It is absolutely harmless, is highly palatable, and will not disturb the most delicate stomach.
For sale at druggists at 50 cents per bottle. Don't fail to try it. Address
LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York, N.Y.

Linnell's Market

Beech-Nut Brand
(Goods in Glass)

Sliced Beef,
Sliced Bacon,
Peanut Butter,
Red Current Jelly,
Grape Jelly,
Pineapple Preserves,
Raspberry Jam.

406 Main Street, Woburn.
Tel. 314 W.

SIKH SOLDIERS.

An Interesting Division of the British Army In India.

In the English papers one may frequently see pictures of tiny soldiers, about seven or eight years of age, gravely saluting elderly officers. These infants at arms are boy recruits holding regular and dignified places in the Indian army. Each Sikh regiment is allowed twelve of these little chaps, who are trained almost from babyhood. They are paid each 3 rupees and 8 annas a month and at the age of sixteen enter the regular army.

The Sikh soldiers are an interesting and remarkable part of the British army in India. Their conduct in frontier engagements has distinguished them as brave, steady and devoted to their English officers. Yet about fifty years ago these well ordered soldiers were fanatical savages who in their mad uprisings shook the power of Great Britain. Once conquered, they accepted British rule and were trained and disciplined into a well equipped army of 30,000 soldiers. They formed part of the force that subdued the mutiny. The Hodson's horse troops, which helped capture Delhi, were composed of Sikhs whose devoted service to their leader made them famous. Their scarlet sashes and turbans gained them the name of "Flamingoes." Their descendants are no less determined fighters and stanch soldiers.—New York Press.

Assyrian Healing.

Some of the medical treatises of ancient Assyria are models of simplicity, and we cannot doubt the effectiveness of their prescriptions. Thus we are told that if a man has colic we should "make him crouch down on his heels and pour cold water over his head." That ought to cure colic if only the water is cold enough. Again, "When a man is bilious rub him with an onion and let him drink nothing but water and abstain from food altogether." The onion part is probably decorative. At least it can do no harm, while the abstention from food is salutary in the extreme, even for those who are not very bilious. But if a man is in "a weak state" why should it benefit him to "strike him on the head fourteen times with your thumb?" This is suggestive of faith healing.

Primrose Day.

Primrose day in England, the anniversary of the death of Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, had its origin in the tribute, a modest wreath of primroses, sent by Queen Victoria for the funeral of Beaconsfield. The general impression that the primrose was Beaconsfield's favorite flower came from a misunderstanding of the words attached to the queen's tribute—"F. Victoria. His favorite flower." The public thought the queen meant that the primrose was Beaconsfield's favorite flower when in truth she meant that it was the favorite flower of the prince consort.—New York American.

"Swallowed a Word."

Little Mary was telling what she thought was an exciting story about a dream. She stuttered in her effort, gulped and paused hopelessly without completing the sentence.

"Why, child, what is the matter?" her mother asked.

The little girl smiled ruefully and replied, "I swallowed a word."—Indianapolis News.

The Main Thing.

Aged Suitor—It is true that I am considerable older than you, but a man is as young as he feels, you know, and— Miss Pert—Oh, that doesn't matter! What I want to know is if you are as rich as you look.—Boston Transcript.

Good Substitute.

Edna—Did Mabel get that six shooter she spoke of providing herself with as a protection against burglars? Eva—No. She got a six footer.—Judge.

TWO RAILROADS MAY ELECTRIFY

Legislature Likely to Pass Consolidation Bill to Compel It

RAILROAD BOARD TO STAND

Great and General Court Making Good Progress to Prorogation—Last Year's Record Broken.

In 1910 the people of Massachusetts elected a Democratic Governor and a House of Representatives almost half of whom were democrats. There followed in 1911 a year of strenuous investigation of the conduct of the state's affairs by former republican administrations, of strenuous opposition to legislation proposed by republicans and of strenuous advocacy of legislation proposed by democrats. The result was a session protracted almost up to the first of August and a general feeling on the part of the public that time had been wasted and that the public business had been neglected. (5-6)

That feeling showed itself last fall when election day arrived in the election of a House of Representatives with a republican majority of forty-nine as against a republican majority last year of only fifteen. The wisdom of this return to greater control of legislation by the Republicans has already shown itself in the despatch with which legislative business has been conducted. Up to April 29 the Committees of the House had reported on 2067 bills as opposed to only 1697 bills reported on up to the same time last year, so that although a considerably larger number of bills were presented this year than last year, there are left only 51 bills not yet reported on as against 357 at the same time last year.

The prospect for adjournment early in June or possibly at the end of May is therefore favorable. Speed, however, is not the only thing to be considered. The people do not want their representatives to dawdle but they do want them to spend all the time that is necessary to enact legislation beneficial to the Commonwealth.

Railroad Electrification In This Bill.

There is one bill still pending which particularly interests all the men, women and children in the Commonwealth who ever find themselves standing on the platform of a railroad station watching a steam engine come snorting in to the station belching out black smoke, and who in summer find themselves sweltering in a hot train with no ventilation except when a door or window is open filling their eyes with cinders and their lungs with smoke. That is the bill to provide for the leasing of the Boston & Maine Railroad by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad on the express condition that all the tracks of both roads in the metropolitan area shall immediately be equipped with electricity and that a tunnel connecting the two roads shall be built under the City of Boston.

Everyone wants electrification at the earliest possible moment and the moment now seems to have arrived. The railroads are not satisfied with the merger bill enacted several years ago under Governor Draper. They say that it has helped them to better the transportation facilities of the State but that the closer affiliation of the two roads which would be made possible by a lease would enable them to go much further.

What the Railroads Are Asking.

Their proposition is this: Give us the right to combine these two roads by a lease as has been done again and again with success in Massachusetts and we will electrify our roads in the metropolitan area and we will put the cities and towns of northeastern Massachusetts in close connection with the cities and towns of southeastern Massachusetts by building a tunnel, for through railroad service, under the City of Boston. It seems like a good proposition,—one involving the expenditure of millions of dollars, one apparently essential to the welfare of the people of Boston and vicinity, and one holding out more hope for the future electrification of all the railroads in the state than any which has ever been presented.

This plan was suggested to Governor Foss a short time ago and he has recommended it to the Legislature, but he has made use of it to try to get through one of his own pet schemes. In a message to the Legislature he admits that electrification is essential and that the tunnel is a good idea, but he says that we must not have them unless the railroad commission, and the gas and electric light commission, and the commission having supervision of telephone rates, are abolished, and the Foss plan for a high salaried "Public Utilities Commission" to take charge of all public service interests and to be appointed by the present Governor, is adopted. It made no difference to him apparently that there has been so little demand on the part of the public for such a change that at two separate hearings on the matter before the Committee on Ways and Means of the House not a citizen apeared to urge it. Nor, apparently, did it make any difference that almost every member of the Legislature, so far as appears, believes in electrification and the building of the tunnel, whereas many members believe that such a change as has been suggested in our method of regulating public service corporations would overturn a system which has worked well in the past and would probably result, as it has in New York, in having one member of the Commission in charge of the railroads, one in charge of gas companies, one in charge of electric lighting companies and one in charge of telephone companies, none of them knowing about more than a quarter of the matters on which they have to vote and never being able, except in extraordinary cases, to get the benefit of each other's advice and experience.

To Divide the Question.

The putting of these two matters into one message and the attempt to make the one dependent on the other will probably be supported by some democrats of the Legislature, but the republicans can divide the question and they undoubtedly will do so. In fact they have already made a beginning by having so much of the Governor's message as refers to the lease, electrification and the tunnel, referred to a different committee from the part relating to a "Public Utilities Commission." There is a feeling among the members that if the terms of the lease can be satisfactorily arranged the Legislature will take this opportunity to get all the advantages of electrification without giving up the careful, intelligent supervision of our public service companies which has characterized our railroad, and gas and electric light commissions, during all the years that they have been blazing the way for the rest of the country in the matter of state regulation.

The Preferential Primary Law.

The primaries just held for the choice of delegates to the presidential conventions have demonstrated that something is lacking in the new law to make it work successfully. It would seem as if the fact that many thousands were practically disfranchised through marking for nine candidates for delegates instead of eight proved that. Some method should be devised so simple as to make it impossible for such an error to occur again, if the preferential presidential primary is to be retained.

American Trade Losses In Azores.

There is a growing disposition among the importing firms of the Azores, to make their purchases in either Germany or England, and they are doing so because there are, practically speaking, no facilities for getting American goods direct from the United States. Transshipment via Europe means loss of time, more or less damage because of too much handling, and increasing costs. In fact, one of the most important importing firms of St. Michael's, which is the distributing port for those islands, canceled orders amounting to more than $10,000 during 1911 because there was no certainty of the goods arriving in time for the fall trade.

England and Germany have an advantage over the United States, inasmuch as they enjoy fortnightly facilities for delivering their wares direct to this island by two small steamers that bring out miscellaneous cargoes and return with pineapples for the London and Hamburg markets. The Germans, however, are at present getting the better part of all foreign trade and their goods are fast replacing goods formerly supplied by the United States, and their success is due to the fact that they systematically cover this field by salesmen and can guarantee prompt deliveries.

In the matter of charges, terms, etc., the principal importers of the Azores do not ask or expect extended credit and are in position to make satisfactory financial arrangements. What they need most is a service by which they may obtain their American goods when they want them.

For the reason that so many of the inhabitants of the Azores have been in the United States, and naturally are more familiar with American goods than with the goods of other foreign countries, it remains for the United States to provide the means of supplying their goods to them. With a regular service monthly, or even a steamer every two or three months, with positive sailing dates, the United States can have the bulk of the foreign trade.

Iron-Tubing Imports of Japan.

Iron tubing valued at $2,125,000 was imported into Japan in 1911, of which the United States contributed $778,000 worth. The valuation placed on iron tubing imported into Japan in 1910 was $1,613,000, and during the year 1911 Germany nearly doubled its importations, while Great Britain's increased approximately 25 percent. The importations of American iron tubing during 1911 remained stationery as compared with 1910, the importations for the latter year being valued at $775,000.

Work for Hair Dresser.

Sir Edward Sugden, a celebrated English lawyer, who was elected to parliament in 1835, having heard that he had been turned into ridicule for being the son of a hairdresser, replied: "So I am, and I come into the house to give a dressing to the Whigs."

DEFY THE EXPLORERS.

Vast Unknown Regions In Western Brazil and Australia.

Lying within the basin of the head waters of the Amazon river in western Brazil are three regions much larger in area than all the New England states which are still outside the pale of our knowledge. This large territory lies between the parallels of 10 degrees south latitude and 5 degrees north latitude and the meridians of 60 degrees and 73 degrees west longitude. Not a country of South America has been accurately defined and fully explored. The great difficulties with which the scientist must contend in mapping this continent in the equatorial regions account for the large areas still uncharted. It is the hardest section in the world to penetrate. Dense forests, a deadly climate inducing the worst scourges of disease, as yellow fever, cholera, beriberi, etc., the fierce wild beasts, poisonous serpents and savage tribes are some of the obstacles to be encountered in penetrating the Amazon country.

The entire central portion of Australia is an unknown tract save for a direct line in which the transcontinental telegraph system has been laid. The greatest difficulty was encountered in stretching the wires across the desert waste, and the small strip thus opened up is all that is known of the heart of the island continent. It is supposed to be a vast sandy plain, interspersed here and there with salt lakes to vary the horrible monotony. Hundreds of daring men have tried to penetrate its mysteries, and most of them have paid for their temerity with their lives. Then there is the "Never-Never" land, in western Queensland, into which many have gone and few have returned. In the south of the country, extending for hundreds of miles inland from the great Australian bight, is a terra incognito the extent and nature of which can only be surmised.—Christian Herald.

Time misspent is not lived, but lost.—Fuller.

WATER OF THE WORLD.

What Will We Do When the Population Outgrows the Rainfall?

Dr. McGee, an American scientist, "who follows the form of investigation that uses weighing scales for testimony—scales that cannot lie," has found that the average individual uses directly or indirectly about 4,400 tons of water every year. He drinks a ton. The vegetables he consumes require about 400 tons for their growth, and his annual meat supply of 200 pounds uses up no less than 4,000 tons of water.

Using this figure as a basis, Dr. McGee shows that when the population of the United States has reached 1,017,000,000, which he thinks will occur about A. D. 2210, every drop of the annual rainfall will be required to maintain the food supply, and no further increase of inhabitants will be possible.

The present inhabitants of the entire world, estimated at about 1,500,000,000, can be increased to 20,000,000,000 if the total annual rainfall of earth remains as it is today—that is, thirteen times the present population will crowd the earth to its limit.

Dr. McGee's estimates, however, leave quite out of account the question of tapping the oceans, which is at least a possibility.—London Magazine.

MOVING THE PIANO.

Changing Its Position In a Room Will Affect Its Tone.

It is said that the very act of moving a piano around in a room is sufficient to disturb its tonal qualities. When a piano has been moved into the position for which it is intended, is accustomed to the temperature and the drafts prevalent, it should be tuned, experts say. Any change of temperature or movement may cause the strings to contract or expand slightly with the resultant loss or gain of half a semitone. Changing the position of a piano is said to have almost the same effect as constant playing, only in the latter case the constant action of the hammers against the strings tends to loosen their adjustment and the instrument runs out of tune.

Sea air has also a detrimental effect on pianos. Here again contraction and expansion of the wires are the chief causes of disturbance. Pianos constructed for the tropics are much more strongly built than those used in temperate climates. Wood that is not liable to warp and crack is used in the sounding boards; otherwise they have to be brass bound and stayed to prevent splitting.—New York Sun.

Gluttons of the Seas.

The pike's reputation for cruelty and voraciousness is such that it has been popularly dubbed the "water wolf." It is probable, however, that many species of sea fish are equally, if not a great deal more, rapacious. Large dogfish, congers, pollack, cod and bass are especially ferocious, while halibut will very often seize and kill other large fish. An English angler was "playing" a large conger when a huge halibut swam up to and savagely bit at it—a proceeding that cost the halibut its own life, for on its making for the wounded conger a second time the boatman contrived to gaff and haul it aboard. There have been many examples of pike being found dead, choked by their own species, and these fish not infrequently atttack another pike that has been hooked by a fisherman.

Arsenic Eaters.

The average Englishman has a horror of arsenic, but the peasantry in Austria-Hungary and other parts of eastern Europe eat it habitually, believing that it gives plumpness and beauty to the figure and longness of breath. Peddlers sell white arsenic about the countryside quite without restriction. The quantities taken are small, and so long as the doses are regular no illness results. Once they are stopped, however, symptoms of arsenical poisoning at once become manifest. Mountaineers in eastern Europe often take a dose of arsenic before commencing a climb, and it is also customary to give it to horses and dogs to give brightness and gloss to their skins.—London Chronicle.

PASSING OF BILLIONS.

The Yardstick For Measuring Space Is One Light Year.

If you were asked the distance from San Francisco to London you would not say so many inches, but would give it in miles. If asked the distance from the earth to the sun the answer would be in millions of miles. If asked the distance to the nearest star the answer would not be in millions or billions, but trillions of miles. Even this reply would be too long. Twenty-five million million miles (twenty-five trillion) are too many words, so it is shortened to light years. The yardstick for space is not billions or trillions, but one light year.

This is the difference traversed in one sidereal year, 31,558,149 seconds, by light moving with its sets and fixed specific speed of 186,383 miles per second. Distances traversed by space energy, given by time as in minutes, hours or days, would soon run into cumbersome trillions, so that the time interval used in physics, mathematics, electricity, etc., is always one second.

Say one second. Then while you are speaking radiant energy has traversed a distance nearly equal to a line long enough to reach around the equator of the earth eight times.

Twenty-five thousand billions, the distance of the nearest known star, is condensed in 4.26 light years. This is the passing of miles, for the mile in space is about equal to the one-millionth part of the thickness of a spider's thread in comparison with the length of the room you are in.

Draw a scale with the distance in between the earth and sun equal to three inches, then the distance of the nearest star would be thirteen miles. Space traversed by miles per minute would be almost without meaning, for to go out to the nearest star sun at one mile per minute would require 47,528,000 years, not days.—Edgar Lucien Larkin in New York American.

Art of Dressing.

Elegance in dress is too often confounded with extravagance in dress. That is one of the great big errors. What is really needed to make the art of dressing bless him that looks and her that wears is intelligent dressing, and that is a subject worth any woman's study not to the exclusion of all else—any one subject alone will unbalance the mind—but enough to make her a mistress in it. If she cannot be that let her do as we do in all other lines where we wish the best results—apply to a specialist—for dressing, after all, is only another human problem.—Dress.

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Robert Chalmers, Physician.
Everett P. Fox of W. P. Fox & Sons, leather manufacturers.
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The Road Agents

A Schoolma'm's Experience in the Wild West

By SARAH L. OLDFIELD

A good many years ago, when I was a girl just graduated from the normal school, the principal told me that he had received calls for teachers in Colorado, where the country was new and instructors were not easy to get. I accepted one of these positions and started west soon afterward. I went as far as the Union Pacific was then built, Laramie, where I took a stage-coach to my destination in the mountains. I was obliged to stop over one night in Laramie, then a city of dance-houses and gambling dens, for the coach did not leave till the next morning.

When I awoke and looked at my watch I discovered that I had just time to dress, swallow a cup of coffee and get to the express office, from which the coach started. I found the agent directing the shipment of boxes, which, though not large, appeared to be heavy, while the passengers, men and women, were getting into the coach. On the box sat the driver, a fine looking, well made young man, whose rough clothes could not conceal a certain appearance of refinement there was in him.

I was about to get into the coach when the agent stopped me. "You can't go on this coach," he said. "It's full."

I was never more distressed in my life. Stopping in that horrid town even for a few hours was horrible to think of, and the agent told me that another coach would not leave till the next morning. A tear trickled down my cheek, and, looking up, I saw the handsome young driver looking at me pityingly and with admiration.

The driver called the agent to him, and the two had a long conversation,



"YOU'LL FIND IT IN THE BOOT," SAID THE DRIVER.

which I felt sure was about me. The driver was trying to persuade the agent to agree with him about the matter, but the agent kept shaking his head and saying, "It won't do at all." But finally the latter gave in and the driver, beckoning to me, told me I might get up and take the vacant seat beside him. Giving me a hand, he lifted me up.

The morning was delightful, and the mountains toward which we were driving with their patches of snow and the dark shadows resting here and there on their sides, though the sky was cloudless, were beautiful. I told the driver I wished the mountains were farther away so that we could enjoy the prospect longer, whereupon he told me they were sixty miles' distant and we could not reach them till the middle of the afternoon. He said the rarity of the atmosphere made them look near. I asked him the cause of the shadows on the mountains, there being no clouds to cast them, and he said the phenomenon had not been explained.

I passed a very pleasant morning. I was not surprised that the driver could tell me a good deal about the country and even the geological formation, for in those days a stage driver was quite an important personage, but I was more surprised when he told me he was a college graduate who had come out to Colorado on a venture, had got stranded and temporarily taken up stage driving.

While we were rolling along my new found friend told me that there had been a number of holdups of coaches recently, and if one occurred I would better sit perfectly still and await developments. If there should be any firing I must get down under the seat, where I would be in a measure protected. What surprised me was that he seemed very much concerned about the matter of my being exposed to any shooting there might be, saying that he had persuaded the agent to let me go on the coach in the seat beside him, and if any harm came to me he would never forgive himself. I asked him if he expected we would be attacked, and he replied that the chances were we would. We had treasure boxes aboard, and these shipments were constantly reported to road agents, who knew exactly what coaches to attack.

It seemed singular to me that the express company should send out a treasure that they expected the road agents would take away from them, and I told the driver so, but he said the company was obliged to take risks or they could not do any business. This did not satisfy me or make me feel any more comfortable.

We had changed horses several times and were approaching the foothills of the mountains when, passing between a rise in the ground on each side of the road, a man rose up from behind a rock in front of us and put up his hand as a signal for us to stop. I was surprised that the driver obeyed the order instantly since the man showed no weapon, but I soon learned the cause. The driver knew full well that rifles were pointed at him from men in concealment.

As soon as the coach came to a standstill four other men sprang up from behind the rise in the ground and advanced toward us.

"You'll find it in the boot," said the driver quietly, and they went back and, unstrapping the cover, took out the boxes and placed them beside the road, while two robbers stood on each side of the coach with rifles in their hands ready for use at the slightest indication of resistance. But so great were the expressions of terror from the passengers that they soon lowered their guns, and two of them dropped their rifles and went to the assistance of the man who was unloading the treasure.

So far I didn't feel much afraid, for it looked as though the road agents would relieve the express company of the treasure and let us go on. Besides, the expressions of terror of those inside the coach excited my contempt. Strong men were begging the robbers to spare their lives, while shrieks came from the women. It did not seem to me that they were in any danger so long as they did not offer resistance, but that they had lost their heads through cowardice.

My friend the driver sat quieting the horses by a word now and then—for they seemed to know what was going on and were very restive—but he seemed anxious about me. Why I couldn't understand, because I had no idea of resistance, and I didn't believe the robbers would molest a woman. I did not even believe that they would collect the valuables of the passengers since they had seven or eight boxes of bullion to take care of.

The boxes were unloaded and piled on one another beside the road. Two of the men who had laid their rifles down and helped to carry the treasure were about to pick them up; the other armed man held his weapon, muzzle down, in the hollow of his arm, and the fourth armed man was looking with satisfaction at the fine haul he had made when the driver said to me in a quick sharp voice:

"Get down!"

Before I could obey I heard the crackling of rifles inside the coach and saw two of the road agents topple over. Some of the others had their hands on their weapons, and before they could get them every one was laid low. It was all done in less than a quarter of a minute, and I saw that getting down under the seat was unnecessary.

But whence came the firing? Surely not from the cowardly passengers. I looked at the driver for an explanation, but he was busy with the horses, who were rearing and plunging, and it was no time for the satisfaction of my curiosity.

The robbers were all dead or dying, and the passengers were getting out of the coach. The women tore off their dresses and exposed men's clothes. Every one was armed to the teeth, though the weapons were concealed. As soon as the horses were quieted the driver put out his left hand to me—still holding the reins in his right—and said:

"Why didn't you get down when I told you to? By Jove, I'm glad you're all right!"

The explanation of the affair came to me piecemeal. The coach had been sent out as a decoy. All inside were men with concealed weapons. The boxes were loaded with stones or sand. The agent had contrived to have it reported to the road agents that a treasure would go by that coach with a view to an ambush. When I came up at the starting and asked to be allowed to go on the coach the agent naturally demurred to take on a woman under the circumstances. The driver, wishing to have my company, argued that at the springing of the trap I could get down where no stray bullet would be likely to hit me. Nevertheless he was much worried on my account and much relieved when it was all over.

Leaving some of the passengers—they were all in the service of the express company—with the dead and wounded robbers, we drove on to the next relay station and sent a wagon back for the wounded. But so far as I was concerned the adventure was ended. And yet it cannot be said to have ended, because in it I found my fate. My drubbing the three R's into children's heads did not last very long. My acquaintance with the stage driver was enduring, and after a brief courtship of a month—rather lengthy for that country at that time—I married him.

His stage driving did not last long. Receiving some capital from the east, he entered into the business of mining machinery and supplies and prospered. And now that the region in which we live has grown populous and civilized we enjoy a beautiful home, in which we are very happy, surrounded by numerous children and grandchildren.

THACKERAY AT OXFORD.

A Jolt to the Author's Fame and an Awful Libel on Punch.

The ignorance of the scholar concerning what is going on in the world around him is proverbial. But a story of Thackeray's own telling gives an astonishing instance of "cloistered ignorance" at Oxford in the last century. Thackeray, it seems, was to lecture at Oxford and, according to custom, had first to get the vice chancellor's license to do so. This is the conversation that occurred, as the novelist reported it:

Vice Chancellor—Pray, sir, what can I do for you?

Thackeray—My name is Thackeray.

Vice Chancellor—So I see by this card.

Thackeray—I seek permission to lecture within your precincts.

Vice Chancellor—Ah! You are a lecturer. What subjects do you undertake, religious or political?

Thackeray—Neither. I am a literary man.

Vice Chancellor—Have you written anything?

Thackeray—Yes; I am the author of "Vanity Fair."

Vice Chancellor—I presume a dissenter. Has that anything to do with John Bunyan's book?

Thackeray—Not exactly. I have also written "Pendennis."

Vice Chancellor—Never heard of these works, but no doubt they are proper books.

Thackeray—I have also contributed to Punch.

Vice Chancellor—Punch? I have heard of that. Is it not a ribald publication?

Alaska's Delegate.

It takes the Alaskan delegate nearly a year to cover his district in a campaign. He reaches the coast cities by boat, goes down the Yukon to the interior and goes in as far as time and facilities permit to the interior camps. So closely is the population packed in the settled districts, however, that he is able to tell by midnight of election day from the telegraphed reports from the more important cities whether or not he has been elected.—Argonaut.

BLUE LAWS OF OLD

Codes That Terrorized New England In Colonial Days.

ENACTED BY THE PURITANS.

Witchcraft Was an Offense Punishable With Death, and It Was a Crime For Husband and Wife or Mother and Child to Kiss on the Sabbath Day.

Blue laws were no joke, though often an object of irony and derision. They were drawn up by Puritan pioneers—a race of stern and inflexible men who in the excess of their religious zeal and enthusiasm adopted such sanctimonious names as Stand-Fast-on-High Stringer, Kill-Sin Smith, More Fruit Fowler, Fight-the-Good-Fight Fowler.

It may be well to say here that each of these names cited was actually given to and borne by a man, and names of the same sort are to be found in the records of New England, says Himmans in his "Blue Laws of Connecticut."

These men went straight to the old Mosaic law of Holy Writ for their code. In fact, each section of the capital laws has its Bible text appended—a grewsome combination of sermon and death warrant.

The original blue laws were those written of New Haven, Connecticut colony, at the first more or less unwritten, or at least unprinted, but systematized and printed by Governor Eaton in 1656. They were enveloped in blue colored paper, whence the popular and subsequently unpopular name.

The Plymouth and Massachusetts colonies also had their blue laws, calculated to send a chill through every human vein. Even New York, Maryland, Virginia and South Carolina—in fact, all the English colonial settlements in seventeenth century America—had laws, orders and resolutions of more or less pronounced indigo tint. But the true blue laws or code was that which terrorized early Connecticut. These, known as capital laws and purporting to punish, according to the penalties prescribed in the Old Testament, those offenses forbidden therein, were enacted in April, 1642. The texts of Scripture on which they are based were added to each law, as dicta probantia, showing the divine authority by which they were defending, and are singular specimens of jurisprudence.

For instance, witchcraft is one of the first offenses taken up. It is enacted that "if a man or woman be a witch or hath consulted with a familiar spirit they shall be put to death." And "if any man steal a man or mankind or selleth him or he be found in his hand he shall be put to death."

Yet the good colonists made slaves of the Pequot Indians as the regulation punishment for breaking these same blue laws.

The Puritan legislators, having disposed of the ordinary everyday crimes went on in due course to enact the more minute laws, covering every conceivable misdemeanor, from sneezing in church to crossing a stream otherwise than by the licensed ferry.

It reminds one of De Quincey's ironical observations to the effect that the habit of murder if persisted in may lead insensibly to procrastination and Sabbath breaking.

The following examples, transcribed literally from the best authorities on American colonial history, relate mostly to the heinous crime of Sabbath breaking:

"No one shall run on the Sabbath day or walk in his garden or elsewhere except reverently to and from meeting.

"No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day.

"No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting day.

"The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday.

"If any man shall kiss his wife or wife kiss her husband on the Lord's day the party in fault shall be punished at the discretion of the court of magistrates."

(Tradition says a gentleman of New Haven after an absence of some months reached home on the Sabbath and, meeting his wife at his door, kissed her with an appetite and for his temerity in violating this law the next day was arraigned before the court and fined for so palpable a breach of the law on the Lord's day.)

"No one shall read common prayer, keep Christmas or saints' days, make minced pies, dance, play cards or play on any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet and jewsharp."

It is said by Peters in his "History of Connecticut" that these laws were the laws made by the people of New Haven previous to their incorporation with Saybrook and Hartford colonies and, as he says, "were very properly termed blue laws—i. e., bloody laws. "for," says he, "they were all sanctified with excommunication, confiscation, fines, banishment, whipping, cutting off the ears, burning the tongue and death."—New York Sun.

In For Life.

A certain English peer drove in a taxicab to Westminster and when he got out gave the driver a very small tip. The driver mistook him for a member of the house of commons and snarled:

"I hope you get turned out next election and don't never get in again!"

"Don't worry, my friend," said the peer as he set off for the house of lords. "Don't worry—I'm in for life."

He who has health has hope, and he who has hope has everything.—Arabian Proverb.

Talleyrand's Brevity.

A single word was often sufficient for Talleyrand to make his keenest retort, says the Kansas City Star. When a hypochondriac, who had notoriously led a profligate life, complained to the diplomatist that he was enduring the tortures of hell Talleyrand simply answered, "Already?"

To a woman who had lost her husband Talleyrand once addressed a letter of condolence in two words:

"Oh, madame!"

In less than a year the woman had married again, and then his letter of congratulation was:

"Ah, madame!"

Conquered a Crocodile.

An old traveler tells a tale of a young African girl with great bravery and presence of mind. While fetching water from a river she was seized by the jaws of a crocodile and pulled in. As quick as a flash she remembered the weak point of a crocodile and forced her fingers into the brute's eyes until it let go. She lost her left hand, but was able to swim ashore and save her life.

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BIRTH OF A WING.

Evolution of the Dragon Fly From Its Ugly Aquatic Pupa.

A wonderful spectacle is presented by the sudden apparition of an insect's wing at the completion of its metamorphosis. The transformation of the grub into the butterfly, though familiar, is none the less amazing, but the evolution of the active and gossamer winged dragon fly from its ugly and sluggish aquatic pupa is still more impressive.

Early on a May morning the pupa emerges from its cocoon at the bottom of a ditch, swims on its back by paddling with its long haired paws to the stem of an aquatic plant and climbs up out of the water. Then, after a momentary pause, the skin suddenly bursts open, and the perfect insect appears with closely folded wings, which soon unfold and assume their final form.

The older naturalists believed that the insect "swallowed air," with which the wings were inflated. In reality the air is absorbed in the digestive organs, causing an increased blood pressure, which mechanically expands the wings. The presence of dew is also necessary; hence the first flight is always made at dawn.

This spectacle of the birth of a wing may be observed in dragon flies reared in an aquarium, the atmosphere of which should be moistened with an atomizer when the pupa rises to the surface.—Scientific American.

Fishes and Memory.

The fact that fishes will return time after time to bite at the hook by which they have been caught is often cited as proof that fish have no memories. But Yves Delage, the great French biologist, has been making some exprirments which seem to prove the contrary. He says that fish return to the hook because their greediness is greater than the influence of their memory. If you place a bright red disk upon a hook the fishes will cease to take it after being caught seven or eight times. If you change the color of the disk the fish will return indefinitely. The red disk made an impression on the fish's memory—slowly, it is true—and when it recognized the danger signal it avoided it.—New York World.

Using a King as an Advertisement.

When P. T. Barnum invited the king of the Sandwich Islands to show in the city of New York he was not satisfied with that, which was itself an advertising card, but he managed by advising the king to step with him in one of the chariots—so as to see better a certain part of the performance—to hurry it up in a moment of confusion and sweep the king around the entire circuit of the track. The papers the next day had a notice of the king of showmen and the king of the Sandwich Islands in a chariot race. He could not have written as good an advertisement as the racy news item made. It was a neat exploit, for, small as the king's kingdom was, his sense of his dignity as a monarch was not small, and only by indirection and on behalf of a supposed different motive could he have been induced to become part of such a spectacle.

Shark Spearing.

Shark spearing is a profitable industry in Malaysia, though attended by an element of danger and no end of excitement. The chief value of the fish is its liver, which yields an oil that is refined in Europe and sold as cod liver oil. In October the ocean sharks come into the lagoon, between the barrier reef and the atolls, to pair. At this time they can be speared in large numbers by people skilled in catching them. There are several species of these sharks, and they ordinarily run from seven to fifteen feet in length. The liver of a shark of this size gives about five gallons of oil. The sharks are found in pairs, and the harpooners try to kill the male first. In which case they are able also to spear the female, as it does not desert its mate.—Argonaut.

Warding Off Old Age.

A famous French general when asked how it was that he had such an erect carriage replied that it was because he bent over and touched the floor with his fingers thirty times every day. If he had acquired rigidity of the spine so that he could not do that he would have had with it weak abdominal muscles, which result in portal congestion. This portal congestion interferes with stomach digestion and with the action of the liver. The poison destroying power of the liver is lessened, auto intoxication results, and arteriosclerosis and old age come on at a much earlier day. But by keeping the spine flexible and the abdominal muscles strong and taut the portal circulation is kept free, and old age is held off.

Matchmaking.

"Now they claim that the human body contains sulphur."

"In what amount?"

"Oh, in varying quantities."

"Well, that may account for some girls making better matches than others."—Pittsburgh Post.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VI.—Second Quarter, For May 12, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Luke vi, 27-38; Rom. xiii, 8-10—Memory Verses, 27, 28—Golden Text, Rom. xiii, 9—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

The topic of this lesson is "Love," and the pattern is "the love of God." At first sight the teaching is most extraordinary and the practice seemingly impossible and beyond all reason. Great grace might enable us to love our enemies, do good to those who hate us, bless those who curse us and pray for such as despitefully use us, but when it comes to lending without hoping for a return, giving to every one that asks and letting the man that takes your cloak have your coat also it does look like a good time for tramps, impostors, thieves and robbers. We know that the righteous Lord loveth righteousness, and anything unrighteous He would not do nor ask us to do, so we must prayerfully wait upon Him for clearer light upon this teaching. According to verse 35 and Matt. v, 45, the object is that we may be manifestly "the children of the Highest," "the children of our Father which is in heaven." It is therefore not a matter of what is expedient or according to reason, but how can we as the children of God make people to know our Father, God. He was teaching His disciples (verse 20), those who had received Him as the Christ, the Son of God, and had left all to follow Him, those whom He was to leave in the world in His stead, that because of them the world might believe and know the only living and true God and Jesus Christ, whom He sent into the world to manifest Him (John xvii, 3, 11, 21, 23). It is truly a high, holy, heavenly calling to represent God and Christ in the power of the Holy Spirit and be so alive to their interests that we shall be wholly dead to our own.

The love of God and of Jesus Christ is the greatest thing we ever heard of, and there are no more wonderful statements concerning it than John iii, 16; I John iii, 16.

Put with these "God commendeth His love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." "In this was manifested the love of God toward us because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him." "He spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all." "Christ loved the church and gave Himself for it." "The church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood." "The Son of God loved me and gave Himself for me" (Rom. v, 8; viii, 32; I John iv, 9, 10; Eph. v, 25; Acts xx, 28; Gal. ii, 30). In the light of such tremendous statements consider the treatment that He received when here in humiliation and even as He taught our lesson of today. He was in the world which He had made, but it knew Him not; He came unto His own special people Israel, but they received Him not. Their rulers had no kind words or thoughts for Him. They said that He had a devil and was mad and that He deceived the people, and in their hatred they finally killed Him, accusing Him falsely and giving Him no semblance of a fair trial (John i, 10, 11; vii, 12, 20; viii, 52; x, 20). Yet He bore it all patiently and did not talk back nor strike back, though He might have swept them off the earth with a look or a word, as He will do at His coming in glory to set up His kingdom and share it with His own redeemed ones (Isa. xi, 4; II Thess. ii, 8; Col. iii, 4; Rev. iii, 21).

Now, considering that by such love and by the sacrifice of Himself He has at such infinite cost and by such suffering, bearing our sins in His own body, made all who receive Him children of God and joint heirs with Himself, partakers of His kingdom and glory, does it not look a good bit easier to love, to bless, to help others for His sake, to give, to lend, to do good, hoping for nothing again, to serve those who cannot serve us in return? Do we not feel like saying as Mephibosheth said of Ziba, "Yea, let him take all, forasmuch as my Lord the King is come again" (II Sam. xix, 30).

Our Lord never encouraged wrongdoing, and we may be sure that He would not have us do anything to encourage injustice and oppression, theft or robbery or idleness or anything of the spirit that would wrongfully take the property of another. But He would have us show in our daily life that we have such treasure in Himself and in His kingdom that we are ready to use all present things for the good of others if only we may win them to Him, bearing meekly any loss or cross for His sake. The love of Christ constraineth us to live no longer unto ourselves, but unto Him who died for us and rose again (I Cor. v, 14, 15). Since Paul could take pleasure in infirmities, in the bearing of insults, in distress, in persecutions, in grievous difficulties, for Christ's sake (II Cor. xii, 10, Waymouth), the same grace is at our disposal, to enable us to reckon all loss as mere refuse because of the priceless privilege of knowing Christ Jesus as our Lord. Does it not seem as if we could lend or give or go or bear any loss because of such love and because of His kingdom? Let our one question be "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" and our motto "Just to please Jesus" and we shall not be apt either to transgress or come short.

Meteors.

The frequency of meteors is at its highest toward the end of July and the beginning of August. During the first six months of the year the total number of meteors observed on a clear, moonless night is only about six an hour. At the beginning of July the frequency increases and attains its maximum, sixty-nine an hour, on Aug. 10. The mean for the entire year is twenty-four meteors an hour.—London Standard.

Progressing.

"I understand your boy Josh is experimenting on the lines of perpetual motion."

"Yes," replied Farmer Corntossel. "And I feel some encouraged about it. I thought for awhile that the only thing Josh was going to take in was perpetual rest."—Washington Star.

A Resemblance.

She—In a way, getting married is like using the telephone. He—How so? She—One doesn't always get the party one wants.—Boston Transcript.

A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

It Was Highly Prized as a Wonderful Money Saver.

When Miss Ann Pickett dropped in on her neighbor, Mrs. Spicer, and found her moping over the fragments of a gilt vase Miss Ann sympathized generously. "It must have been rather a costly vase," she said, looking admiringly at the pieces.

"No, it only cost six bits," Mrs. Spicer acknowledged. "'Tain't that I feel so bad about."

"Maybe it was a gift that you prized because of associations?'

Mrs. Spicer shook her head. "Jim and I bought it over in Tompkinsville a long time ago. I prized it because it was such a saving to the family. The first year we had it I kept it on the front shelf for a general ornament. Then when Jim's birthday came and I hadn't anything else handy to give I gave him the vase for his own. Next Christmas, instead of paying out good money to buy something new, he gave it back to me for a Christmas present. Then I gave it to Jim junior on his birthday, and he gave it to Sue Belle on hers.

"The next spring all the kinfolks got up a birthday party for old Aunt Sallie Spicer, and we took her the vase. After she'd kep' it a good bit she gave it to Jim's sister Jane for a weddin' present, and afterward Jane gave it to me and Jim when we had our china weddin'. I was countin' on givin' it to Jim again on his next birthday, and now here it is smashed to flinders.

"I tell you, Miss Ann, it most makes me cry to think of losing such a useful family article—so near Jim's birthday too!"—Youth's Companion.

WORK OF EARTHWORMS.

These Humble Burrowers Are Great Aids to the Farmer.

The humble earthworm is one of man's best friends. The farmer and the gardener could not spare him. Dr. J. Newton Friend tells about him in Science Progress. From Dr. Friend's observations it appears that worms aerate the soil in a variety of ways.

In burrowing through the soil the worms render it more porous and permeable to gases, not merely by virtue of the air spaces formed, but by reason of the fact that the soil is thus continually kept in gentle motion. Again, the soil passing through the bodies of worms is excreted in a finer condition, being ground by attrition through the intestines. Darwin estimated that no fewer than fifteen tons of soil annually pass through the bodies of worms for every acre.

Further, worms breathe in oxygen and exhale carbon dioxide, and the latter gas, as is well known, readily dissolves in water, forming an acid solution which will render alkaline earths and metallic oxides—iron—soluble.

Worms materially aid in producing soluble salts of iron in the soil when other agencies—e. g., dilute mineral acids—fail. The iron is eventually given back to the soil in a more soluble condition and presumably in one which can be directly absorbed by plant roots.

An Ivory Mat.

Many people have never even heard of such a thing, and it is not to be wondered at, for these mats are exceedingly rare, and it is said by those who know that only three of these beautiful curiosities exist in the whole world. The one we now write about is the largest one made. It measures 8 by 4 feet and, though made in a small hill state in the north of India, has an almost Greek design for its border. It was only used on state occasions, when the rajah sat on it to sign important documents. The original cost of the mat is fabulous, for 6,400 pounds of ivory were used in its manufacture. The finest strips of ivory must have been taken off the tusks, as the mat is as flexible as a woven stuff and beautifully fine.—London Graphic.

Coaling the Sun.

Coaling the sun is an expression used by physicists to indicate the necessity of renewing the stock of motive power, exactly analogous to coaling a vessel for an ocean journey. Many maintain that this is done by the incessant showers of meteorites which rain in upon it from celestial space. Thus it is that the sun's energy is continually kept up and its fires are fed. Atom after atom in the continuous collisions of matter is changed into vapor and adds its quota of energy to the great central storehouse—in fact, "coals the sun."—Exchange.

Camembert Cheese.

Camembert is the name of a commune, a few houses about a Camembert church in the prefecture Vimoutier and the department of Orne. The cheese got its name from the fact that it originated near there, but there isn't a cheese factory nearer than three miles away now, and not enough people live in Camembert to run one of any size. Caen, the principal Camembert market, is in Calvados. The cheese is carted to the shore and carried across the mouth of the Seine to Haver in boats. It is made, however, on the northeastern side of the Seine and from there comes to Haver direct. The cheese is shipped unripe even to home markets near at hand in French cities. It is seldom over four weeks old when it leaves the factory and often only two or three.—Argonaut.

The Proof.

"Apropos of international marriages," said a Texas congressman, "I am reminded of a saying of Vicomte l'Oignon.

"'These American heiresses,' grumbled the vicomte to his friend, the Chevalier Tete de Veau, 'are a cold, calculating, designing lot.'

"'Yes?' said Tete de Veau.

"'Yes,' said l'Oignon. 'I've just been accepted by Miss Billia Nare and, though Billia is worth twice as much as Lotta Golde, the latter declines positively to release me from our engagement.'"—Washington Star.

Caught In His Own Trap.

Mother—Why, what is the matter, Johnny? What are you crying about? Johnny—Teacher made me sit in her chair on the platform today, just because I whispered once. Mother—Well, I don't see anything dreadful in that. You have had to sit there before, Johnny—But there was tacks in her chair today! I'd just put 'em there for her to sit on.—Judge.

Equally Creditable.

"Do those stories that statesman tells give the public an impression that he is a man of mentality?"

"I think so," replied Senator Sorghum. "Even if they do not indicate a ready wit they show a long memory."—Washington Star.

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STORIES OF PIUS IX.

The Lady Who Told the Pontiff She Wished He Were Dead.

Lady Paget in the Nineteenth Century has a chapter of recollections dealing with life in Rome during the first years of completely united Italy, when Lady Paget's husband was British ambassador to the Quirinal. Among her stories are some of Pope Pius IX., which show that pontiff in a most amiable light. Though the pope had twice excommunicated the king, they really loved each other, says Lady Paget, "for they were made of the same kind of stuff, and both belonged emphatically to the days that are past and gone. Impulsive in action, primesautier and generous in temperament, they allowed themselves the luxury of sometimes letting their feelings deviate from what others might consider the stern path of duty."

When King Victor Emmanuel died his chaplain, against all rules, gave him absolution for everything, though he was under the major excommunication. The pope sent for the priest, inquired most feelingly about the king's last moments, and when the chaplain confessed Pius IX., with tears in his eyes, cried: "Hai fatto bene! Hai fatto bene!" ("You have done well! You have done well!")

Another story illustrates Pius IX.'s sense of humor. It concerns Mme. de Corcelles, the wife of the ambassador to the Vatican, a delightful old lady, who often visited Lady Paget, in spite of prohibitions. "For," she declared, "I am the granddaughter of Lafayette, and I do what I please." She never addressed the cardinals as eminence, but hailed them in cheery tones as her "dear cardinals." When one day she visited Pius IX. he asked her whether she had seen all the sights of Rome. "Yes, holy father," she replied, "but I should dearly like to see a conclave."

This story was told by the pontiff himself.

PORT SAID GAMBLERS.

Traps They Have Ready Baited to Fleece Unwary Tourists.

Picturesque Port Said, at the entrance to the Suez canal, is given an unsavory reputation by I. Johnston Abraham in his book, "The Surgeon's Log." Ugly stories are told about the town, the writer says, and his description of a gambling house fitted on purpose to fleece the unwary traveler bears out his assertion:

Suddenly as we drew near one house the strains of music came echoing into the empty sandy street. As if at a signal the decrepit chariot stood still, my guide got down and suggested I should go in. I thought rapidly and then followed him. It was queer, and I wanted to know. He led the way upstairs into a large room, where several men were playing roulette. None took any notice of me, but apparently the bank was having a very bad time of it. Every one was winning. The music from the automatic piano was deafening. I looked on silently for some time and then made a move for the door. An oily looking Greek intercepted me.

"Won't you try your luck?" he said.

"I'm not drunk enough," I answered.

He shrugged his shoulders, and I passed on. On the stairs I paused and then stole quietly back. The music had ceased, and all the confederates who had been playing so feverishly and winning so much had ceased also and were preparing to resume the siesta my advent had so fruitlessly interrupted.

Free Drinks.

In the French chamber of deputies each speaker has to mount a tribune near the president's chair. On a deputy coming forward to address the assembly an usher invariably brings a glass of some beverage and places it at his side. Under the empire orators were allowed only a glass of sweetened water, and nowadays when a new speaker advances the usher, to be on the right side, gives him a glass of sweetened water, but among the veteran speakers water alone is not very high in favor. Cold soup, coffee, wine, spirits and lemonade are among the favorite beverages.

Perpetual Motion.

Perpetual motion machine? Suppose that man could finally perfect a machine that would run itself. It would not deliver a trace of power. The entire force would be employed in the running. It would have to be free from friction, not nearly, but absolutely. This man cannot accomplish. But the machine would of necessity have to start itself, an impossibility. Only creative mind is able to do this.—New York American.

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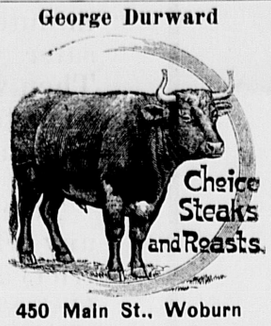
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6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
29	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishaum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn
511	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Megge & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

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One blow for test at 11.45 a. m., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
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A Judge Recalled

The Result of a Friendly Suit In Court

By F. A. MITCHEL

George Jernegan, a student of medicine at a southern university, having reached that stage of his studies (anatomy) wherein he needed to dissect human bodies in order to see for himself the muscles, arteries, bones and other parts that constitute the machine, man, found to his discomfiture that the university authorities were unable to provide him with a subject. Not willing that his career as a sawbones should be nipped in the bud on this account, he resorted to a method which was once much in vogue among medical students, but which is now considered to be obsolete—he robbed a grave.

A young man named Blackiston had distinguished himself as a law student. It was considered that the day would come when he would make a second Daniel Webster. But, whether he studied too hard or his precociousness meant a disordered brain, he went the way of most prodigies—he broke down. One day he was found with his head on a pile of lawbooks unconscious. Doctors were called in who prescribed all sorts of treatment, from hot water at the feet to a bath in ice water, without restoring the patient. He remained in a comatose condition for many days, the action of the heart apparently growing weaker each day till at last the physicians in attendance could not detect even a flutter. So he was pronounced dead, was buried, and the legal world regretted that the profession had lost a coming shining light.

Now, Jernegan was looking for a subject about the time that Blackiston was buried. The night after the funeral the former went to the cemetery, dug up the corpse and, putting it in a gunny bag, carried it to the dissecting room. Fearing that if left as it was it would be recognized, he concluded to cut it up before morning; but, being tired with the work he had done, he went to a saloon near by with a small pitcher and returned with it full of beer, besides pretzels. These he placed on a table beside the corpse and, noticing that his tobacco pouch was empty, went out again for tobacco. When he returned this second time and entered the dissecting room he was paralyzed with astonishment. The corpse was munching a pretzel and was just reaching out for the pitcher of beer.



THE CORPSE WAS MUNCHING A PRETZEL.

So long was the draft (a man who has been several hours under cold ground certainly needs all the stimulant he can get) that Jernegan, fearing there would be none left for himself, called a halt. The corpse paid no attention to the interruption, continuing to drink till the last drop was exhausted, then got back on the dissecting table and closed his eyes. Jernegan to determine the fact of life or death pricked the corpse's cheek with the point of a knife, knowing that if the subject was dead no blood would flow. A red drop stood on the cheek. The subject opened his eyes and, seeing a man standing over him, asked where he was.

Jernegan told him that he was supposed to be dead, had been buried, resurrected and had he not revived would soon have been cut up in a dissecting room.

The vigor of Blackiston's mind seemed to have been at least in a measure restored and went right on in the vein that had been interrupted by his stroke or whatever it was.

"You're a body snatcher," he said.

"Lucky for you that I am. If I hadn't resurrected you you'd have died a horrible death."

"That may be, but I wonder if I have not cause for an action against you?

"Action for what?"

"I'm not sure whether it would come under the law against body snatching, trespass or disturbing my repose."

"Disturbing your repose! Well, I like that!"

"There is another point of law involved. A certificate of my death has doubtless been made out by the doctors, and in the eye of the law I'm a dead man."

"You came very near being a dead man in the eye of the medical profession."

"The case interests me. I am sensible of the obligation I am under to you for saving my life, but you wouldn't mind my bringing a friendly suit against you to try this singular case, would you?"

"Not a bit, if you'll pay all the costs."

"I'll do that."

Mr. Blackiston got down from the dissecting table and tried to walk, but failed. He sat down and asked Jernegan if he would kindly call a carriage. When it arrived Jernegan attended him to his home.

Blackiston sued Jernegan for trespassing upon his grave. The case excited so much attention among the members of the legal profession that the bar association volunteered to furnish counsel for Jernegan's defense and retained their most brilliant member for the purpose. Blackiston conducted his own case.

"Your honor," he said in his opening remarks, "I shall proceed to show by competent witnesses that the defendant did with malice aforethought invade and trespass upon my grave, interfere with my repose, feloniously steal my body, place it in a bag and carry it to a dissecting room. He then said there was making preparations to take apart my members for the purpose of study when I returned to consciousness. This suit is brought with a desire to learn the legal status of a corpse. It is a principle of common law that there are no property rights in a dead body. No one owns it but itself. That it has legal rights has been established in the case of the estate of Swiback versus Oppenheim, wherein it was decided that the body of Swiback was a part of his estate, in which he had the same interest as in his real estate."

"Your honor," replied counsel for defense, "this being a friendly suit to establish a principle we admit without the fact being established by witnesses that the defendant did remove the body of the plaintiff from its grave, but we claim that the plaintiff, being legally dead, has no standing in this court."

"I propose," said Blackiston, "to try the case on that very issue. I therefore admit that in the eyes of the law I am dead. Nevertheless in a sense a corpse is a living person. It being the duty of the state under the law to protect the repose of the dead, it follows that the dead have rights. Therefore when a corpse is feloniously invaded in its own domicile, the grave, it must have a legal standing with the state to protect itself. If it has a legal standing against the state it must have such standing in court against an individual."

"There is no question," replied counsel for the defendant, "that the plaintiff is legally dead, nor is there any question that he is really living. Nevertheless I am considering him as a corpse resurrected, returned to life and with the right to establish his former legal identity. Since we are endeavoring to establish a principle of law let us admit that Blackiston has established such legal identity. In that case I think he would stand before the court as a resurrected living corpse, which, as was held in the case of Briekabat versus Cobbleston"—

At this point the court interrupted the learned counsel to say that the brain wear and tear of the case were so exhausting that he would adjourn the court for one hour for refreshment, recommending phosphoric foods calculated to restore the enormous cellular waste. When the court convened again his honor remarked:

"In order to proceed with this trial it must be admitted that the plaintiff has a standing in this court, and so the court holds."

"Very well," said Blackiston. "My standing before this court as a corpse having been admitted, I demand damages against the plaintiff for invading the six feet of ground in which I as a dead man had an inalienable right."

"Your honor," quickly interposed counsel for the defense, "the plaintiff cannot claim damages, though his standing in court and the trespass is admitted, for since there is no property right in a corpse the law does not give a right to recover in a court for a violation of sepulture. If we admit that the plaintiff suing as a corpse has cause for action against a man for stealing himself—a corpse—the present action falls to the ground and can only be brought again as an action of one dead body against another, for which there is no law of the land that can compel an answer."

Blackiston now arose and delivered an argument that has since been considered a wonder by every member of the bar who heard it. But unfortunately the reporters, who were not skilled in legal lore and could not digest the arguments, had been sinking to slumber, and when the phenomenon arose to speak the last journalist had gone to sleep.

When the summing up had been concluded the judge announced that he would take a week to consider the case and would hand down a decision at the end of that period.

When the day came for him to read his decision the courtroom was crowded to overflowing. The judge looked ten years older than before the trial. He began to speak in a feeble voice, but gained strength as he proceeded. The lawyers and spectators listened patiently though eagerly till the gist of the opinion came in the last few words, "There is nothing in the constitution to enable a dead man to bring an action in a living court."

A mighty shout of "Recall him! Recall the stupid blunderer!" arose. And straightway those adverse to the opinion proceeded to unseat the judge.

The movement was successful, but the poor man died on the very day he was unbenched.

LIGHTS IN MINES.

First Practical Test of Davy's Safety Lamp Was Dramatic.

If you have ever looked at pictures of coal miners you must have noticed that they are sometimes represented with peculiar little lamps stuck in their caps. These are known as the Davy safety lamp. The flame is entirely surrounded with very fine gauze wire, which permits enough air to enter to keep the lamp alight, but is too fine for any flame to pass through it. The dangerous gases in the coal mine can enter the lamp and burn, but the flame cannot get out.

Before this invention the miners often worked in absolute darkness, as it would have been madness to carry a light into any coal mine, where what is called fire damp is common.

The safety lamp was invented by Sir Humphry Davy, a famous English scientist, but the wonderful thing about the story of its invention is that no one could be found who would dare to carry it into a coal mine to test it.

On Jan. 9, 1816, John Hodgson, a minister who lived near Newcastle, in the north of England, which is a great coal mining region, volunteered to go down into the Hebburn coal pit with a lighted Davy lamp in his hand so as to settle for all time whether it was really a safety lamp or no.

The first miner who saw him approach was nearly beside himself with terror and screamed and prayed for whoever it was to put out the light before it was too late. But the minister walked steadily on, confident in the truth of the scientific fact upon which the lamp was built, until he got close enough for the miner to recognize him.

Every miner in the pit knew the parson, and their confidence in him and what he told them was greater than their faith in the lamp, much as they desired it. But for the bravery of this Newcastle preacher it might have been a long time before the lamp came into use, if at all.—Exchange.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Its Star Spangled Canton Is a Union, Not a Union Jack.

Those who speak of the star spangled canton on the American flag as a "union jack" do so erroneously. It is rightly called the "union," but the term "jack" is applied correctly only to the similar canton on the British ensign, in which the crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick are superimposed.

The number of stars in the union of our flag is regulated by the law passed April 4, 1818, which provides:

"That on the admission of every new state into the Union one star shall be added to the union of the flag and that such addition shall take effect on the 4th of July next succeeding such admission."

The Marine Journal says that the origin of the phrase union jack is uncertain, but that "the weight of evidence is to the effect that it was derived from Jacques or Jacobus, the French and Latin names of the Stuart king, in whose reign the superimposed crosses of St. George and St. Andrew were placed in the canton of the British flag to indicate the union of England and Scotland. In that generally accepted view of the case the name appropriately belongs to that part of the British flag, but it is a misnomer to apply it to the canton of the American flag, with which 'Jacobus Rex' certainly had nothing to do unless simply to set the example of placing a union emblem on the canton."

Theater Audiences.

The tricks of theater audiences have been remarkably similar in all ages. Aleiphron, who wrote of the later Attic comedy, shows that the claque was known then and also "young men of the town" who took a malicious delight in hissing a play off the stage. Theophrastus, who died in 288 B. C., sketches among his "Characters" the man of superior taste, whose pride it was to hiss when everybody else applauded and to clap when the rest were silent, and the annoying person who would hum or whistle an accompaniment to every tune that pleased him. And Aristotle himself refers to spectators who brought out provisions during the dull parts of the performance.

Margaret Wore a Beard.

Bearded women have been very numerous. The most noted of the number was the famous Margaret of Austria, appointed by Charles V. to be governor of the Netherlands. She had a long, stiff black beard and, conceiving the idea that it added to the majesty of her appearance, was very careful of it and so combed and trained it as to make it seem much greater than it was.

Her Help.

"The fact of the matter is I never amounted to anything before I was married."

"Then you give your wife credit for awaking your ambition?"

"No; for making it necessary for me to get out and hustle."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Then He Faded Away.

Borleigh—Chaperons are a nuisance, aren't they? Miss Phayre—Oh, not always. If it wasn't for my chaperon some men would hang around me all day.—Boston Transcript.

Taking Big Chances.

Cholly—I would like to introduce to you a friend of mine—a charming fellow. His Fiancee—Very well, but you do it at your own risk.—Boston Transcript.

A Sigh From the Author.

"Proofreading is Greek to me, even after having several books published," Miss Alice Louise Lee recently wrote to her publishers. "But what worries me is this psychological question. Will my corrections be as unintelligible to the printer as all his marks are to me? It seems to me very confusing. In the face of proofreading I feel like the farmer who before the rhinoceros' cage declared, 'There ain't no such beast!'"

WILLING, BUT LAZY.

Peruvian Indians Work When They Are Coaxed With a Lariat.

An American whose business interests in Peru have led him from time to time to spend considerable periods in the interior of that country has found that the Indians of Peru are the laziest people in the world. If they have a duty to perform, a promise to keep or a debt to pay, though not unwilling to meet the obligation, they can, it is said, hardly summon resolution to do so without some assistance. During his stay at a place called Cajamarca, in the Cordilleras, the American was enabled to witness an instance of this.

He was sitting one evening with his hosts at the door of their house. Suddenly there was a great noise in the quiet street, and a horseman rode up. It was a friend of the family, who was on his way to settle an account with a troublesome debtor. When the family hinted that a creditor would hardly be received at such an hour the man touched something hanging on the pommel of his saddle and said that he had something there that would settle things.

His debtor was an Indian who lived not far away in the country and who had promised to make for him three or four hundred large adobe bricks in payment for some small wares that he had purchased two years before. He seemed perfectly willing to fulfill his contract and whenever he was reminded of it would promise to be on hand the next day, but he never appeared. An hour later the merchant, who was repairing his house, returned with his man at the end of a lariat. The next day the American saw him cheerfully at work. It was but a matter of getting the Indian busy.—National Magazine.

JEFFERSON'S FAMOUS HOME.

Matchless In the Earthscape That Encircles Its Setting.

Monticello divides interest with Mount Vernon as the most historical homestead in Virginia. It is inseparably connected with the life of Thomas Jefferson, and his writings on philosophy, statesmanship, history, political economy and the common affairs of life, accomplished in its classic shades, have made him known as the "sage of Monticello." The architecture of the building is unique. It is, first of all, Jeffersonian, but as the name of the estate is Italian the builder preserved the harmonies in basing the form on Italian ideals.

The summit of the "little mountain" was leveled to form a park of some ten acres, in the center of which the lines of the mansion were laid. It has four fronts, and it is difficult to determine which presents the widest and most attractive view. In any direction there is outspread a superb view of a landscape that cannot be matched in its splendid setting of mountain and valley, highland and meadow, forest and stream. The prospect is an earthscape limited only by the power of vision.

The house was begun in Mr. Jefferson's youth and built in sections. Thirty years elapsed before its final completion owing to the fact that the builder was his own architect and contractor, and the demands of his country required more of his time than he could devote to his private affairs. When it was finally completed the influence of French art had left its impress on the builder's mind, and the interior decorations and furnishing reflected the taste of the Louis periods.—Francis N. Barksdale in Leslie's.

An Inveterate Punster.

"You have no business in that boat," said Theodore Hook one day to a stout man seated in a little craft on the Thames. "What do you mean?" said the man angrily. "Exactly what I say," retorted Hook. "You have no business in that boat." "Then perhaps it may interest you to know," said the stout man still more angrily, "that this is my own pleasure boat." "Exactly," said the inveterate punster, "a pleasure boat. That is just what I said. You have no business in that boat.' And before the man in the boat had recovered from his astonishment Hook had strolled away.

Deadly Glasses.

A contrast to the Venetian glasses which were popularly supposed to fly to pieces if poisoned liquor were poured into them were glasses which poisoned all who drank from them. The poison was crystallized at the bottom of the glass, from which it was indistinguishable, and as it dissolved very slowly it could be used many times with deadly effect. Some such glasses can be seen at the British museum.—London Chronicle.

Happy Thought.

Abby, the littlest girl of the family, was seated at the breakfast table one morning. As usual, eggs were served. Either she was not hungry or she had grown tired of the inevitable bill of fare, for very earnestly and soberly she remarked, "I do wish hens would lay something besides eggs."—Youth's Companion.

Moving Pictures.

"I just love moving pictures."

"All right. Come up to the house and help move ours. I never could do it to suit my wife, anyhow."—Detroit Free Press.

A Case of Emphasis.

What keeps us broke most of the time is the difference between what we have to *spend* and what we *have* to spend.—Puck.

Domestic Strategy.

"I suppose you try to make your home so attractive to your husband that he will wish to spend all his spare moments in it."

"Yes. I keep matches and cigars where he may always find them handy; there isn't a tidy or a sofa pillow or anything of that kind in his room, and I allow him to have portraits of his father and mother hung in places that are just as good as those which are devoted to the pictures of my own parents."—Chicago Record-Herald.

ANCIENT SURGERY.

They Used a File In Trepanning Operations In Hippocrates' Time.

There is no doubt that some rough form of surgery must have existed from very ancient times, but it is strange to find that so complex and delicate an operation as trepanning is one of the oldest.

So far as actual records go, Hippocrates gives us the earliest account. He wrote treatises on fractures, dislocations and wounds of the head, in which he described the method of procedure to be followed in the case of a fractured skull. His direction was to cut away a piece of bone so that the pressure on the brain might be relieved.

There are also records about this time and later of a file being used for this purpose, which at a time when anaesthetics were undreamed of must have been, to say the least, painful.

According to Dr. T. Rice Holmes, the operation of removing pieces of bone was performed long before historic times. The effects on the skull are easily seen after death and are visible so long as the bones are preserved.

From inspection of certain skulls of the later stone age in ancient Britain Dr. Holmes has come to the conclusion that some of these had undergone the operation, which must have been performed with a stone implement.—London Standard.

VERY WELL INVESTED.

A Loan That Carnegie's Old Kinsman Didn't Want Repaid.

Andrew Carnegie told the following story with great relish. When his father was leaving his native country to settle in America he borrowed £20 from a relative. The family had an uphill battle on the other side of the Atlantic, but when the tide of prosperity turned with the son he remembered his father's indebtedness and determined to clear it off, together with its accumulated interest. He started by remitting the sum of £20 and for several years sent the same amount, a dividend equal to exactly 100 per cent.

Returning to Scotland, the Pittsburgh ironmaster met his old relative. "Well," said Mr. Carnegie, "having paid up a good deal of the interest, I should like now to clear off the principal."

"Ay, ay, Andrew, dinna ye fash yersel' aboot the loan! A'm pairfectly satisfied with the interest."

"Oh, but I'm rich enough now, I think, to clear off the principal!" replied the millionaire.

"Dinna mind the principal, Andrew," said the relative. "It's very weel invested as it is!"—London Family Herald.

Laziness a Disease.

Laziness should be regarded as a disease when no organic cause of ill health exists, and people should be compelled to get through their allotted work as they would have to take their powders of quinine if they were suffering from influenza. There are scores of self pitying loafers on the sick list of every doctor who need, not drugs, not "treatment" of any sort, but simply work. To prescribe rest cures for this type is directly inciting them to a lazy life, when their dissatisfaction, general seediness and lack of vitality are the direct outcome of having too little to do already. It is not more rest that they require, but rompulsory, methodical, regulated work six days out of seven. Work is the best medicine in the world, the ideal stimulant, because it leaves no ill effects.—London Express.

Pert Answer.

In his book, "The Spice of Life," Thornanby, the author, says that he knew a learned counsel once who always boasted that he looked twenty years younger than he was, but he had an awful blow one day when he was cross examining a very self possessed young lady. He wanted her to tell him the age of somebody she knew or at least to make a guess at it, but he couldn't get a satisfactory answer from her.

"Come; you can generally form an idea of age from people's looks," he said, coaxingly. "Now, how old would you say I am?"

To which the lady replied, "You might be sixty by your looks; but, judging by the questions you ask, I should say about sixteen."

Shoreless Bolivia.

In territorial extent Bolivia stands third among the republics of South America and is one of the two without a seaport. Her natural outlet to the Pacific ocean was taken by Chile at the end of the war of the Pacific, and today she is shut off from the sea like Switzerland. La Paz, Oruro and Potosi are all cities standing over 12,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Pathetic Case.

Staggers—Itsh no ush; I can't open thish door. Itsh because I'm bald headed. Jaggers—Bald headed? Whatsh thash got to do with it? Staggers—Ev'rything, m' frien'; ev'rything. Whatsh good ish a key if you haven't any locks?—Philadelphia Record.

Bee Stings.

If stung by a bee rub off the sting instead of pulling it out with the nails of the thumb and forefinger and thus forcing more venom into the wound. Ammonia applied to the wound made by a bee sting will usually afford immediate relief.

The danger of a little knowledge of things is disputable, but beware the little knowledge of oneself.—George Meredith.

Life and Age.

Life does not count by years. Some suffer a lifetime in a day and so grow old between the rising and the setting of the sun.—Augusta Evans.

The Latest Attachment.

"Reggy has a new attachment on his motorcar."

"What for?"

"For debt."—Tit-Bits.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1912

A PERSONAL CONTEST.

Eminent statesmen concluded some weeks ago that the contest between President Taft and President Roosevelt is a personal one to determine which one of the two is the most popular. The stock in trade of each of these distinguished Presidential candidates seems to be accusations of official misconduct while at the head of the government, denials of the charges, and stump speeches in support of both. The arts of the demagogue are employed by both sides say the soberminded statesmen, which is not creditable to the contestants, and from which the "dear people," of whom the Colonel claims to be the champion will derive no substantial benefit.

The effect of the Taft-Roosevelt campaign as it has been and is now conducted cannot but be serious, if not disastrous, to the Republican Party in the election next November.

CLOSING UP.

The campaign for delegates to the Republican National Convention to be held in Chicago next month is drawing to a close. This week will witness about the last of the Taft-Roosevelt primary contests, but they will not, as some of the Boston papers assent, settle the question of who will win at the convention.

The country will not know who the Republican Presidential candidate is to be this year until the final vote is cast and counted. The Roosevelt incident after the Massachusetts Primaries when the Colonel released his delegates and urged them to vote for Taft, and their reply to him that they would do as they pleased about it, indicate what will happen at the convention, and how loosely even instructed delegates regard their instructions.

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

Twenty thousand minute pieces of wood entered into the construction of an elaborately ornamented Notre Dame cathedral clock made by James Calway of Skowhegan, Me. This clock, which is finely carved, stands seven feet and ten inches in height and took Mr. Calway six long years to complete. —*Scientific American.*

As one goes on and reads a full description of this remarkable product of Yankee mechanical genius in the *Sci. Am.* his wonder at such an achievement as this increases ten fold.

But the town that gave to the world Luke Ireland and his brother Jerre many confidently aspire to the accomplishment of the rarest feats of human ingenuity.

☞ For several months past the Boston & Maine Railroad Company have been systematically engaged in a course of "cheese paring." They have been "cutting the corners" in every direction. Fewer trainmen, trackmen, bridgemen, engineers, and others are employed at less wages than formerly; longer hours and more work are expected from employees; to all which in time there will be a costly sequel, a foretaste of which was felt in the terrible "cold spell" last winter. When their bridge over Charles River caves in, as it is sure to do if their present system of economy is continued, the Directors of the Boston & Maine may be forced to conclude that in loss of life and money that "cheeseparing" don't always pay.

☞ The Woburn Republicans do not seem to realize that by "legging" for the extension of the Winchester boulevard to this city they are playing into the hands of Representative Parker and helping him to secure another election next November to the exclusion of some good and loyal Republican. Down at the State House Parker goes by the title of "Father of the Woburn Boulevard," and whatever helps that scheme helps Parker to a third term in the House.

☞ Ald. Sullivan, Chairman of the Railroad Committee of the City Council, might with profit to the public turn his attention to the absence of B. & M. passenger trains from Lowell to Boston on the Woburn Loop. A patron in Lowell last week applied for a ticket to Woburn Center and was informed that no southbound trains were run on the Woburn Loop, and he was obliged to purchase transportation to Walnut Hill and take a trolley to the Center.

☞ Clarence V. T. Richeson was taken from the Suffolk County Jail in Boston last Tuesday to the death cell in the Charlestown State Prison where he is to remain until a few minutes past 12 o'clock Monday morning, May 20, 1912, when he will be executed for the murder of Avis Linnell a few months ago.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

H. S. Riley—Citation.
Miss E. I. Kenney—Dressecutting.
J. W. & E. F. Johnson—Citation.
N. E. Tel. & Tel. Co.—Better Do It Now.

— Overcoats were necessary to personal comfort last Tuesday.

— Fortunately cold rains of late have come before sheep shearing time.

— Trinity church in New York City owns property to the amount of $75,000,000.

— Maude Littlefield's first piano and violin recital this evening—don't miss it for anything.

— The Tabernacle Society of St. Charles church are to give their annual Lawn Party on June 8.

— Falling of the bloom from pear trees give the air somewhat the appearance of a belated snowstorm.

— Woburn market gardeners are pestered by having vegetables stolen from their grounds. Some of the rogues have been arrested.

— Ascension Day, yesterday, was observed with appropriate religious services at St. Charles church, and also at Trinity Episcopal church.

— The liquor cases against alleged resident offenders are to come up for trial in the District Court tomorrow with Judge Maguire on the Bench.

— Two weeks from yesterday will be Memorial, or Grand Army of the Republic, Day. Our two G. A. R. Posts will soon be getting ready for it.

— The first song of the lawnmower heard here this spring came floating through the leafy shrubbery on Col. B's Bennett street homestead last Wednesday.

— Miss Mary McGovern of 17 Church avenue has the JOURNAL'S thanks for a nice bunch of violets picked in the family garden last Wednesday.

— Appletree blossoms, with their pure white and delicate pink leaves, are again popular for wedding bouquets. "and she carried beautiful appletree blossoms to the altar."

— A man in Indiana said the other day that if parents kept on teaching their daughters music and their sons bookkeeping, potatoes would be $8 a bushel here in a few years.

— The Assistant Assessors had a great time and a merry one last Wednesday at their 7th annual outing at Pinehurst Park. Mr. Rufus Hayward is Dean of the Association.

— State Master Charles M. Gardner gave a rousing good lecture at the Woburn Grange meeting yesterday evening. Woburn Grange, although young, is strong and growing rapidly.

— Woburn business men should always bear in mind the fact that the JOURNAL furnishes the very best job printing at prices that defy competition. Please examine its work and figures.

— A week ago this evening 12 candidates were confirmed at Trinity Episcopal church by Bishop Lawrence of Boston, who welcomed Rector Magoun to Woburn in gracious terms.

— The leather firm of F. Chandler Parker & Son, Inc, which have been doing business at Arlington since the burning of their factory on Sturgis street, are to return and relocate in this city.

— Mr. Edward F. McSweeney, Democrat, nephew of Mr. Bryan McSweeney of Woburn, is one of the luckiest Politicians in Boston. Gov. Foss gave him another fat office last Wednesday.

— The G. A. R. Posts and Auxiliaries, S. of V., V. S. W., Co G 5th Reg, W. R. C., will attend divine services at the M. E. church on Sunday forenoon, May 26, by invitation of Pastor Estes.

— There is more than one person in this town who think life here would hardly be worth living without McCarron to drive the big city team and keep things neat and tidy. He has been "on the job" a great many years.

— Just a week ago Bradstreet's *Journal* said the cost of living had increased full 10 percent in the last year. More than that: a year ago dandelion greens could be had for the gathering; now they are 25 cents a peck.

— Chairman Stewart of the Board of Health gained some valuable information about unloading cars in the freight yards of the B. & M. R. R. from Station Agent Parkin in an interview with him the other day.

— Then the change came at noon last Saturday and the "Boston East Wind" proved itself to be a blessing. At that hour that day the temperature was 80 degrees in the shade and that much abused metropolitan breeze was a comfort.

— Clarke's "Our Naval Heroes" is to be played by the famous Marine Band at the National Cemetery in Washington on Memorial Day. The new piece will increase the already enviable reputation of Professor Clarke as a composer.

— Mr. Francis A. Partridge is entertaining his sister, Mrs. Laura I. Moody of Los Angeles, California, formerly of this city, at his home on Charles street. Years ago Mrs. Moody was saleswoman in C. A. Smith's dry goods store.

— Take "Aunt Jane" McCafferty, the Boss; McDonald, the ticket seller and telegrapher; and Wood, the general utility man; and if they don't constitute a spring cleaning R. R. depot combine without equal then we don't know what we are talking about.

— A "Patriotic Song," written by Mr. William Horatio Clarke and published by Mr. Arthur W. Whitcher of this city, is to be played at the Quincy Memorial ceremonies on May 30 by the Boyd Camp S. W. V. It was noticed in the JOURNAL a couple of weeks ago.

— Parker L. Richardson of Austin, Texas, who was born and educated in Woburn and learned the "Art Preservative" in the Woburn JOURNAL office years ago, is now State Printer of Texas. Since it was established in 1851 the JOURNAL has graduated many students who afterwards became prominent in various walks of life, and a "black sheep" has seldom been found among them.

— Last Tuesday the tables were turned upside down. On that day an enterprising individual, with an eye to profit, gathered and shipped dandelion greens from Woburn to a thrifty New Hampshire town. Think of that, ye marketmen! Where's Col. Simon Blake?

— The Choate Memorial Hospital Association are to hold a Field Day on June 17, for which preparations have already been inaugurated. It is to be held in aid of the Hospital. The Ways and Means committee are determined to make it the most notable event of the season.

— The following prominent residents have been appointed Executive Committee of the Choate Hospital Field Day: A. H. Linscott, H N Conn, Fred Shattuck, Edward Leighton, Fred J. Brown, Elmer E Silver, William A. Prior, William F. Blodgett and Mrs D. W. Bond.

— This piece of news may not be of so much public importance as some other piece of news, but it is pleasing to learn that a pair of beautiful and tuneful Baltimore orioles are building a summer home in the Simonds big apple tree in Church avenue Court, and singing merrily over their work.

— Mr. George W. Copp has sold his farm in Cummingsville and moved back to Needham where he and his wife occupy the same house which they left to reside in Woburn 30 years ago. The health of Mrs. Copp has improved since returning to the old home. They left many good friends here.

— Treasurer and General Manager John W. Johnson is making a vigorous move towards increasing the business of the Woburn Gaslight Company by extending its mains, and in other ways. Harri B. Leathe has been engaged as special salesman of gas fixings, and he is a hustler.

— At a meeting of the College Club held at 40 Commonwealth avenue, Boston, on the afternoon of May 10, the engagement of Miss May Barker, daughter of Mr. E. Gerry Barker, President of the Barker Lumber Company of this city, and Mr. William A. McDowell of North Carolina was announced.

— The City Council told the B. P. W. it would be a good thing to grant the prayer of the highwaymen and other city laborers for a weekly half-holiday during the summer; and the B. P. W. sent back word to the effect that if the C. C. would mind their business they would do better than they are doing now.

— The announcement is made that the Warren Free Industrial Academy is to begin business tomorrow when the registration of pupils is to take place. Master Frank Carter, a gentle man experienced in the teaching and management of Industrial schools, is to have charge again this season of the Warren, one of the best educational institutions in Woburn.

— Charles W. Fowle, official Interpretor of the American Embassy at Constantinople, son of Rev. James L Fowle, the Woburn First church Missionary in Turkey, is a member of the commission appointed by the government to investigate the sinking of the Texas, an American steamer, in Smyrna Harbor on April 29 last in which 140 lives were lost.

— This statement may be doubted but government statistics prove that more bushels of corn to the acre are raised in the State of Massachusetts than in the great corn raising States of Illinois and Iowa. Of course, vastly more corn is raised in Illinois and Iowa than in Massachusetts because of acreage, but the yield per acre is larger in the latter than in the former.

— Sunday, May 12, was Mothers' Day at the churches. Its official flower is the Carnation which is honored as such. Mothers and babes have set apart for them the highest seats in the synagogue, as they deserve to have to do with mothers and children and are appropriate to the Day, which is a National one. The anniversary was duly observed in this city.

— Judge Littlefield tried the proprietors of the Lyceum Hall Amusement, Company and fined each of the two $25 for presenting vaudeville shows without a license. Both appealed to the Superior Court. The complaints were made by Mayor Murray and warrants issued by Clerk Athur A. Gage of the District Court. It is alleged that the Mayor has a grievance against these men.

— A welcome visitor to the JOURNAL last Monday was William H. Foster, Esq, a Spokane, Washington, Lawyer of note, who is in Boston on professional business which will keep him at the Hub several weeks. In the meantime his wife (Edith Dunham) is with their son at Allston, who is one of the Editors of *The Youth's Companion*, and his wife and granddaughter. They are deeply in love with Spokane.

— The Choate Hospital May Party went out in a blaze of glory, so to speak, at a late hour last Friday night. The Managers promised on the start that it should be the best and it was. The Maypole and other Mayday dances, under the direction of young Miss Helen Sylvester, who has a remarkable genius for such business, were "as flue as silk," the spectators said, and the windingup ones were as gay and brilliant as ever came off in Lyceum Hall. The whole two days May festival was a grand success, for which Miss Sylvester deserved a liberal reward.

— After the battle at Lovell's Pond in Fryeburg, Maine in May, 1725, between a Company of "Massachusetts Rangers" and the Pequawket Tribe of Indians whose home was on the borders of the Pond, in which the "Rangers" were defeated, and their commander, Captain Lovewell, had been killed, Lieut. Seth Wyman of Woburn was appointed to lead the survivors back to their homes. Of this a poet wrote:

And braving many dangers and hardships on the way,
They safe arrived at Dunstable on the thirteenth day of May.

The shooting of Chief Paugus by Seth Wyman brought on the fight. The Wyman Family Association, of which Mrs. Legg (Lottie Wyman) is Secretary, have their official home in Burlington, near Woburn.

— The loads of rubbish that Street Commissioner Kennedy's city team gathered from our roads and dumped where they would do the most good last week were "a sight to behold." One could with great difficulty bring himself to believe that Woburn was as dirty as Charles French's W. V. I. S. proved it to be when the "cleaning up work began." But Commissioner Kelley should have had the rubbish to fill up his pet Library Park with. Does he not remember how a construction train, locomotive and all, sunk nearly out of sight just west of the Harrison street bridge when the "Woburn Loop" was being built? Well, the ground (or water) where it went down is the same as that covered Com Kelley's Library Park, which possibly may share the fate of the construction train. The slough must be filled up as rapidly as possible.

— Central Square is threatened with a real estate and building boom in the near future, if, indeed, it has not already set in. It looks as though in the matter of population that fair section of the city is to see history repeat itself, and reestablish its right to the name of Central Square. Woburn's first Lawyer, Joseph Bartlett, author of "Bartlett's Aphorisms" and other literary productions of acknowledged merit, had his office at Central Square, and many people settled there in early days. The Centre got ahead of it in population and business, but of late new life has been infused into its veins and it is bound to grow. Mr. E. P. Marion recently set the ball in motion by building and selling houses, and now Mr. George Hart has mapped out a large fine piece of land into houselots which are sure to find a ready market. They are the best in the city and cheap.

— The numerous good friends of Dr. William A. Defrieze and wife were pained to learn of the partial destruction of their fine residence in Brookline on Monday night, May 13, for he was a well known and very busy physician here for several years and both were popular leaders in Woburn's best social circles. Some of his old Woburn friends still consult Dr. Defrieze professionally. The following is taken from a Tuesday morning Boston paper: A fire which was discovered in the attic of the home of Dr. William Defrieze at 537 Washington street Brookline, shortly before 9 o'clock last Monday night caused damage to the extent of more than $3,000 before it could be extinguished. It proved a stubborn blaze because it was confined within the partitions. No cause for the origin of the fire could be assigned. The dwelling is a two and one-half story structure. The fire, after its discovery near one of the maid's rooms, progressed through the partitions down to the second story. One whole corner of the building was burned off.

Porto Rico's New Wonder.

From far away Porto Rico come reports of a wonderful new discovery that is believed will vastly benefit the people. Ramon T. Marchan, of Barceloneta, writes "Dr. King's New Discovery is doing splendid work here. It cured me about five times of terrible coughs and colds, also my brother of a severe cold in his chest and more than 20 others, who used it on my advice. We hope this great medicine will yet be sold in every drug store in Porto Rico." For throat and lung troubles it has no equal. A trial will convince you of its merit. 50c & $1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by All Druggists.

Will Preach Dedicatory Sermon.

Rev. and Mrs. Fred M. Estes left Wednesday for a trip to Claremont, Virginia, where, on Sunday afternoon, Mr. Estes is to preach the dedicatory sermon in connection with the dedication of a $50,000 college building in honor of Abraham Lincoln, also a Power House and Electrical Plant which, with some other improvements, cost $35,000 more. The old Claremont wharf, where the second cargo of slaves landed in this country May 24, 1624, having been rebuilt at a cost of $3,000, is to be dedicated to Hon. John Hay. Lincoln Hall is situated on the spot where the second auction block to be erected in this country stood. Thus this place on the historic James River, once cursed with the debasing system of human slavery has been transformed into the seat of an institution of higher learning which is to bless succeeding generations.

His Excellency, Gov. William Hodges Mann of Virginia will preside at the dedication, and Hon. Charles S. Deneen, Governor of Illinois, Lincoln's native state, will give an address. The commencement exercises, in connection with which the dedication is to occur will continue through Tuesday the twenty-first.

Only A Fire Hero

but the crowd cheered, as, with burned hands, he held up a small round box, "Fellows!" he shouted, "this Bucklen's Arnica Salve I hold, has everything beat for burns." Right! also for boils, ulcers, sores, pimples, eczema, cuts, sprains, bruises. Surest pile cure. It subdues inflammation, kills pain. Only 25c at All Druggists.

Memorial Service.

On Sunday, May 26, at 10.30 o'clock, the various patriotic organizations of the city together with their auxiliaries, viz. G. A. R. Posts 33 and 161, and the Women's Relief Corps 84 and 161, the Sons of Veterans and their Auxiliary, the Spanish War Veterans, Company G of the Fifth Regiment and any others not mentioned by name are cordially invited to worship at the Methodist Episcopal Church where the usual annual memorial service will be held.

Mrs. Josephine S. Carter.

Josephine Smith (Hinckley), wife of John R. Carter, passed away at her late residence, 2 Eaton avenue, Thursday, May 16, at six A. M. Services at the house, Saturday, May 18, at three P. M. Relatives and friends invited. Burial private.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

the antiseptic powder to shake into the shoes. Makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Relieves painful, swollen, tender, sweating, aching feet and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Sold everywhere, 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.* Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Methodist Church.

In the absence of the pastor, Rev. James Higgins of East Saugus will supply the pulpit in the morning, and the 7 o'clock service will be conducted by the young men of the church. The prayermeeting will be held as usual.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

One of the strongest and best all star vaudeville bills seen at B. F. Keith's Theatre in months is promised for next week at that popular resort. One of the big novelties will be Joseph Hart's newest and funniest comedy with music, entitled "A Night in A Turkish Bath." The scene of this piece is laid in a New York Turkish Bath establishment after midnight. A well-to-do drug salesman, much the worse for wear and tear, has picked up two tough railroad freight brakemen in his wanderings, and brings them into the bath to get over the night before. Aside from this big feature, Conlin, Steele and Carr, the college girl and the rah rah boys, will appear in one of the liveliest and most diverting musical melanges imaginable. Conroy and LeMaire are blackface comedians, with a clever skit entitled "The Pinochle Fiends," and two newcomers are Joe Keno and Rosie Green, clever eccentric dancers.

GORDON'S OLYMPIA.

The second week of Gordon's New Olympia Theatre was a repetition of the inaugural week. The beautiful house was crowded to capacity all day long and patrons were delighted with the magnificence of the theatre, its atmosphere of refinement and the high class character of the entertainment. There will always be seven big acts in every show in addition to the very latest photo plays and the Pathe illustrated news service. The plays and the news service are changed every Monday and Thursday. The vaudeville is certain to be the very best obtainable in this country or abroad.

THE PARK.

Paul J. Rainey's African Hunt which opened an indefinite engagement at the Park Theatre, Boston, Monday evening proved to be one of the real surprises of the season and is easily the most marvelous exposition of what can be accomplished with the motion picture, ever revealed in this country. The entertainment consists of a complete motion picture and stereopticon story of the $250,000 Big Game Hunt of Paul J. Rainey the Millionaire Sportsman, the whole fully explained by a lecturer and it contains almost as many thrills as one would have imagined the hunter himself or the photographer undergoing. Judging by the attendance Monday evening it will be many weeks before they leave.

THE TREMONT.

With the same joyous music, effervescent comedy and splendid company that has delighted theatregoers throughout the entire country, Boston's own prima donna, Christie MacDonald begins tomorrow night the third week of her limited engagement in Boston in the wonderful Viennese operetta of happiness, "The Spring Maid." Never has an operetta struck the chord of popular approval so certainly as has this winsome prima donna in this glorious musical romance. The strains of "Day Dreams," "Two Little Love Bees", "How I Love a Pretty Face," and the other musical masterpieces are already familiar to every music lover. Supporting Miss MacDonald is a cast of unusual excellence headed by Thomas Conkey, Ben Hendricks, Mae Phelps, Charles H Hart, Charles W Meyers, Isabelle Francis and Tom McNaughton, the droll English comedian. They in turn are supported by the "Spring Maid" chorus and ballet of sixty. There will be the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

The May Party.

The annual May Party given by the Hospital Aid Association for the benefit of the Choate Hospital took place last Friday evening in Lyceum Hall and was a grand success, both financially and socially.

The first scene showed the May Queen, little Miss Betty Callahan, seated in a rose bedecked swing and surrounded by her youthful subjects, and a pretty sight it was. After the crowning of the May Queen the May Pole dance was given by Violet Campbell, Mary Mahoney, Ethel O'Connor, Constance Smith, Katherine Jahnke, Caroline Vaughn, Edwin Grimes, Harris Brown, Donald True, Louis McMahon, Ralph Knowlton, Daniel Beggs; Mrs. F. Leroy Pratt, Matron.

Then came the Japanese dance, Mrs. W. G. Stretton, Matron. The three Japanese maidens, right from the heart of the ancient Empire, were Evelyn Snow, Yum Yum, Marion Cook, Peep Bo, Freda Walker, Pitti-Sing. Their singing of "Three Little Maids from School" was charming and they were indeed proficient in the fanwork. They were assisted in their dance by thirty young ladies.

The butterfly dance was striking; developing from cocoons to handsome gauzy butterflies. Miss Blanche Marion was the soloist in this dance and Mrs. H. S. Dennison the Matron.

Tiny Miss Katherine Jahnke in kilts and plaid in the Highland Fling was the star of the evening. After an encore she received a whole armful of flowers.

The Pierrot and Pierrotte dance was the comedy part of the affair and the laughable antics of the dancers received liberal applause. Mrs. G. P. Russell was the Matron.

Miss Martha Winn danced a Spanish dance with grace and skill which was so well received that she was obliged to repeat it. She also was the recipient of floral offerings. The dance of the Danube maidens was very artistic. Miss Helen Sylvester was the soloist and her interpretation was excellent. Miss Esther Bean was the Matron.

The closing scene showed the entire company grouped upon the stage, the dainty little May Queen occupying her swinging throne in the centre. Colored lights were thrown upon the group and made a charming picture which received enthusiastic applause. Too much credit cannot be given Miss Sylvester for her faithful and painstaking work in drilling all the participants of the exhibition and making it so great a success. Dancing followed the entertainment. Hern's orchestra furnished the music and refreshments were served under charge of Mrs. C. Walter Marion.

Better Do It Now
Than Wish You Had

You've got another week, before the telephone directory closes, in which to give orders for Summer telephones or for new service.

It may be you can wait until the last minute, and not be disappointed. The safer way is to give your order now. Then we will endeavor to arrange details so as to give you service where and when you want it.

Telephone Fort Hill 7600 (free from any telephone in the Metropolitan District) and notify the Contract Department. Orders may be given at the contract offices at 119 Milk Street, 50 Oliver Street or the uptown branch at 165 Tremont Street, Boston.

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. — LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE — BELL SYSTEM — AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

WINCHESTER.

Memorial Day is to be observed this month after the usual manner.

The Italian labor strike was not a momentous affair and nobody gained much by it. Strikes are generally expensive luxuries.

The roads in this town are in fine condition. That is why they are used so freely by autoists.

The Winchester Equal Suffrage League are still "alive and kicking" although, it seems to me, not quite so vigorously as formerly.

Rev. Murray W. Dewart has become the settled Rector of the Parish of Epiphany in this town. He is highly spoken of.

The merchants of this town will, by mutual agreement close their stores at 12 30 P. M. every Wednesday from May 15 to Sept. 18 this year. They take 5 months in Woburn.

It appears from the records that at neither of the two meetings when the Town Plan for the grade crossing was accepted one half of the vote of the Town cast on the question, and yet we are told that the plan was accepted at each by a large majority.

Something is going to be done now. Our Selectmen have gone at the grade crossing hammer and tongs and "plans" for it are no longer in order. As Mr. Ass Spades says in the "Largest Circulation" Boston paper." Yassur, something is going to be did.

A Great Building Falls

when its foundation is undermined, and if the foundation of health—good digestion—is attacked, quick collapse follows. On the first signs of indigestion, Dr. King's New Life Pills should be taken to tone the stomach and regulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Pleasant, easy, safe and only 25 cents at All Druggists.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, May 13, Lucy Heald Sparrowk, aged 90 years, 4 days.

In this city, May 14, George A. Doucette, aged 31 years, 10 months, 26 days.

Linnell's Market

Beech-Nut Brand

(Goods in Glass)

Sliced Beef,
Sliced Bacon,
Peanut Butter,
Red Current Jelly,
Grape Jelly,
Pineapple Preserves,
Raspberry Jam.

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Tel. 314 W.

Flagged Train With Shirt.

Tearing his shirt from his back an Ohio man flagged a train and saved it from a wreck, but H. T. Alston, Raleigh, N. C., once prevented a wreck with Electric Bitters. "I was in a terrible plight when I began to use them," he writes, "my stomach, head, back and kidneys were all badly affected and my liver was in bad condition, but four bottles of Electric Bitters made me feel like a new man." A trial will convince you of their matchless merit for any stomach, liver or kidney trouble. Price 50 cents at All Druggists.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "For Him Who is Joined to all Living there is Hope."
The Men's Class will meet after the opening Service of the Sunday School.
12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 18, every Sunday morning at 10.45.
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday from 2.30 to 4.30.

THE AMERICAN
Dress Cutting College
ROOM 5,
431 Main Street, Woburn
Knight Building (over Woolworth's)
Hours 2 to 4.30 and 7 to 9.30 P. M.
Tuesday and Thursday beginning June 11.
For information address
Miss E. I. KENNEY,
94 West St., Reading, Mass.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT,

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Josiah Parker, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Sarah B. Parker, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of June A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

17-24-31 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Benjamin T. H. Porter, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate by John W. Johnson, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of June, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

17-24-31 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Thousands of Sample Bottles
Of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, The Great Kidney & Liver Remedy,
SENT FREE

The manufacturers of that justly famous Kidney and Liver medicine, Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, offer readers of this paper a sample bottle and pamphlet of valuable medical advice *absolutely free.*

Of course this involves enormous expense to the manufacturers, but they have received so many grateful letters from those who have been benefited and cured of the various diseases of the kidneys and liver, and associated diseases, such as bladder and blood troubles, rheumatism, dyspepsia and chronic constipation, and all weaknesses peculiar to women, that they willingly send sample bottles to all sufferers. Write today for free sample bottle, or get a large bottle of your druggist. Address Dr. David Kennedy Co., Rondout, N. Y.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank:

Mary M. Howard, Lucy A. Goodell, Geo. E. M. Gaiencia, Lutha F. Spalding, John Knights, 3rd, Lizzie P. Adams, Agrotha G. Hatch, Peter M. Berry, Augusta M. Spalding, Freddie H. Reed, Ella B. Kilborne, Mary E. Cordell, E. G. Challis, Kate Bowe, Mary E. Gilson, Timothy Coughlin, Arthur M. Dyer, Rosanna Burns, Kate Foley, and to all other persons interested in certain sums of money deposited in the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, located at Woburn, in said County, to the credits of the persons above named, in the amounts set forth in the hereinafter described petition:

WHEREAS, James M. Swift, Attorney General for said Commonwealth, has presented to said Court his petition representing that for more than thirty years previous to the date of said petition no deposit has been made on any of the said accounts, nor has any part of the principal or interest of any of the said accounts been withdrawn, and no interest has been added upon any of the pass books; that said deposits have remained during said period unclaimed, nor is any claimant known, and that the depositors of said accounts cannot be found, and praying that this Court, in accordance with the provisions of Section 56 of Chapter 590 of the Acts of the year 1908, order and decree that said sums of money, with the increase and proceeds thereof, be paid to the Treasurer and Receiver-General of said Commonwealth.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex on the twentieth day of May, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to the said Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, fourteen days, at least, before said Court, and by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fourth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

3-10-17 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Maria Cudlr, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Elmer C. Cudlr of Boston in the County of Suffolk, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-third day of May, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of April in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

3-10-17 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

RHEUMATISM
PROMPTLY RELIEVED BY
THE ENGLISH REMEDY
BLAIR'S PILLS
SAFE & EFFECTIVE. 50c & $1
DRUGGISTS.
OR 95 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

S. FRANK SHERMAN,
118 High Street, Reading, Mass., twenty years' experience Making and Tuning Pianos. All orders will receive prompt attention.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

KNOCK

— THE —

HIGH PRICES

ON MEAT BY BUYING

Best Shrimp, 10c can, 3 cans 25c.
Best Crab Meat 20c and 35c.
Alaska Salmon 13c can.
Kippered Herring 10 and 15c can
Soused Mackerel 15c can
Norwegian " 17c can
Best Am. Sardines 10c., 3 for 25
Best Norwegian " 10c., 3 for 25
P. & C. Sardines, 30 and 41 can
Campbell's Soups 10c can 3 for 25
Van Camp's " 10c can 3 for 25
Woburn Eggs 28c. dozen.

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House,

FRED. STANLEY

351 Main Street.

TELEPHONE 242-3.

OUR

Store Policy

has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—$20.

Whitcher's

PILL BOX

LET US SHOW YOU.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE

In effect June 25, 1911.

[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for MALDEN SQ. at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.15 A. M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, *11.15 P. M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 3.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 4.10.45, †11.15, †11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Centre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

* Melrose Highlands Only.
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Hair Mattresses Made Over. Ticks Washed and New Ticks furnished when required. New Hair added when needed.

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Season opens October 2.

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Telephone 446

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY FOR COUGHS COLDS PRICE 50¢ & $1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Our Workshops



and the ideal conditions which prevail therein, are reflected in their product. The large, airy, and well-lighted workshops—the well-paid, contented men and women workers; help to make possible the good New England *Quality* and *Worth* for which the name MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY has stood for more than half a century.

Men's Spring Suits, $25 to $40

Men's Spring Overcoats, $20 to $45

Inspection of Workshops invited at all times.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY 400 Washington Street Boston, Mass.

LOCAL PEOPLE IN 1912 BOSTON ELECTRIC SHOW

The secretary of the Boston Edison Co-operative Development committee has recently sent out a letter asking for the names of all the manufacturers of various products in the territory using the Edison service.

The management of the 1912 Boston Electric show, which will occupy the entire Mechanics building in Boston from September 28 to October 26, inclusive, wants to get in touch with these manufacturers, especially those who are doing business on a modest scale, in order to inform them of what this Electric show is going to mean to commercial business in Greater Boston.

It goes without saying that a big enterprise of this kind must be a great stimulus to the commercial activity of our locality, and will bring a great deal of good advertising to us because of the attention it will attract everywhere.

Herewith is a copy of the letter sent to the members of the Co-operative Development committee:

Boston, Mass., May 10, 1912

Dear Sir:

We have been at work sincethe first of September, 1910, preparing for the biggest Electric Show ever held in the world.

This Show will be held in Boston, September 28 to October 26, inclusive, this next fall.

It will occupy the *entire* Mechanics building.

The Biggest Space in the Biggest Building for the Biggest Electric Show ever held in the World.

There will be 105,000 square feet of exhibit floor space in this building, and a large proportion of it has already been taken by exhibitors who will show moving plants operated by electric power.

A large number of these exhibitors are manufacturers, large and small, in the vicinity of Boston. They have gone into the Show because they believe it will be one of the greatest opportuinties they have ever had to get advertising value, and also that it will be a great opportunity for them to co-operate, while making a profit for themselves, in boosting Boston and New England.

Naturally we want New England manufacturers, big and little, as fully represented as possible.

Will you, as a member of our Edison Co-operative Development committee, be kind enough to send in a list of all the manufacturing enterprises in your city or town?

It is easy to pick out the big ones—we can do that here in our office; but there must be hundreds of enterprising manufacturers who may be just beginning a growing business in some new commodity who will appreciate having the opportunities of this big Show called to their attention.

Here is an excellent opportunity for all of us to co-operate.

Please let us hear from you as soon as convenient.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) L. D. Gibbs,
Superintendent of Advertising

May 13, 1912.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children

Relieve Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and are a pleasant remedy for Worms. Used by Mothers for 22 years. *They never fail.* At all Druggists 25c. Sample FREE. Address, A. S Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Matter of Economy.

Mildred — They were married in haste, I understand? Eleanor—Yes; they had engaged a taxicab by the hour, so they requested the minister to hurry.—Exchange.

Sometimes.

"Does the office ever really seek the man?"

"Well, yes, sometimes—for instance, when the cashier skips to Canada."—Washington Herald.

PRIMITIVE WAGONS.

The Russian Bashkir Is the Oldest Type Still In Use.

There is an interesting collection of wheeled vehicles in the National museum in Washington which was got together for the purpose of showing the development of conveyances for men and chattels from the most primitive times. One of the exhibits is a full sized carette or ox cart used by the Indians of Arizona and New Mexico as well as in some of the remote parts of Spain. This cart was brought over by the early Spanish settlers. It has wheels about three and a half feet in diameter, made of three pieces of timber fastened together with dowels of wood, the wheel being thick at the center to form the hub.

Another primitive type of wagon known as the Red river cart and used by the half breeds in Canada has five foot wheels, the wheels in this case having spokes, twelve in number. The native driver of this cart sits in it with his feet higher than his hips, the shafts being higher than the bed of the wagon. There is also a reproduction of an Egyptian chariot in the collection, the wheels of which have twelve spokes, with slots in them near the hub so that a rope can be run through to hold the spokes firmly in place.

What is thought to be the oldest type of vehicle still in use is the Russian bashkir or child's coach, with wheels made out of a solid slab of wood, having holes burned through the center for the axle.—New York Sun.

GOVERNMENT PROFITS.

Uncle Sam Has a Good Income From a Few Side Lines.

Customs receipts and internal revenue taxation furnish the bulk of the government's income, but the government profits by a snug sum from the sources that grow out of sovereignty, usually on the "penny saved, penny earned" principle. For instance, about $3,000,000 of small change is absorbed in the channels of trade each year. During periods of great prosperity this amount has been as high as $5,000,000.

Buying for 50 cents a pound blanks that will make ninety nickel five cent pieces is profitable business. The gain is hardly less in one cent pieces. The silver in the quarter dollar would not now cost more than 10 cents, although it was somewhat higher when the stock now being minted was purchased.

The treasury is the gainer from the destruction of paper money not redeemed. It also derives an income from patents in the form of fees that patentees pay for the privilege of monopolizing their inventions and thus in a slight degree shares their profits. Other returns of this sort might be enumerated, but the receipts growing out of sovereignty are limited in scope and are, after all, merely indirect forms of taxation.—Harper's Weekly.

Just Like Home.

The two little girls, six years old or so, were playing housekeeping all along the garden wall, says the Milwaukee Sentinel. On some principle that no grownup could realize one section of it was the kitchen, another the dining room, another the sitting room, and so on. One small maid was the mistress of the house, and the other was the servant girl. Then the big man came strolling along with a book in his hand and, all unconscious, perched himself on the softest stone in the middle of that wall.

"Oh, look how he comes and spoils our play!" wailed one of the twain.

"No, indeed," replied the other, with a happy inspiration. "He's my husband, and he's reading in his den, and he's not to be disturbed, so we needn't notice him."

So the game went on.

Hidden Treasures of the Tiber.

The waters of the Tiber are said to cover many costly treasures of antiquity. From Lake Nemi, near Rome, many bronze armaments and statuary from the floating palaces of the Emperors Tiberius and Caligula have already been recovered. It has long been the dream of poets and the belief of antiquaries that the Tiber's bed conceals a vast amount of artistic treasures which have been flung into it either from wanton recklessness or for the purpose of preservation from sacrilege. There is a legend that Attila buried all his treasure beneath the river.

No Reply.

Two English soldiers, seeing a comrade's coat lying on his bed, thought they would play a joke on him, as he happened to be an Irishman. So they chalked a donkey's head on the back of the coat and then waited to see him put it on. When Mike took up the coat he gazed at the donkey's head with deep earnestness, and then, turning to the Englishmen, he inquired, "Which of yez wiped your face on my coat?"

Explained.

Mrs. Henpeck—There will be no marriages in the next world. Mr. Henpeck—No wonder they call it heaven.—Philadelphia Record.

STATE TAX TO BE LARGE

Needs of State Have Been Great and Are Increasing Yearly.

RADICAL ELECTION CHANGES DEFEATED

Chances of Governor Foss at Democratic National Convention for Vice Presidential Nomination.

Members of the Legislature are concerned over the probable size of the state tax this year. The present indications are that it will be close to $7,500,000, which would be the record levy, though it may be kept down to $6,500,000. The Great and General Court is constantly being importuned to embark the State in costly undertakings, and usually there are few, if any, remonstrants against such expenditures. Consequently the legislator hears only one side, and it is sometimes hard to refuse persistent importunities from his constituents. These needs increase faster than sources of revenue are found.

The Legislature has steadily enacted laws which seemed absolutely necessary, that have nevertheless increased the cost of government. A few years ago the State took over from the cities and towns the care of the insane, at a cost of more than a million dollars a year. While the cities and towns were thus relieved of that much expense they spent just as much the following years for local needs and their state tax was greater, making a larger total tax.

Eventually the tax paying public will find out they will have to pay for all the new things which they demand from the Legislature. In the last few years they have demanded state highways, metropolitan parks, state reservations in the country and at the seashore, new and improved sanitoriums for state charges, public control of Boston docks, piers and wharves state primaries, as well as a hundred and one other things too numerous to mention. It may be true that these are things which help to make the cost of living. And it is just as true now as it ever was that "Those who dance must pay the fiddler."

Defeat of Election Innovations.

The Legislature has just defeated a measure to eliminate a large part of the expense to which candidates at the primaries and elections in this State are now subject. It is the so-called progressive method already adopted in several Western states. It prohibited all expenses on the part of the candidates beyond those necessary for traveling and for purposes incidental to traveling, for newspapering advertising, for personal correspondence, for preparing and transmitting to the Secretary of the Commonwealth statements intended for publication in primary and election bulletins, and for preparing, circulating and filing nomination papers, and also for voluntary payments of money to political committees for promotion of the principles of the party. Under it provision was made for transportation to the polls at public expense of such persons as are physically incapable of otherwise attending, and also provision at public expense for suitable halls for rallies.

Provision was also made for an official bulletin, to be issued prior to the primaries, in parts, each part to be designated by the name of one of the political parties and to contain statements of candidates of that party and no others. Four successive numbers of an election bulletin were also provided for, to be issued fifteen days preceding the regular state election at intervals of four days. In these primary and election bulletins all candidates whose names were to appear on any ballot were entitled to proportional space.

This method has already been adopted by several Western states but the Election Committee considered it inexpedient to adopt it at this time. The bill as first offered eliminated entirely newspaper advertising in a campaign and substituted for it bulletins as described to be issued at the public expense.

This will show the tendency of the times. Possibly the millennium will be hastened by legislation; perhaps, however, it may only come with the reform of the individual. Meanwhile the average man is hoping that conditions will not become worse through the radical changes which are now being made in methods of government in the states.

Governor Foss at Baltimore.

The prospects of Governor Foss in the Democratic National convention are exciting considerable interest in Massachusetts, especially in view of the general impression that a western or southern Democrat is likely to be named for president. There was a time when the governor told his friends with an air of conviction that he was going to be nominated for president himself, but no one is taking a great deal of stock in that happening now. His political associates have advised him to aim for the presidency and conapromise on the vice presidency, and that is his plan at present, although not laying too much stress upon the former part of the program.

Very likely if a western man, or a southern man, is nominated for president, the Democrats will feel like selecting an eastern man for the second place. It is regarded as good politics to do so. It is not impossible that the convention might come as far east as Massachusetts, although it is not perhaps an even chance. But the hope would be in doing so, that the New England states, or a majority of them, might thus be made Democratic; that Massachusetts, at least, might give its electoral vote to the Democratic candidates. But there are states with more electoral votes than Massachusetts, and numbers are what the Democratic convention will aim to angle for, in disposing of the second place. New York is a great state with a big block of electoral votes, and it is a doubtful state, at the present time. Many Democrats are asking if it could be ignored, in case the nomination for president goes westward.

Nomination Is Problematical.

While it is quite within the possibilities that Gov. Foss may be nominated for vice president, it is problematical. In 1896 the ticket was Bryan of Nebraska and Sewell of Maine, but never since has the vice presidential nomination come so far east, and not for a great many years previous to that. And the locality argument is a mighty strong one with a national convention, although it may seem trivial to the onlooker. Besides all that, Massachusetts has never in the last half century wavered in a presidential year in her loyalty to the Republican candidate for president, and her record is well known to the Democrats of the country. They will have to be shown that conditions have radically changed to convince [illegible] Foss could carry it as a [illegible] for the vice presidency on the Democratic ticket. William E. Russell carried it as the Democratic candidate for governor in 1892 but it gave a solid Republican vote for Benjamin Harrison for president. William L. Douglas carried it as a candidate for governor in 1904, but Roosevelt electors were chosen by more than 90,000 majority.

If he is not nominated for vice president it is thought Mr. Foss will again be candidate for governor.

American-Jamaican Trade Extension.

With a possible "commercial exposition" in view, at which American manufactures might be displayed and thus brought to the attention of Jamaican tradespeople, Consul Snyder of Kingston began interviewing leading Kingston merchants and one in particular, a wholesale hardware dealer who, he believed, imported little, if any, hardware from the United States. Inquiry developed that his warehouse was stocked with thousands of dollars' worth of American goods, such as carpenter's tools, ready-mixed paints, whips, harness, and nails. He said that he has recently begun to import corrugated iron roofing and wire fencing also and stated that while American imports are not increasing by "leaps and bounds," they are steadily driving both British and German maufacturers to greater efforts to maintain the trade they have hitherto enjoyed.

The same may be said of the larger dry goods houses, to which were submitted samples (with prices) of a child's jumper suit made in one of the New England States. Notwithstanding many of them maintain a buyer in London, they have placed large orders with this New England manufacturer. Continuing his investigations, he found silar conditions existing among others of the leading merchants, and therefore concluded that a commercial exposition such as he had contemplated would not justify the expense it would entail.

If American manufacturers will (and some of them do) send out competent salesmen, their trade in the West Indies should develop greatly

New Montreal Railroad Terminals.

The most important event in real estate and railway circles, and one which strengthened speculation in real estate on Montreal Island more than anything else, was the completion of plans of the Canadian Northern Railway for large terminal facilities in both the suburbs and city. The company has bought 4,000 acres north and west of Mount Royal, reaching from the mountain to where the Riviere des Prairies leaves the Lake of Two Mountains to form the northern boundary of Montreal Island. Along this right of way will be built shops, factories, and suburban towns. Mount Royal will be pierced by a double-track tunnel 3.3 miles in length, which will come out on the south side of the mountain in the center of the city near the present Windsor station of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Here a passenger station will be built somewhat on the lines of the new Pennsylvania Railway Station in New York.

Cotton Growing in Chihuahua.

Consul Marion Letcher, of Chihuahua City, states that not much cotton is produced in the Mexican State of Chihuahua. The latest statistics—those for 1908—show only 499,400 pounds, of which 455,400 pounds were produced in the district of Camargo, of which Santa Rosalia is the principal city. However, the consul is informed that with the completion of the irrigation dam on the Conchos River at la Boquilla, a few miles from Santa Rosalia, cotton planting in the irrigated territoory will be begun on a considerable scale.

Snails a Plague in Ceylon.

The region about Bernwala, in Ceylon, was not long ago afflicted with a veritable plague of snails. Though these animals are extraordinarily prolific, they do not often appear in sufficiently large numbers to make themselves obnoxious.

ENGLAND'S BIG BOAT RACE.

Origin of the Annual Match Between Oxford and Cambridge.

In the year 1829 two university eights met in a rowing match from Hambledon lock to Henley bridge. One crew wore dark striped jerseys and black hats, and the other appeared in white shirts, wearing a pink necktie. The race was rowed in slow, heavy boats, built with high sides, and square oars propelled the crews along.

No enthusiastic crowds lined the banks of the river all along the course, and no evening papers, giving the result of the race, sold in hundreds of thousands all over the country when the race was over. Yet this was the beginning of the most popular racing event in the rowing world—the Oxford and Cambridge boat race.

The boats used by the eights in those days were clumsy and uncomfortable. Sliding seats were unknown, and the craft were weighed down with heavy metal keels. Outriggers—the extended parts of a boat's gunwale, that give a greater leverage—were also unheard of, for it was not until 1846 that they were introduced by the university crews. In 1857 keelless boats were adopted, and sliding seats were used in them in 1873.

Oxford did not adopt the dark blue that is so well known today until 1836, when Cambridge appeared in Eton colors.—Pearson's Weekly.

Enigma of Gravitation.

Gravitation is one of nature's enigmas. The great Newton himself did not pretend to know what gravitation is. He only knew that it existed, and he was able to prove how it acted, but what it was in and of itself he never knew. Gravitation is a law of nature or a force acting in accordance with a law of nature, and that is all that the wisest man is able to say about it—unless he is prepared to talk nonsense. It is like electricity. We know perfectly well what electricity does, but what electricity itself is baffles the profoundest of scientists and philosophers.—New York American.

PUNISHED THE SHREW.

Story of the Vixen's Head That Decorates a House in Berlin.

In Berlin, as a tourist turns into the Heiligengeist, not far from the kaiser's palace, he will see, fixed in a niche in the second story of the house No. 38, a bust carved in stone. This is called the "Neidkopf." It represents a hideous, harpy faced woman, with snakelike curls of hair and tongue sticking out in mocking derision. This is the story of its origin and purpose:

One day almost 200 years ago Frederick William of Prussia, "Old Fritz," was walking about the streets of his city in the shabby, free and easy way he loved, looking about for some grievance to redress or some load to lighten, which was an agreeable habit of this plain living king. Looking in at a window, he was struck by the intent industry of a humpbacked goldsmith, and so the king entered the little shop for a chat. The result of this interview was an order for a gold table service for the royal household, which made the fortune of the hunchback. Later the king made other visits to see how the work was progressing and on one of these occasions noticed a woman in the window of the opposite house, making the most hideous grimaces and pointing a derisive finger at the little cripple.

"What is the matter with the shrew over there?" asked Frederick William.

"It is envy, your majesty," exclaimed the goldsmith. "She is the wife of a rival goldsmith, and ever since your majesty gave me this order she and her daughter have not ceased to mock and deride me."

Frederick William, paternal in punishment as well as in reward, at once made inquiries as to the ownership of the house wherein this shrew lived. He found that it belonged to her husband, and therefore reasoned that there was little likelihood of the family moving. This seemed to please him. He next enlisted the services of a sculptor and ordered him to make the bust of a woman with the most shrewish, Xantippe like face he could imagine. The king then bought and renovated the house in which the hunchback had his workshop, presented it to him and caused the bust to be placed conspicuously above the workroom window. Thus whenever the envious woman across the street looked forth from her casement the first thing on which her eyes fell was this intended portrait of her amiable self.

For more than 100 years the "Neidkopf," "spiteful vixen head," as one would say in English, stood in proud prominence, a reproach to the envious Frau Goldschmied and her descendants. It afterward mysteriusly disappeared, but in 1840 or thereabouts it was found again in a forgotten collection of bric-a-brac. Frederick William IV. bought the bust for a very large price and had it replaced in its original niche, where it stands today.—New York Press.

Chateaubriand's Tragedy.

Writing on M. Chateaubriand in the Paris Temps, Jules Claretie recalls the story of the first performance of the great author's tragedy "Moise." Unable to secure its production in Paris, he had it staged at Versailles. Too nervous to be present in the house on the occasion, he sent his valet with orders to return and report as to the reception of the piece. The servant duly arrived.

"Well?" asked Chateaubriand.

"Ah, M. le Vicomte, I amused myself I spent a most delightful evening."

"It was a success, then?"

"A success, M. le Vicomte? Of course it was a success. It was an immense success. The audience never stopped laughing from the beginning to the end of it."

Literature and Slang.

"Booze," as a word connected with taking strong waters, dates back two centuries, and in the spelling "bouze" may be found at even as remote a date as 1300. "Fresh," in its signification of forward, comes from 1803. "Some pumpkins," popular slang in bucolic circles, is of ancient lineage. "Gab" has been slang for a century. "Stag," on the fence between slang and English, has survived generations. In the Knickerbocker Magazine of 1856 we find an author telling of "a party of old bricks who * * * are keeping up a small stag party at the end of the room." "Squelch" in the seventeenth century was in good use. Of two words in vogue to express drunkenness half a century ago "tight" is much alive, while "whittled" has been dropped. There are no fixed laws to gauge the life of slang or to predict its entrance into the language. Will "highbrow," for example, find its way into the mouths of grandchildren yet unborn, or will it take its place in the ranks of absolute curiosities?—Collier's Weekly.

Wreck of the White Ship.

The most famous of all royal shipwrecks is probably that of the White Ship, which gave Rossetti the subject of one of his finest ballads. Henry I. had crossed to France to secure the allegiance of the Norman barons and was returning in triumph. Prince William, the king's favorite son, did not sail aboard his father's vessel, but followed in the White Ship, commanded by Fitz-Stephen, the royal hereditary pilot. Somewhere in midchannel the White Ship separated from the fleet and went down with all on board, and Henry "never smiled again."

That historically stifled smile also gave rise to the ribald verse—it came, one thinks, from some Twainish American:

Many a wicked smile he smole,
And many a wink he wunk,
But never, never smole again
After the White Ship sunk.

—London Spectator.

Reminders of Napoleon.

"I never knew Missouri was filled with reminders of the Napoleonic wars until I took a trip over the Missouri Pacific's river branch to Boonville," a traveling man remarked. "Thoughts of the great struggle in France commenced to dawn upon me when the brakeman went through the train calling 'Napoleon.' I recalled the career of ambition of the great Corsican general and was allowing my thoughts to wander in that vein when the next station was announced—Waterloo. I began to recall further incidents and thoughts of the victorious general who dictated Napoleon's hopes of a great empire. Imagine my surprise when I found the next station was Wellington. The next stop had nothing to do with the French wars, so I thought the coincidences were over. But I wanted to learn the why of it all, so I asked the conductor. He didn't answer. He was grouchy."—Kansas City Journal.

ESTABLISHED 1884

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Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant. . . . .

Have The Best! It Costs No More!

We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

Savings Department.

The beginning of successful operation of UNITED STATES POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS, and the possibility of legislation, by Congress, looking to the establishment of NATIONAL SAVINGS BANKS, as outlined by Senator Aldrich, in his tentative plan for a new banking law, seems to indicate a popular demand for places of savings under the control and supervision of the UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

To meet this legitimate demand and to extend increased banking facilities to the people of Woburn and vicinity, the WOBURN NATIONAL BANK has opened a new department to be known as its SAVINGS DEPARTMENT, and will receive deposits of money to bear interest FROM DATE OFDEPOSIT at the rate of three per centum per annum on sums not less than $100. These deposits however will not be subject to check.

All deposits in this bank are GUARANTEED by its capital stock of $100,000, its surplus and undivided profits December 31, 1910, of $68,860.34, and by the personal liability of its responsible stockholders to the extent of an additional $100,000.

These directors give its affairs their personal attention:

Daniel R. Beggs of Beggs & Cobb, leather manufacturers.
William E. Blodgett, Treasurer of R.Guastavino Co.
John C. Buck, Cashier.
Robert Chalmers, Physician.
Everett P. Fox of W. P. Fox & Sons, leather manufacturers.
John W. Johnson, President.
Edward F. Johnson, Judge of District Court.
John G. Maguire, Lawyer.
L. Waldo Thompson, Woburn Hardware Co.

DIRECTORS.

Woburn, January 30, 1911.

Diamonds.

"You don't need to be 'up' on Diamonds when you buy here." We expect you to go slowly of course, for you are buying for a lifetime—but after you have decided upon styles and settings, you may safely leave quality to us.

Smith & Varney.

The Store You All Know

No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN

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A Son of the Samurai

A Lesson From the East to the West

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Mr. Briscoe, though he would only have a Japanese servant, was not always good tempered. Something was wrong with his dinner, and it irritated him. Picking up a plate, he threw it at his cook.

Tado Hashojuri dodged Briscoe's carefully aimed plate, and the china crashed against the opposite wall, and the fragments tinkled to the floor.

"Mr. Briscoe is not satisfied with the dinner I have so carefully prepared," remarked the Japanese as he brought another plate and set it down before his master.

Ned Briscoe glared in astonishment at the oriental who had taken his reproof so calmly, or was it contempt in the oblique black eyes bent upon him?

Briscoe knew he had not acted like a gentleman, and it made him angry because he knew the reason why—the wine he had drunk exerted its usual quarrelsome effect upon him. If he was with friends when he took liquor in any form he was minus one friend when the next day dawned. When he dined alone it was the waiter, and when at home in his own apartment it was Tado, his cook, valet and general factotum, who bore the brunt.

"Huh," muttered Ned sulkily as Tado brought in a delicious salad. It was made of nuts and white grapes and was Briscoe's especial favorite. He trifled with it and refused anything more except a cup of black coffee. This he quaffed in two gulps and left the room.

He would have been angry if any one had told him it made him feel ashamed to see the imperturbable countenance of his cook staring at him.

"It's awful to be a cad and not be able to help it," groaned Ned as he



"AH, MY OLD FRIEND, MR. BRISCOE."

threw himself on the couch in his den. "I wonder what's the matter with me anyway?" Somehow the answer rang in his ears almost as if some one had heard his query and replied to it.

"Too much money, too little energy and perseverance, too lazy, too fond of pleasure, no sense of obligation to his fellow men or his country." Ned Briscoe knew it all and despised himself for it.

"What's the use of having money if I can't get some fun out of it?" he grumbled weakly, and that was always the way his conscience was driven into the background.

In the kitchen Tado Hashojuri was frowning over the fragments of the shattered plate. It had been a long time since Mr. Briscoe had thrown the companion plate at his cook, valet, etc., and the memory of the first insult had grown dim. Now it was revived as the sensitive Japanese gazed upon the porcelain.

"Wait, wait, wait! Some day I must teach this scalawag how gentlemen should be treat even in kitchens when much drink is full of wine," muttered Tado, with sudden incoherent rage bubbling over. He flung the fragments of the plate at his gas range, and there was another tinkling crash. He smiled with satisfaction. It had relieved his tension. Now he understood why Mr. Briscoe threw plates at him, but it did not remove the sting of indignation.

One day three months later Tado Hashojuri received a letter from his home in Japan, and straightway he packed his cheap American trunk, cleaned Briscoe's apartment from end to end, served a delicious dinner and at its close laid the key to the refrigerator at his master's elbow.

"I leave with much dissatisfaction all around," bobbed Tado solemnly.

"Huh?" demanded Brisco, who was drinking nothing but water now.

"I go tonight after dishes are washed. I am needed at home," patiently explained Tado.

"Oh, well; why didn't you give me notice?" demanded Briscoe indignantly, and as the Japanese made no reply he continued, "I don't see that I am compelled to pay you wages when you are leaving me without notice."

Tado's eyes narrowed, but he only shrugged his narrow shoulders and turned away.

"Here!" thundered Briscoe, and tossed a yellow back upon the table.

"Thanks," returned Tado laconically.

"Where do you live?" asked Briscoe, not as if he cared a hang whether his erstwhile servant lived or died.

"Tokyo, sir, Mr. Briscoe."

"I may be in Japan myself next winter. If you will give me your address, Tado, I'll look you up if I need a valet," remarked Briscoe patronizingly.

"Mr. Briscoe is most too kind," murmured Tado, with a smile in his eyes. He took from his pocket a neat white card inscribed with a few characters in Japanese.

"Most anybody can direct the honorable foreigner," he hinted and so faded from the room, only to appear at intervals during the meal, and when morning dawned he appeared not at all, and Briscoe ate at his club.

The idea of a trip to Japan appealed to Briscoe's jaded sense of enjoyment. He had never visited the orient, and it was only a few months after his valet's departure that Ned Briscoe found himself crossing the Pacific to Nippon's fairy islands.

He had been in Tokyo three weeks and had quite exhausted all the gayeties in the foreign quarter before he thought of Tado Hashojuri. Then it happened that he came across the neat card among the folds of his wallet.

"I've missed the services of a man," mused Briscoe, turning the paper over in his hands. "Suppose I look him up. Very likely he will be glad of a job with me. No one could shave me like Tado."

After a leisurely breakfast Briscoe called a ricksha man and gave him Tado's card.

"Take me to that place," he said, getting into the vehicle.

The man stared at the easy going American, and an added respect came into his voice and manner as he lifted the shafts and started down the long street that lifted into a hill in the distance.

It was an hour's ride at a swift trot, and the man between the shafts seemed tireless. Ned Briscoe felt rather bored at first, but presently the beauty of the suburban landscape and the manifestations of tireless industry as exhibited by the tiny farms scattered everywhere and yielding produce from every inch of soil set him to thinking.

He could see that each of the peasants bent above his daily toil was doing some share in the work of the universe. Soldiers' drilling barracks showed him where one might serve his country. All about him were tense, purposeful faces. He thought of the bored reflection that had met his own face in the mirror that morning.

Now they were passing beautiful country estates, and over high hedges he caught glimpses of gardens laid out in miniature reproductions of nature's wildest fancies.

Now the thought of Tado occurred to him.

"By Jove, he must be working out in one of these places!" he thought uneasily.

Nevertheless he said nothing, and when his ricksha finally turned into a gateway flanked by great stone lanterns he would not have been surprised if he had been whisked around to the kitchen entrance.

Instead of that, the vehicle drew up under the formal portico of a handsome dwelling, and an obsequious maidservant pushed back the paper door and invited him to enter the reception room.

Briscoe removed his shoes and thrust his feet into the straw slippers waiting in the veranda and followed the servant into the reception room. Here he waited while his card was carried to his late cook. He had hesitated about this ceremony. He had asked for Tado Hashojuri, and the maid had nodded and smiled and disappeared.

Presently she appeared and beckoned him to an inner guest room. Here the light was dimmer, but there was little Tado Hashojuri standing attired in rich robes with a queer smile on his lips and an added dignity in his manner. He was talking to the American minister, whom Briscoe knew very well.

"Ah, my old friend, Mr. Briscoe," murmured Tado in his halting English and with a flash of white teeth at the newcomer. "Welcome to Nippon!"

"Thank you—much obliged, I'm sure," stammered Briscoe, quite taken aback by the evident prosperity of his late servant.

"If I may have one word with the baron—you will excuse us, Mr. Briscoe?" asked the American minister, and as Tado accompanied the diplomat to the door Ned Briscoe had time to do a little more thinking before his host returned.

"Well, Baron Tado," said Ned when Hashojuri returned to the room, "it seems I've been putting my foot in it all along. Please explain."

Tado did. He said he had gone to America to study the country and its people. Suddenly his father had died, and he had to return to Japan as the head of his house.

"I was much anger," he said politely, "at some plate episodes in our experience, and I think maybe when you come to Nippon I might revenge my honor, for I am the son of a samurai, Mr. Briscoe, and pass not insults! But when I returned to my own country what I left behind, insults and all, seemed small and mean beside the great questions of war and one's country and life and death. So I forget—and am your very good friend!" He held out his hand, and Briscoe was glad to clasp it.

Strange to relate, it was through the man who had one time been his valet and cook that Ned Briscoe reached a realization that he, too, had a country to serve in some capacity and that his wealth had been given him to use widely. In the case of Ned Briscoe it was an occasion when the east taught another lesson to the west.

Killed by Imagination.

A workman on the Siberian railway was accidentally locked into a refrigerator car and was afterward found dead. Imagining that he was being slowly frozen to death, he had recorded his sufferings with a piece of chalk on the floor. The refrigerating apparatus, however, was out of order, and the temperature in the car had not fallen below 50 degrees F. throughout the journey.

Identified by an Old Habit.

"It was a clever job," said the chief. "How did you spot him through his woman's disguise?"

"I happened to see him sit down," replied the detective, "and noticed that he gave his skirt a little twitch with both hands, as if to keep it from bagging at the knees. Then I nabbed him."—London Tit-Bits.

Proved.

"But do you think you can support a wife?"

"Of course. Why, we've been engaged two years."

"Well?"

"Well, if I can buy flowers and candy for a fiancee for two years and not go broke I can surely support a wife!"

The Ticket Didn't Tick.

Moore—My sense of hearing is the keenest ever. Do you know I can hear your watch ticking, although you are six feet away? Poore—Then you're a wonder. My watch is at the pawnbroker's, six blocks away.—Boston Transcript.

False Alarm.

"I was present at a raid the other night."

"Great Scott! Were you caught?"

"Certainly not. It was a masquerade."—Baltimore American.

Getting It Up to Date.

He—They say that no man is a hero to his valet. She—And no man is a hero to his stenographer.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise.—Tennyson.

FUR SKIN EXPERTS

A Subtle Sense of Color Guides Them In Judging Pelts.

HOW THE SKINS ARE DRESSED

An Alkali Bath Begins the Various Processes That Finally Produce the Soft and Pliable Finished Fur—Sealskins the Hardest to Handle.

The chief requirement for success in grading fur skins is an accurate eye for color or, more valuable yet, an intuitive sense of color. The difference in value of the rarer varieties of fur skins, especially sables, natural black, silver and blue fox, sea otters, chinchillas, mink and some others, is so subtle that more than a practiced eye is necessary to judge accurately of the merits of individual skins. It is necessary that the color sense be highly developed.

The expert furrier must have, in addition to this, a thorough knowledge of the condition in which a skin should be to gain admittance into the highest class. A furrier must know by the appearance of the pelt whether it will turn out soft and strong after it has been dressed and whether the fur is in the best condition as regards strength and beauty.

A fur skin must, of course, be treated more carefully and by a different process from that followed by the tanner of hides. Tannic acid would ruin the pliability of a fur skin, weaken and discolor the hair. The furrier's process is designed to retain the natural oil of the pelt, which in turn preserves the color of the fur and keeps it soft and pliable. The first step in this process is accomplished by placing the skin in an alkali bath. After it has been softened in the bath the moisture is worked out of the skin with a blunt wooden instrument. Then the flesh side is drawn carefully back and forth over a straight edged knife, which removes any flesh that may be clinging to the pelt and also evens it off.

Specially prepared grease is rubbed into the skin for softening purposes, and the process is carried still further by placing the skin in a machine which is arranged to beat it softly until the grease has been entirely absorbed. A slowly revolving drum fitted with wooden paddles and containing fine hard sawdust, the kind of sawdust differing with the variety of fur, next takes charge of the pelt. A moderate degree of heat is supplied during this stage of the dressing. The skin is thoroughly cleaned of grease by this machine, and the dressing is completed by tapping the skin with smooth canes of a flexibility adapted to the strength of the fur on a leather cushion stuffed with horsehair. Often a skin will be changed in shape and made smaller by the dressing process.

Seal and beaver skins require much more careful handling than other furs. In the case of these skins the water hairs, which are the hard top hairs of the pelt, have to be removed by hand. This process is more difficult with seal than with beaver. A number of men, each a specialist in his part of the work, are kept employed in the work. After this part of the dressing process has been completed the fine under wool, which is wavy and pale drab in color, is dyed dark brown. Several coats of this dark brown dye are applied, and the final result is a fur which is lustrous black on top. The skin is then submitted to the cleaning process again, made of an even thickness by emery wheels and finally finished off in pale buff color.

The English dye for sealskin, which is considered the best, is a trade secret. Its principal ingredients are gallnuts, copper dust, camphor and antimony. It is supposed that the water used for the dye in London has a great deal to do with the fine results obtained by the use of this dye. The natives of different countries, using their own processes, obtain better results with some skins than with others, but the American furriers are rapidly coming to the front in handling the various kinds of pelts.—New York Sun.

Trapped.

"John, did you post that letter I gave you this morning?"

"Yes, dear," said John without looking up from his paper.

"Well, what is your answer?"

"Wh-what?"

"What is your answer? That letter was directed to you."

"Wh-what do you say? Directed to me? I didn't notice it."

And as John in amazement took it out of his pocket to verify his wife's assertion he saw that he had been caught again. It was not addressed to him.—Buffalo Express.

The Silenced Pretender.

Bilts—Did you know that the oldest of Price's seven daughters had eloped? Siffert—No. How was the old man affected? Bilts—Oh, he took on dreadfully at first, then he found out that every one knew he had bought the girl's railroad ticket.—Judge.

Strong Cards.

Alice—Which of his letters did you save for your breach of promise suit? Kate—The ones he told me to burn.—Boston Transcript.

Cotton and Wool.

Cotton can only be grown in tropical or semitropical countries, but wool is mainly a product of temperate regions.

It's easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient.—George Eliot.

Commendable Caution.

"I wish," said the dashing bride, "that we could arrange to take our wedding trip in an airship."

"I don't know," replied the cautious youth, "whether it would be well to take chances on being obliged to take our first falling out so seriously."—Washington Star.

Sympathy From Pa.

Geraldine—What did pa say when you asked him for my hand? Gerald—He said that he was just as sorry for me as if I were already one of the family.—New York Press.

Inherited Traits.

Knicker—Jones is very keen of hearing. Bocker—No wonder! His father was a pastor who always heard calls, and his mother always heard burglars.—Judge's Library.

Laughing cheerfulness throws sunlight on all the paths of life.—Richter.

It is better to find excuses for others than for ourselves.

AN ARMED SITTING.

It Was a Critical Moment in the Career of Wellington.

Had Wellington not commanded the British at Waterloo would there have been any prisoner at St. Helena? Whether or not some one exists competent to answer this momentous question, a story told in Rachel Challice's "Secret History of the Court of Spain" indicates that Napoleon once came nearer than he knew to being relieved of his enemy and future conqueror.

When the Anglo-Spanish army drove Joseph Bonaparte from Madrid attentions were showered upon the English commander, Lord Wellington, who, however, took little pains to be cordial. His coldness and his fancy to have his portrait painted by Goya nearly caused the future hero of Waterloo to lose his life.

For, be it known, the illustrious Spanish painter was irascible to a degree, the more so that he was completely deaf. When the great general made his appearance in the studio the painter's son interpreted the Englishman's wishes in deaf and dumb language to his father.

The artist worked assiduously and when he thought the portrait far enough advanced placed it before the general. Unfortunately the picture did not please the commander, who shrugged his shoulders contemptuously and said that he would not accept such a caricature as a gift.

The artist's son declined to translate this deprecatory remark, but the artist had noted the scornful gestures of the Englishman, and the son in alarm saw his father turn his eyes to the loaded pistols which always lay ready to hand on the table.

The young man's fear increased when Wellington rose from his seat and put on his hat preparatory to departure. Then Goya, enraged at the officer's contemptuous manner, seized the pistols, and the general clapped his hand to his sword.

The scene might have ended in a tragedy had not General Alava assured the irate Englishman that the artist was suffering from sudden mental abberation, and young Goya restrained his father by force from using the deadly weapons.

POVERTY DINNERS.

Cheap Meals That Are Served In Some Berlin Restaurants.

There are many interesting facts regarding cheap food in various portions of the earth. Berlin is said to lead the civilized world in the way of cheap restaurants. There are many places where you may secure a meal of horse flesh, bread and coffee for 25 pfennig, which is about 6 cents. In the poorer parts of the city there are many little restaurants where you can buy a meal for 12 pfennig, which would be about 3 cents.

In some of these cheap restaurants there is a long table, and no chairs are to be seen, but there are long benches. Tin spoons are chained to the table, soup plates are sunk into the table, and the one who wants to eat a meal comes in and sits down in front of one of these plates and lays his 3 cents beside it. Usually a woman is in the kitchen, and in many of these places the kitchen is a part of the restaurant itself. As soon as you have laid your money on the table she trots forward with a steaming hot kettle of thick soup, although thin soup is sometimes served. She fills your soup plate with this hot soup and lays a thick slice of black bread beside the plate, and your dinner is complete.

This is certainly a cheap meal. There are many places in all our large cities where a dime will provide quite a generous dinner, sometimes pot roast and a thick slice of bread and butter and a cup of coffee.—Mary F. Rausch in American Thresherman.

Dining In Luxembourg.

Though "town patriotism" exists all over the world, nowhere, perhaps, is it fiercer than in the little grand duchy of Luxembourg. The tourist can turn it to excellent advantage. When he arrives at the inn of any little town he should get into conversation with the master or, better still, with the mistress of the house and mention that at the last town at which he stayed the best and cheapest meals he ever had in his life were served. Madame will depart to the kitchen determined to demonstrate to the tourist that he has never before really had a decently cooked meal. And by the time for coffee and cigars he will come near to believing it. The finest cooks in Europe are women of Luexbourg.

SPEED OF SHIPS.

Influence of the Depth of Water and the Dragging From Below.

On first thought the sea's depth seems of small importance if the ship finds depth enough to give her an easy draught. If she can run free apparently it makes little difference whether she has six feet or 600 feet between her keel and the bottom. Such an inference is erroneous, however, for the depth exercises an important influence. The British cruisers Blake and Blenheim were expected to run twenty-one knots, but actually ran two knots less in shallow water. They ran again under the same power, but the depth was between 135 and 165 feet, and their speed was twenty-two knots—one knot over the maximum calculation.

The difference in speed is attributed to the influence of the "wave of translation" displaced by the ship as she moves forward, which acts as a brake. The nearer the ship's keel to the bottom the stronger the friction. A ship drawing twenty-seven feet of water (say a ship of 12,000 tonnage) feels that friction over a depth of 250 feet. According to some calculations, the dragging influence ceases to be felt at a depth equal to ten and one-half times the draft if the ship stands high out of the water.

A curious feature of the matter is that the speed of the ship is as important an element as the depth of the water—that is to say, the influence of the depth on the ship's speed is more or less powerful in proportion as the speed is great. A ship increases her speed more easily over deep water; but, on the other hand, the faster a ship runs the more depth of water she needs to prevent the hindrance caused by the dragging influence of the friction which is always felt when the ship's keel senses bottom. Running ten knots an hour, a ship must have between twenty-six and twenty-seven feet of depth or she is dragged from below. If running twenty knots she needs a depth of 104 to 105 feet, and when running thirty knots she feels the drag over a depth of nearly 324 feet.—Harper's Weekly.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VII.—Second Quarter, For May 19, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. v, 17-26. Memory Verses, 17, 18—Golden Text, Rom. xiii, 8. R. V.—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

The gospel by Matthew is in a special sense the gospel of the kingdom, and the key word of the kingdom is righteousness, absolutely perfect according to the interpretation of the commandments here given by our Lord, from which we learn that a sinful look breaks a command as much as an act, and from Jas. ii, 10, we learn that "whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point is guilty of all." It must be an inward righteousness of the heart, not like that of the Pharisees, of whom our Lord said that, although they appeared righteous outwardly to men, they were within full of hypocrisy and iniquity, outwardly whited sepulchers, inwardly all uncleanness (Matt. xxiii, 25-28). In our lesson He says that in no case can such righteousness enter the kingdom (verse 20), and in Isa. lxiv, 6, we are told that all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags. Concerning the kind that God requires we are told, "There is none righteous—no not one," and when we are brought face to face with the law every mouth is stopped and all the world guilty before God (Rom. iii, 10, 19). Men have many standards. God has but one, called "the righteousness of God" (Rom. iii, 5, 22; x, 3; II Cor. v, 21). In verse 17 of our lesson He said that He came to fulfill the law and the prophets, and to John the Baptist He said, "It becometh us to fulfill all righteousness" (iii, 15). There was neither flaw nor failure in His righteousness. He could truthfully say, "I do always those things that please the Father," and the Father testified concerning Him, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased" (John viii, 29; Matt. iii, 17; xvii, 5). He was the Lamb without blemish and without spot. He did no sin; He knew no sin; He was holy, harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners (I Pet. i, 19; ii, 22; II Cor. v, 21; Heb. vii, 26). His was righteousness indeed, and nothing short of His perfect righteousness can enable any one to appear before God acceptably. The case on our side is therefore utterly hopeless as far as any efforts of ours are concerned, for "by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight" (Rom. iii, 20). The very best that the very best man can do comes far short of His perfect righteousness. What a gloomy outlook it would be if He had not devised means whereby we need not be driven away from Him (II Sam. xiv, 14). Not only did the Son of God give in His life a sample of the perfect righteousness which God requires; but, having no sin of His own, He bare our sins in His own body on the tree. There was laid on Him the iniquity of us all. He was made a sin offering for us, and when we plead guilty and receive Him we become accepted in Him and He is accepted for us, as it is written in the law concerning the guilty man and his perfect offering, "It shall be accepted for him" (Lev. i, 4). The priest had no need to examine the man—he pleaded guilty—but he did examine the sacrifice, and if it was without blemish, according to the law, the guilty man identifying himself with his perfect sacrifice by laying his hand upon it was accepted because of his sacrifice, and the blood was shed, the life laid down, for it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul (Lev. xvii, 11; Heb. ix, 22). What a wonderful redemption it is, and wholly of the Lord. He took my place as a guilty one and suffered in my stead, making an end of my sins, that I might take His place before God, clothed with His righteousness. How wonderfully beautifully are such words as "justified freely by His grace;" "made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, redemption;" "in whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins." Yet there are multitudes in so called Christian lands, churchgoers and church members, who, being ignorant of God's righteousness and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves to the righteousness of God, not understanding that Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth (Rom. x, 3, 4; iii, 24; I Cor. i, 30; II Cor. v, 21; Eph. i, 6, 7). If our eyes have been opened to see these glorious truths, let us joyfully sing, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord; my soul shall be joyful in my God, for He hath clothed me with the garment of salvation. He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness" (Isa. lxi, 10). As quickly as Joshua, the high priest, lost his filthy garments and the devil for a companion and received beautiful raiment and the Lord for his friend (Zech. iii, 1-5), so quickly may any sinner who is ready to plead guilty and receive as a free gift the perfect righteousness of God in Christ pass from death to life and begin to live the new and blessed life of a child of the kingdom, a joint heir with Christ, proving to others by such love as that of last lesson that God is love and not willing that any should perish (I John iv, 8, 16; II Pet. iii, 9).

No Excuse.

"We shall never have her in another club we got up."

"What's the matter?"

"Her mother died last week, and she resigned on that account."

"I don't see how you can blame her for that. It seems to me that she did the proper thing."

"I knew you'd think that. But it was her turn to entertain next."—Detroit Free Press.

Reasonable Anxiety.

"Captain," said the pilot anxiously, "I fear the vessel is ashore."

"Humph," ejaculated the captain as the steamer's nose went farther into the mud, "your fears seem to be, like the vessel, well grounded!"—Baltimore American.

Not Lost.

"Sam Johnson, you've been fightin' ag'in. Youse lost two of yo' front teeth."

"No, I ain't, mammy, honest. I's got 'em in me pocket."—Life.

COINS AND THE MINT.

Metal Money That Uncle Sam's Officials Buy and Sell.

The mint does not buy old coins or paper money, except certain rare colonial coins in fine condition, desired for the mint's cabinet. Mutilated or uncurrent United States gold and silver coin is purchased as bullion. The mint has no pattern pieces for sale, and the government pays no premium for the return of any of its coins or paper money.

New coins cannot be struck in this country in the absence of authorization by congress. The mint supplies United States coins only and not of any past date. The fifty dollar gold piece and the half dollar and quarter dollar pieces in gold were struck by private parties on the Pacific coast during the '49 period and not by the federal government.

The coinage of the following coins ceased in the years named: The half cent, copper, in 1857; one cent, nickel, 1864; half dime and three cent, silver, and two cent, bronze, in 1873; twenty cent, silver, 1878; trade dollars, 1883; one dollar and three dollar, gold, and three cent nickel, 1889. The Columbian half dollar was coined in 1892 and the Isabella quarter in 1893. The Lafayette dollar was struck in 1899, the date on the coin (1900) being that of the unveiling of the memorial.

Certain markings, indicating the place of coinage, are to be seen on our coins. Those struck at the Philadelphia mint have no mint mark, but those struck at all other mints are distinguished by a small letter on the reverse, near the bottom. These letters are "C" for Charlotte, N. C., discontinued in 1861; "CC" for Carson City, Nev., discontinued in 1893; "D" for Dahlonega, Ga., discontinued in 1861; "O" for New Orleans, and "S" for San Francisco.

The coins of the United States now authorized by law are: In gold, double eagle, eagle, half eagle, quarter eagle; in silver, dollar, half dollar, quarter dollar and dime; minor, five cent, nickel and one cent, bronze.

Proof sets of both gold and silver coins are to be had by purchase from the mint. When business there is slack medals may be struck from dies furnished by individuals, public institutions and incorporated societies at a charge sufficient to cover the cost of the operation and the value of the metal.—Scientific American.

Why Wild Beasts Left Missouri.

No elk have been seen in central Missouri since 1836. Prior to that time they were reasonably plenty. They were attracted by the prevalence of the salt licks. Nathaniel Walker, or "Uncle Natty," as he was familiarly called, a famous pioneer hunter, claims to have counted fifty elk in a drove on the knoll near the present Saline county courthouse. The bear disappeared about the year 1840, though occasionally animals of the bear tribe were afterward seen. Old time Democrats said that the Whigs scared the bear, deer, elk and almost every other kind of game out of the country in 1840 by their yelling, anvil firing and torchlight parades in honor of General Benjamin Harrison, their successful candidate for president.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Fire Insurance Policies.

There are not many real estate brokers who know how to write a fire insurance policy. Many, however, think they are experts about such matters until a client of theirs learns after his property has been damaged by fire that he was only partly insured. "If buildings are to be insured," says R. O. Haubold, "care should be taken to issue the policy in the name of the persons in whom title is vested; that provision is made that should the building stand upon ground held in any other way than fee simple the policy will not be voided by that fact. If the premises be or become vacant for a period of more than ten days the contingency must be met."—New York Tribune.

Old Glory.

I have seen the glories of art and architecture and of river and mountain. I have seen the sunset on the Jungfrau and the moon rise over Mont Blanc. But the fairest vision on which these eyes ever rested was the flag of my country in a foreign port. Beautiful as a flower to those who love it, terrible as a meteor to those who hate it, it is the symbol of the power and the glory and the honor of fifty millions of Americans.—George F. Hoar.

His Trophies.

Micky and Pat had been at school together, but had drifted apart in after life. They met one day, and the conversation turned on athletics.

"Did you ever meet my brother Dennis?" asked Pat. "He won a gold medal in a Marathon race."

"Bedad," replied Mike, "sure, and that's fine! But did I ever tell you about my uncle at Ballythomas?"

Pat agreed that he could not call the gent to mind.

"Well," said Mike, "he's got a gold medal for five miles and one for ten miles, a silver medal for swimming, two cups for wrestling and a lot of badges for boxing and cycling."

"Begorra," said Pat, "he must be a great athlete, indade!"

"Bedad," came the reply, "and you are wrong! He keeps the pawnshop!"—London Telegraph.

Tanned Skin.

In the majority of cases tanned skin is an indication of health. It is a condition resulting from the action of chemical rays or of the ultra violet rays of the sun on the pigment of the skin. Tan may be produced also by exposure to the rays of a mercury lamp or it may be caused electrically. But in these cases it is no indication of the state of health. It does not mean that there has been a multiplication of red corpuscles in the blood, such as follows healthful exercise in the open air. The tan acquired by the skin at sea or ashore as a result of life and exercise in the open air is always a sign of health, for the reason that it is accompanied by general conditions that do not obtain in the case of electric tan.—New York Times.

Altitude Loosens Tongues.

"Workmen on high buildings have prejudices that must be respected," said a contractor. "A sedate, well balanced man never likes a talkative neighbor. Height unhinges some men's tongues. Men who are decidedly uncommunicative at street level lay their souls bare 300 feet above ground. That loquacity does not impair their own efficiency. They lay brick or chisel stone just as skillfully, no matter how fast they talk, but their chatter gets on the nerves of other men whose speech is not accelerated by altitude."—New York Press.

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SWASTIKA CHARMS.

They Must Be Pointed the Right Way to Bring Good Luck.

One of the lucky charms most generally worn recently was the swastika. Superstitious wearers would do well to examine their reproductions of it and make sure that they are correct in form and material, for Sir George Birdwood, an authority on Indian matters, has been giving some interesting and alarming facts concerning this ancient and mystic symbol.

The right handed swastika—that is, the one whose transom or arm points to the right—is the symbol of the sun and of light, of health and happiness and other good qualities, and it alone is lucky. It should be fashioned only of gold and colored (if enameled on any other metal) only red, the color of the east, or yellow, the color of the south.

The left handed swastika is the symbol of the moon and of moonlight, of all darkness and supernatural terrors, of all mortal diseases and disgraces and other forms of ill omen.

It should be formed only of silver or colored blue, green, white or black if it is expected to perform its work in a thoroughly businesslike unlucky way.—London Cor. New York Sun.

His Incurable Disease.

The late John Hay had been ailing one time, and a friend made bold to ask what the trouble was. "I am suffering from an incurable disease," Mr. Hay replied with due gravity. Delicacy prevented the friend from making further inquiry, but he told the story to acquaintances, and the report soon spread through Washington that a deadly disease held the secretary of state within its grasp. At last an intimate acquaintance determined to ascertain the nature of the secretary's ailment, and, meeting the latter one day, he said: "I have been told that you are suffering from an incurable disease. Is it true?" "It is," said Mr Hay in a sad tone. "What is the incurable disease?" asked the insistent acquaintance. "Old age," said Mr. Hay, with a chuckle.

The Word "Strike."

The earliest use of the word "strike" in the sense of stopping work occurs in the London Chronicle for September, 1765, in connection with a coal strike. This publication reports a great suspension of labor in the Northumberland coal fields, and the colliers are stated to have "struck out" for a higher bounty before entering into their usual yearly "bond." The time honored illustration of profitless labor, "carrying coals to Newcastle," appears to have received its first slap in the face during this strike. The Chronicle reports that "several pokes of coal were brought from Durham to Newcastle by one of the common carriers and sold on the sand hill for ninepence a poke, by which he cleared sixpence a poke."—London Chronicle.

Love.

We are oft deceived in love, and oftener wounded, and oftenest unhappy; but, after all, we love, and when we stand on the threshold of the tomb and turn about to look back upon the ground we have traversed it will be well if we can say, "I have suffered often. I have been deceived many times, but I have loved. It is I who have lived, therefore, and not a dream being created out of my pride and my weariness."—George Sand.

Little Drops of Water.

"Did they make you recite 'Little Drops of Water' when you were a child?"

"Yes," replied Colonel Stillwell. "And it didn't stop there. When I grew up they tried to insist on my adopting them as a beverage."—Washington Star.

Admit the Wrong.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong. It is but saying in other words that he is wiser today than yesterday.

Experienced.

Manager—Could you do the landlord in "The Lady of Lyons?" Actor—Well, I should think so. I've done a good many.—London Tatler.

Well Done.

"Whatever I try to do I do with all my might."

"That was what Ridgely said. He told me you got his last dollar."—Washington Herald.

A man is hated sometimes for pride when it was an excess of humility gave the occasion.

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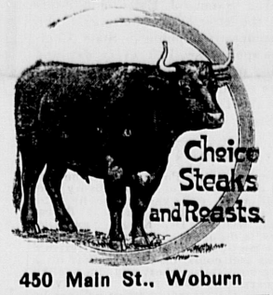
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From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

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For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

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27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
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44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
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A Dispatch

A Story For Memorial Day

By Captain ARTHUR TRASK

"Grandpa," said a miss of sixteen, "I wish this year you would make the story of the war you tell us on Memorial day one about a Confederate. To us young ones the war is a matter of history, and we don't realize that those beside whom we are now living as friends were then our enemies. Now, tell us a story about a nice, brave Confederate."

"I understand just what you mean, my dear," replied the septuagenarian vet, "and appreciate it. Indeed, I rejoice at it. Since we are now one people it is fitting that we, especially you of the third generation of those born after the war, should feel no bitterness for a people who were our enemies half a century ago. And I am not surprised that you like to hear about them as well as about those who fought for the Union.

"Of course I must give you my own experience. There is one I had with a Confederate which is especially



HE CLASPED HER IN HIS ARMS.

adapted to Memorial day, for it is sad, and Memorial day, you know, is sad in itself. It recalls those who perished in that gigantic struggle.

"My story is laid in the very beginning of the war. Fighting of a desultory kind was going on in western Virginia, then a part of the Old Dominion, but now a state which in that period of secession seceded from a state. The Allegheny mountains divide Virginia from West Virginia, and it was in these mountains that we were fighting. I was in the cavalry and did a good deal of scouting among these heights, from which I enjoyed some very beautiful views.

"The general who opposed us was a very active man. Indeed, he subsequently became one of the great leaders of the war, and many military men consider him to have been the one general of both sides who had in him the Napoleonic genius for war. If quick movement indicates such genius he certainly was in a smaller field the equal of Napoleon, for even the little Corsican could not have moved more rapidly, more unexpectedly or been in more places at the same time than Stonewall Jackson.

"Well, one day our general sent for me and told me he wanted me to find out where General Jackson was. He was reported to be at Romney, at Springfield and at Pawpaw. He couldn't very well be at all of them at the same time, and the general wanted to know where he was and if possible where he would be next.

"There was a mountain ridge running north and south directly to the west of these places, and, ascending it, I rode northeastward, with Romney and the other two places mentioned below me in the valley. Of course I couldn't see everywhere down there, and troops might be concealed by the trees and intervening heights. Near Springfield I concluded to descend with a view to getting a little closer to what might be going on. The mountain side was not to be passed over, especially on horseback, without going by a trail; but, having had a good deal of experience in mountaineering, I knew a trail when I saw it and, finding one, followed it.

"Reaching the valley, I struck a road. I knew it wasn't safe for me to remain on it for any length of time, so I chose an eminence near and a little above it where I could see and not be seen. There I dismounted behind a clump of low trees, tied my horse to one of them and waited.

"There was but one house in view, and that was a few hundred feet from the road and approached by a lane. I watched this house for evidence of something alive, for the place was lonely and I craved the sight of a human being. It was midsummer and everything was green. There were flower beds about the house, and presently I saw a young girl come out and begin picking some of the flowers. A girl in a flower garden has always been a pretty sight to me, and I watched this young woman with very pleasant sensations. I was tempted to go down and make her acquaintance, but this might interfere with my object, so I contented myself with looking at her, admiring her graceful carriage and the comfort her flowers appeared to give her. They seemed to be talking to her and she to be listening at what they said.

"While enjoying the sight I heard a clatter of horse's hoofs coming up the valley, and presently a horseman in gray uniform appeared. As soon as he reached the lane that led down to the house he turned into it. Catching sight of the girl, he took off his hat and waved it, and she threw kisses to him. Dismounting beside her, he clasped her in his arms.

"Now, I had compunctions at spying upon two lovers who had evidently met after an absence. But here comes in the difference between peace and war and more especially between peace and spying, and you must prepare yourselves for the horrid war part of my story, which I am now going to tell you. Not considering it the part of a soldier or even a spy—for that's what I was—to look upon such a sight, I determined to turn away from the couple, but as I was about to do so the young soldier unbuttoned his coat, took out a folded paper, evidently a letter, opened it and read it to the girl. Then he said something to her in an earnest way, whereupon she gave him her hand, saying something to him, and it struck me that she was making him a promise.

"An explanation of this scene flashed upon me. He was carrying an important dispatch, had informed her of its contents and she had promised him that if anything occurred to prevent his delivering it she would go to the commander for whom it was intended and deliver it verbally. This was my interpretation of the matter; but, of course, it was only a guess.

"The young soldier remained only a few minutes with the girl. After having taken her in his arms again he tried to disengage himself from her, but she clung to him, and it was quite awhile before he could get away from her.

"This parting affected me very much, for I was resolved to possess myself of the dispatch or whatever it was he carried. This could hardly be done without one of us killing the other, and it was likely that he would fail, for he was unaware of my purpose, while I could follow him and it necessary shoot him in the back.

"You may think, my dears, that to harbor such intentions was very horrid of me, but you must remember that his life or mine was a mere bagatelle compared with the lives of men composing two armies. Besides, there was the cause each represented.

"The young man having torn himself from the girl, whom he left standing peering after him, I mounted my own horse and, screened by the trees rode down the incline in the direction he had taken. We had not gone a mile from the house before I overtook him.

"Hearing the clatter of horse's hoofs behind him, he drew rein and turned. He saw me with a carbine leveled at him and heard me calling on him to surrender.

"He must have known that to refuse was certain death to him, for he must depend on a revolver, and he was out of range, while I could shoot him down before he could come near enough to me to render his weapon effective.

"You asked me to tell you of a brave Confederate, and I assure you this one was not only a brave but a noble man, for rather than be captured with the dispatch on him he chose death. He made a dash at me, but before he had come twenty paces I shot him, and he fell from his horse, which went tearing back in the direction from which he had come.

"The young soldier was dying when I dismounted and stood beside him. I wished that the war was a thing of the past, as it is for you youngsters, and I was in my own home in the north engaged in peaceful avocations. I waited till he was still in death, then opened his coat, took out the paper and read it.

"I saw that it was an order for the general commanding a detached portion of General Jackson's forces to form a junction with him that night and be ready to surprise us at dawn the next morning.

"Then I forgot everything but the carrying of the dispatch I had captured to my general as soon as possible. Putting my foot in the stirrup, I swung myself into the saddle and rode southward. So intent was I on the importance of what I was doing that I did not think of the girl at the house below. As I approached it I saw her holding her lover's horse with its empty saddle and weeping hysterically with her arms about its neck.

"I could not bear to pass her. Turning up the mountain side, I struck the trail by which I had descended and, reaching the crest, rode into camp about 10 o'clock the same night, delivering the captured dispatch to the general. When I told him the story I have told you he said:

"'Thanks to you, we have nothing to fear tomorrow. We will turn in and sleep soundly.'

"The year that the first Memorial was celebrated I went south, found the grave of the young Confederate I had killed and placed flowers upon it. I was no longer in war, but amenable to the generous, loving influences of peace. I was standing bare headed over the grave when the girl I had seen some years before approached with her arms full of flowers. I withdrew without saying a word to her.

"What could I have said to her? Had I not caused the death of the man she mourned? She could not have realized that the act was a war duty."

A WORK OF ART.

"It Must Be Indescribable, and It Must Be Inimitable."

Pierre Auguste Renoir's views on art are shown by Walter Pach in Scribner's Magazine in this question to and answer by the great painter:

"There are things about your work that we should like to know. When we find the colors in such perfect relation to one another we wonder how you arrive at such a result. When you have laid in the first tones do you know, for example, which others must follow? Do you know to what extent a red or a green must be introduced to secure your effect?'

"No, I don't. That is the procedure of an apothecary, not of an artist. I arrange my subject as I want it; then I go ahead to paint it like a child. I want a red to be sonorous—to sound like a bell. If it doesn't turn out that way I put more reds or other colors till I get it. I am no cleverer than that. I have no rules and no methods. Any one can look over my materials or watch how I paint. He will see that I have no secrets. I look at a mule. There are myriads of tiny tints. I must find the ones that will make the flesh on my canvas live and quiver.

"Nowadays they want to explain everything. But if they could explain a picture it wouldn't be art. Shall I tell you what I think are the two qualities of a work of art? It must be indescribable, and it must be inimitable. Take a thing like the Eiffel tower. It is not art, because it can be duplicated by any one who has it described to him and who knows how to make such things. But you cannot make any more Titians, and you cannot copy Notre Dame. There is the Pantheon at Rome. They thought they could make a copy of it in that votive church at Naples opposite the royal palace, but the Pantheon is a great thing, and that church is a dead thing. So when they try to build like the Pantheon they find that those lines which seem so straight and regular and simple are very subtle and hard to follow. The more they measure the more they realize how much the Greeks departed from regular and banal lines in order to produce their effect.

"So in our Gothic architecture—each column is a work of art, because the old French monk who set it up and carved its capital did what he liked, not doing everything alike, as results when things are made by machinery or by rules, but each thing different, like the trees in the forest."

WRECK OF AN ACTOR.

Macklin's Last Attempt to Play Shylock as His Mind Failed.

Macklin, the famous English actor, made his last appearance on the stage as Shylock. He came ready dressed for the character into the greenroom, where all the performers were assembled and prepared. Looking round, he said:

"What—is there a play tonight?"

All were astonished, and no one answered.

"Is there a play tonight?" he repeated.

"Why, sir, what is the matter? 'The Merchant of Venice,' you know," said the actress who was to play Portia.

"And who is the Shylock?" asked Macklin.

"Why, you, sir—you are the Shylock!"

"Ah!" said he. "Am I?" and sat down in silence.

Every one was very much concerned and alarmed. The curtain went up, however, and the play began. Macklin got through the part with every now and then going to the side of the stage, lifting up his hair with one hand and putting his ear down to the prompter, who gave him the word. He then walked to the center of the stage and repeated the words tolerably well. This occurred often through the play. Sometimes he said to the prompter:

"What is it? What do you say?"

From that time Macklin's great talents were lost to the public. His memory gone, he spent most of his time in an elbow chair in his home in Covent Garden, where he died.—Kansas City Star.

He Dined Out.

An incident took place in a restaurant in New York city one evening not long ago that, besides being amusing, was the cause of considerable thinking on the part of three men who were regular patrons of the place. They were seated together at a table when they noticed that the waiter who had come to take their orders was not the one who usually served them.

"Where is John this evening?" one of the group asked.

"He has had his hours changed," the waiter replied. "He is out for dinner now."—New York Tribune.

Paid For His Flirting.

"I was behind you coming up the street just now," asserted Mrs. Jellus, "and you rubbered at every pretty woman you passed."

"At every stylish woman," corrected Mr. Jellus. "I was just taking notes of the fashionable gowns, with a view to buying you a handsome one."—Washington Herald.

Social Progress.

"Have you interested yourself in any social problems?" asked the man of severe ideals.

"Yes," replied the tractable man. "Thanks to my wife, I now almost know how to keep score in a bridge game."—Washington Star.

Suppressed.

Little Clarence (who has an inquiring mind)—Papa, the "Forty Thieves"—Mr. Callipers—Now, my son, you are too young to talk politics.—Puck.

Cordial.

Mrs. Jenkins—Mrs. Smith, we shall be neighbors now. I have bought a house next you with a water frontage. Mrs. Smith—So glad! I hope you will drop in some time.—Everybody's.

Literally.

Policeman (to suspicious stranger at midnight)—What are you doing in this store? Burglar—Can't yer see I'm takin' stock?—Boston Transcript.

EYE STRAIN.

First Felt Not In the Eyes, but In the Organ That Is Weakest.

No human organ, except possibly the heart, is called on for such hard and continuous activity. Even the most musical ear is never taxed beyond the three or four hours of a Wagnerian opera and at the worst is rested by frequent intermissions. The brain, even in the case of professional men, is called on for only six to eight hours of work a day. But we use our eyes in business all day and then all evening in our amusements. In point of fact, the heart itself is less severely taxed.

The eye has, to be sure, a most marvelous strength. As long as its mechanism remains measurably correct it seldom or never gives out, and its vitality is supreme. But when to the strain of near work in artificial light are added defects in its own mechanism even this wonderfully adaptable and hardy servant gives symptoms of strain.

The brain is generally our first informer. It automatically supplies the energy that flogs the lens muscle to its ceaseless task, and it is in the closest possible sympathy with the retina, the sensitive plate on which all vision is recorded. The brain declares its exhaustion in headache and vertigo. The masterful eye, so to speak, shunts off its suering upon the nearest neighbor. Yet in many cases even the brain gives no direct symptom. It is the central organ, the highly vital and complex master, of the entire system, and it also has a superior way of passing on the kick. Just how it does this oculists do not profess to know. The rule seems to be that eye strain declares itself first in the organ which is nearest and weakest. The stomach, the liver, the intestines, the kidney, the heart or the membranes of nose and throat may develop symptoms while the eye and the brain seem normal.—Metropolitan Magazine.

TOOK HIM LITERALLY.

And the Great Sculptor Houdon Found His Name Changed.

Houdon, the famous French sculptor, rendered great service to the fine arts not only through the masterpieces he left behind him, but also by perfecting the casting of statues in bronze. This art, fallen into disuse since the renaissance, he revived. When he reached his seventy-third year, writes Mr. C. H. Hart and Mr. Edward Biddle in their life of the artist, Houdon withdrew from active work. As a means of agreeable relaxation he began also to frequent the performances at the Comedie Francais.

It so happened that in consequence of certain alterations the building had to be closed for a considerable period. On the day of its reopening Houdon came as usual, but a new ticket taker had been engaged since his last visit.

"Monsieur, your ticket, please!" this official cried.

"I don't need any," and the venerable figure continued to advance.

"But, monsieur, no one enters without a ticket."

"I have my entree, sir," replied Houdon, growing warm.

"But how do you call yourself?"

"How do I call myself? How do I call myself?" Then pointing to the statue in the peristyle, which he himself had made, "I'm the father of Voltaire!" he cried, and he passed in triumphantly. The amusing part of it is that the next evening as Houdon passed in the ticket taker turned to his assistant and instructed him to inscribe on the register of entries for the evening, "M. Voltaire, le pere." It is easy to imagine the hilarious reception of this at the Comedie, and for some time after the old sculptor was referred to by this name exclusively.

The Healing Laugh.

Merriopathy is the science of the healing laugh. Merriopathy is better than homeopathy or allopathy for curing all the gloom diseases and grouch complaints that make life miserable. The wise physician well understands the therapeutic value of fun and a cheerful spirit. Medicine may be a necessary and powerful agent in the treatment of illness, but it may fall where fear and melancholy join hands with the disease. Laughter is one of the best medicines in the world and lengthens life as well as brightens it.—Christian Herald.

Pointing the Path of Duty.

"Don't you think women ought to vote?"

"Of course I do," replied Mr. Growcher. "Man is oppressed by economic conditions which only women can understand. What women want to do is to get together and legislate to prevent hat shops from collecting $40 for a handful of straw and a bunch of feathers."—Washington Star.

So Funny.

"I wonder," said the head of the family, surveying a contemplated purchase of a family steed, "if he will kick."

"Oh, pa," giggled his daughter, "it's funny, but that's exactly what George asked about you."—Baltimore American.

The Alexandrite.

Don't think that your knowledge of wonder gems is complete till you have seen in all its beauty an alexandrite, green by day and red by night. And such a green—olive bronze, with a potent suggestion that red is there; green when held in the sunlight; in a darkened room with artificial light a ruby where the emerald was a moment before—a tawny wine red of exquisite tone.

Quite Satisfactory.

An old colored barber is responsible for this gem: When asked if he favored the abolition of capital punishment he replied: "No, sah, I don't. Capital punishment was good enough fo' my fo'fathers, an' it's good enough fo' me."—Boston Transcript.

Shut.

"Willie, didn't I tell you to shut that shutter?" said Mrs. Boggs.

"The shutter's shut," replied Willie, "and I can't shut it any shutter."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HALTED THE FIGHT.

Humor Proved the Victor In the Duel at the Spout.

A TALE OF OLD TIME POLITICS

Colonel Fitzhugh's Chivalry In Scoring Both Whigs and Democrats Won Him a Challenge, and the Weapons He Selected Averted the Meeting.

In a book long out of print a contributor to the New York Sun has found a tale of old Maryland politics which shows that, the knight of La Mancha to the contrary notwithstanding, an almost extravagant ideal of chivalrous conduct is not incompatible with a keen sense of humor.

Colonel Fitzhugh of Calvert county was a pattern of generosity and nobility of character. He was once a candidate for office. In those days it was the custom for rival candidates to stump the county together and speak from the same platform.

On a certain occasion Colonel Fitzhugh and his opponent were to speak in joint debate. When the day came his rival did not appear. The people assembled and grew impatient. Finally Colonel Fitzhugh, taking out his big watch and glancing at it, got up and delivered his speech. In it he took all the liberties that a gentleman of the Democratic party might take with Whig principles and closed amid prolonged cheers.

As he was concluding he received a message that the rival candidate was critically ill. Colonel Fitzhugh looked round for a representative of the Whig party who might take the place of the sick man, but could not discover one.

Finally the colonel rose again with the announcement that he believed in fair play. He said that as his opponent could not be there to reply to the arguments that he himself had advanced and as there was nobody of his political faith to take his place he would himself deliver a speech for the sick man. He added that he would keep his watch open before him to see that he gave just as much time to his opponent's cause as he had given to his own.

He then began. If he had scored the Whigs he now scarified the Democrats. If the Whigs had been men of broken promises, of smirched reputations, tricksters and rogues, the Democrats were now liars, thieves and murderers.

From the Whig point of view the address was masterly. But among his own partisans there were some who refused to see that the colonel was doing anything chivalrous and who were unable to appreciate the real humor of the situation.

One Democrat in particular, whose name tradition has not handed down, was much offended. The next morning he sent his seconds to the colonel with a challenge. As no explanation would satisfy him, the colonel reluctantly named his seconds, who accepted the challenge. The Spout—a stream of water that gushed from the side of a hill on St. Leonard's creek—was selected as the place of the duel. The time appointed was the following morning at 8 o'clock.

When the challenger and his seconds rode up to the Spout a little before 8 o'clock they found the colonel and his seconds, but could see nothing that looked like weapons of any kind. On the beach near the Spout, however, there was a big iron kettle steaming away over a fire that was being industriously fed with cordwood by two of the colonel's darkies.

"Where are the weapons?" demanded one of the challenger's seconds.

"Colonel Fitzhugh, as the challenged party, has the right to select the weapons," was the reply. "They will be produced at the proper time."

When the seconds agreed that the time for the duel had come Colonel Fitzhugh approached the pot, holding his hands behind him. The challenger, advancing in turn, demanded to know what the weapons were to be.

"Mr. Blank," said the colonel, "the ammunition is in the pot. The weapons are behind my back. This pot contains boiling pea soup. Here are two ladies. I propose to give you one of them, and I will keep the other. I propose that you take your stand on the other side of the pot and that we fling hot pea soup at each other until one or the other has had enough."

"But this is ridiculous, sir, ridiculous!" exclaimed the other.

"Not more ridiculous, sir," gently remonstrated Colonel Fitzhugh, "than your quarrel with me!"

The other saw the point, and they shook hands.

Father Was Neglected.

At first David did not like to have his teeth brushed. His father said to him one evening when the three-year-old struggled more than usual against the sanitary performance of his mother:

"David, I wish my mamma had brushed my teeth when I was a little boy. I would not have lost any then."

"Don't you wish your mamma had brushed your hair?" was David's revengeful reply, with a look toward papa's bald head.—Exchange.

A Delicate Compliment.

"My new gown received a very sincere compliment the other day."

"How was that?"

"The proprietor of a restaurant I went into asked me to sit near the window; said it would lend tone to his place."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

High aims form high characters, and great objects bring out great minds.—Edwards.

Mean.

Husband—My, but I wish I had your tongue! Wife—So that you could express yourself intelligently? Husband—No; so that I could stop it when I wanted to.—Detroit Free Press.

Not Many.

The man who is always crossing bridges before he reaches them doesn't get over many streams.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1912

A WISE CHOICE.

Last Wednesday Governor Eugene N. Foss nominated Mr. Fred F. Walker of Burlington for the highly important position of Commissioner of the State Animal Industry Department and sent his name to the Council for confirmation. A more judicious or popular appointment could not have been made.

Mr. Walker was Chief of the State Cattle Bureau, to which he was first appointed, at the solicitation of the agricultural and dairy interests of the Commonwealth, by Governor Eben S. Draper, and has since served, faithfully and intelligently, succeeding State administrations by reappointments to the present time.

Mr. Walker is a successful operative farmer and dairyman and the author of the new Department which he saw the necessity for when first appointed Chief of the Cattle Bureau. He won the fight for the new Department handsomely against hostile Legislatures and some officeholders, and without a thought of ever becoming its head.

On receipt of Mr. Walker's nomination the Governor's Council suspended the rules and it was confirmed at once.

Com. Walker's term is for 3 years, and his salary is $3,500 a year.

U. S. SENATOR MURRAY CRANE.

On last Wednesday morning Boston papers announced the decision of Hon. Murray Crane, Junior Massachusetts member of the National Senate, to withdraw from the contest over the election of his successor which is certain to be waged in the Legislature next January at the expiration of his present term.

What influence, if any, the uncertainty of the outcome of the Presidential campaign may have had on the Senator's determination to quit is known only to himself, but it is true that he has been contemplating such a step for some time past.

CONGRESSMAN McCALL.

Primaries may come and Primaries may go but Hon. S. W. McCall keeps right on being elected every two years to represent this District in Congress, which has been done, to the credit of himself and the State, continuously for 18 or 20 years.

No name but McCalls is heard for the Republican candidate again this fall, and nobody doubts that he will be elected by his customary big majority.

McCall owes his leadership in the National House of Representatives to ability and honesty.

FOR CRANE'S SEAT.

Already aspirants for Crane's seat in the U. S. Senate are popping up all over the Commonwealth.

Tom Lawson, the Boston broker and Copper King of Scituate, leads. Ex-Speaker Walker would not mind taking the job when Crane throws it up on March 4, 1913: Congressman Gardner, son-in-law of U. S. Senator Lodge; Congressman Weeks; Lt. Gov. Luce; and other distinguished statesmen have expressed a willingness to try to fill Crane's chair.

Mayor Fitzgerald is the Democratic candidate.

IN OHIO.

The Ohio Republicans held their State Convention for the election of delegates to the Chicago Convention at Columbus on May 21, which apparently resulted in a victory for Roosevelt.

At first the Insurgents claimed 36 of the 48 delegates for Roosevelt; then they dropped to 33; and it is now generally conceded that the question will have to be decided by the National Convention.

Taft claims 17 of the Ohio delegates, and a majority at Chicago.

☞ People living at Portland on Casco Bay ought to know something about weather by this time. Last Sunday, May 19, was the hottest day there during the season. At 12 M. Monday, May 20, the mercury had fallen 30 degrees in 24 hours, and snow fell for 20 minutes, the first time in the month of May for 40 years. Of course, the snow melted as soon as it touched the ground. But it furnished the Portland papers with a needed item of news.

☞ If the women had a right to vote, Representative Parker of this city would be elected for a third term in the Legislature hands down in return for the many courtesies he has shown numerous parties of fair ones who have visited the State House for sightseeing while he has been a member of the House of Representatives. He has been gentlemanly to the visiting ladies who would like to get a chance to cast their ballots for him, and thus reward him for his kindness.

PAID THE PENALTY.

Clarence V. T. Richeson was executed in the electric chair at the State Prison in Charlestown a few minutes past 12 o'clock Tuesday morning, May 21, 1912, for the murder of Avis Linnell.

☞ It is reported, and denied, of course, that Frank A. Munsey, the distinguished Editor and proprietor of numerous newspapers and magazines, is to be American Ambassador to the Court of St. James in case Col. Roosevelt is elected President. From farming on Sandy River in Starks, Me., to Minister at London would be a long stride. But then, Roosevelt isn't elected yet.

☞ The Boulevard Omnibus Bill, which appropriates $1,000,000 for the extension of the Metropolitan Park system, our city to get $50,000, of it, was favorably reported on by the Committee last Monday.

P. S. The bill passed to the third reading in the House yesterday by a vote of 124 to 91 and will come up for its final passage in the House today.

☞ At this date, May 20, the Washington correspondents of Boston papers figure out that Taft is 200 ahead of Roosevelt for the Presidential nomination next month. Now let us wait and see what kind of guessers they are.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

J. W. & E. F. Johnson—Citation.

— Cold nights and hot days do not mean a big corn crop next fall.

— The cases against the Woburn Amusement Co. were postponed to May 31.

— In just a month from now the W. H. S. Class '12 are to graduate with appropriate exercises.

— At a meeting of the City Council held on May 16 permit to open another cemetery in East Woburn was refused by the Board.

— The beneficial fruits of the good work being done by the W. V. I. S. are plainly seen all over the city. More of it is in store.

— Memorial Day comes one week from yesterday. Post 33 has charge of the exercises this year. Post 161 had it last year.

— Music Hall was brimful of people at Maude Littlefield's piano and violin recital last Friday evening. It was a genuine musical treat.

— Arlington Road appears to be an unhealthy part of the city for dogs. Several valuable ones have died of poisoning there lately.

— Mrs. Carrie Dow and Mr. and Mrs James Skinner returned several days ago from a visit to their relatives at Birmingham, Alabama.

— Mrs. Norton, wife of Rev Stephen A. Norton, D. D, pastor of First Church, Woburn, is visiting at Rockford, Illinois, her former home.

— Dr. V. C. Stewart, Chairman, is willing that his Board of Health may do all they can about unloading cars of manure in the B. & M. freight yards.

— It is said that the Pilgrims from Boston—Johnson, Buss, Chalmers et al, are homeward bound from California where they have been visiting of late.

— Yesterday the Woburn Highway Dept. began oiling Main street. Com. Kennedy and Supt. Martin can be trusted to keep our roads all right.

— At last the High School house is to be insured. The B. P. W. have so decided. For a long time the City Fathers have been in a great stew over the matter.

— Post 33 will set the tables for about 100 guests at their Memorial Day dinner, to whom they will do the handsome thing.

— Mrs. Charles H. Taylor of 23 Pleasant street has got home from North Berwick where she spent a pleasant week with "The Lady of Doughty's Falls."

— Mrs. Annie Soule Lewis pianoforte classes are to give a recital next Friday evening, May 31, in the vestry of the Unitarian church of Woburn. The hour will be 8 o'clock.

— Rev. James J. Keegan is a good man to have on the Executive Committee of the Hospital Field Day, June 17. He will command a large force of good men and women to work for it.

— Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Brown and Mrs. Dimick of Arlington Road have had for guests this week Judge F. F. Putney and wife of Georgia Mrs. Dimick is the mother and Mrs. Brown the sister of Mrs. Putney.

— Chairman Arthur Linscott of the Choate Hospital Field Day committee is working hard to make the event on June 17 a Red Letter Day for Woburn. An able and loyal corps of workers are doing all they can to help him.

— Hon. A. S. Wood, native of Woburn, born in 1827, a descendant of Edward Johnson, author of the famous book, "Wonder Working Providence," boasts that he has been a subscriber to the Woburn JOURNAL just 60 years.

— Mr. Fred C. Kean of the firm of Buckman & Kean, patent leather makers, is to present the W. H. S. Battalion a fine silver medal for the best drilled noncommissioned officer. It is to be called The Noncommissioned Officers Medal.

— A dairyman said the other day that milk would soon be 12 cents a quart in Boston. If so, it will militate against, if not totally nullify, Roosevelt's advice to the Washington women in convention assembled, to raise large families.

— An important meeting of the Woburn Teachers' Association was held in High School Hall, Woburn, at 8 o'clock Wednesday evening, May 22, at which Dr. Davis Sheddon, Commissioner of Education delivered an admirable address.

— State of Maine residents are beginning to get ready for summer boarders, of which they are looking for a big increase over former years.

— Ex. Ald. B F. Nichols of Warren avenue and Mrs. Nichols have returned from a visit to their farm at Hope on the Penobscot in Maine, which is a favorite resort of theirs in the summer time. There is delightful scenery on Penobscot Bay.

— We embrace the present opportunity to return thanks to Miss Alice Wyer and Miss Marion Taylor, both of Pleasant street, for the armsful of sweet scented lilacs, an oldfashioned precious flower, which they generously brought to the JOURNAL a few days ago.

— Mr. and Mrs. Angelo Crovo, the popular Main street fruit sellers of Woburn, took an auto trip to Leominster last Sunday to visit friends and relatives there. The drive along the green fields and through the groves was greatly enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Crovo.

— One of the daily issues of the Lynn *Item* gave Capt. John L. Parker, its Editor-in-Chief, a grand send off. He has had Editorial control of that excellent paper ever since the spring of 1880, prior to which date, for 10 years he had been Editor and proprietor of the Woburn JOURNAL.

— The Clarigold Hall anticipated series of Sunday Recitals by Mr. Clarke will begin next Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The program of Phonograph and Ethical selections will interest adult music lovers, who are cordially invited. The Woburn and Reading electrics pass the corner of West and South streets.

— A lady lover of birds near Callahan's Crossing is daily feeding them from her back porch and takes much pleasure in doing so. A flock of robins orioles, bluejays and others arrive regularly at her kitchen door for their meals, and the jays have become so tame that they fly to the window sill and ask for them.

— The smart thunder shower of Monday night was followed a little later on Tuesday evening, with less rainfall but as sharp and as frequent flashes of lightning, by which, however no damage to buildings or persons was done. On Monday and Tuesday the weather was unobjectionable until about 5 P. M. when the wind suddenly changed to the east and the showers followed.

— Last week the *Christian Register* of Boston, the official organ of the Unitarian denomination in New England, gave an interesting account of the return from Texas of Rev. Henry C Parker, Pastor of the Woburn Unitarian church for 25 years last past, and praised his recent work in the Lone Star State last winter. With more brass in his makeup Rev. Mr. Parker might have been a Bishop long ago.

— There was quite a commotion here at about 11 o'clock last Monday evening, May 20. Just as a train arrived from Boston, while a heavy rain, lightning and thunder storm was at its height, an alarm from Box 54 summoned the firemen to a house on Richardson street that was thought to be struck by lightning, and things were lively for a short time. Rain poured in torrents, the electrical exhibition was brilliant, but no damage was done.

— The Warren Academy Free Industrial School of this city started in for business last Monday morning, with Superintendent Frank Carter, Master. On Saturday, May 18, 583 names of applicants for membership for the 1912 summer term were received the largest registry the School has ever had. This increase of attendance over former years proves the popularity of the institution and shows the value of its work. Parents and pupils appreciate its utility and high esteem in which it is held.

— This item is partly original and partly "clipped:" while the great revival meeting was running here one of the out of town ministers accosted a stranger to him in the audience with the question, "Are you a Christian?" "No, Sir," was the reply, "I am the Editor of the Woburn *Hornblower*" "For Heaven's sake, then, let us pray" was the prompt and witty response of the minister. It was a severe test of the efficacy of prayer, as anyone acquainted with the Editor would unhesitatingly conclude.

— Last Saturday, May 18, while watching, with a friend, the ball game at Fenway Park in Boston, private Frank O'Reilly of the Marine Guard of the Naval Prison at the Charlestown Navy Yard, was stricken with heart failure and died in a few minutes after. He was a native of Woburn, 36 years old, and had been in the U. S. service 18 years, 12 on land and 6 in the Navy. He was in the Spanish-American War, and in the Boxer Rebellion in China. The funeral was held at St. Charles church on last Tuesday morning.

— As has been their custom for many years, it is expected that the Woburn Innitou Canoe Club, of which W. Fred Davis, Jr., is President, will treat the people of Woburn and vicinity to a fine aquatic exhibition and paddling contest on Horn Pond next 4th of July, and to a brilliantly illuminated float in the evening, such as Commodore Will Crosby and his associates used to launch and splendidly handle. That feature of Independence Day sports has always been popular, and thousands of men, women, and children always gather on the shores of the Pond to enjoy it.

— Burbank Post 33, G. A. R., are to entertain at their Memorial Day dinner after the regular exercises at the graves of departed soldiers the following people, who have been invited: His Honor, Mayor Murray; City Clerk Bernard F. McHugh, President Thomas Callahan and members of the City Council. Representatives Andrews and Parker, Rev. and Mrs. Henry B. Williams, Rev. and Mrs. Fred M Estes, Company G, M. V. M., Charles Maloy Camp, S. W. V. and members of the Relief Corps 84. Post 33 G. A. R., have charge of this year's ceremonies, for which they are preparing an order of exercises different from usual.

— If Mr. A. W. Whitcher has announced officially that Clarke's "Our Naval Heroes" is to be played at the Memorial services in Woburn on May 30, it has escaped our notice. He is its publisher.

— The Thomas Moore cup which is to be presented to the High School Batallion has been on exhibition at the jewelry store of Smith & Varney this week. By the way, this firm have some fine graduating jewelry and other goods for the W. H. S. to select from.

— It was made know yesterday that a young couple named Clarence C Burgess of Belfast, Me., and Miss Margaret M. Pell of Hanover, N. H had eloped from their homes and were married in this city yesterday, May 23, by Rev. Roy W. Magoon. The bride wore a beautiful gown trimmed with Irish point lace After the ceremony they left for New York on the noon train.

— As soon as the war for the extermination of the gypsy and browntail moths was declared in Massachusetts we gave it as our opinion that the thing couldn't be done. We were surprised however to discover that nearly everybody differed from us, and towns, cities, State Legislatures and even Congress increased their appropriations in support of the moth extermination business almost as rapidly and abundantly as the pestiferous creatures themselves increased. Politics and labor circles were not slow in getting their fingers in the pie, and then the discovery was made that work and money were being expended in vain, for it is of little use to try to buck against a business partnership of politicians and labor unions. And now the moths are here again. And we have met with a change of heart. Not that we believe the pests can be exterminated, but efforts in that direction give employment to a great army of industrious and honest men, and that is a good thing; so, let the war go on and the moth victims scratch.

— Again the JOURNAL announces a birthday anniversary of its old and highly respected friend and patron, Mr. Abijah Thompson of Court street, Woburn, who was born in this ancient town on May 22, 1823, and was consequently 89 years of age last Wednesday, on which date he made us a friendly call, a habit he has followed up, year after year, nearly as far back as our memory of him extends. These calls are bright, cheery spots along the pathway of life, for Mr. Thompson is always bright and cheery himself, and people cannot but catch his spirit when they meet him The Thompsons were among the earliest settlers of Woburn, the first name of which was Charlestown Village, and at all times during the nearly 275 years since these wilds first became inhabited by white men, scions of the family tree have lived and flourished here. Mr. Abijah Thompson, the subject of this notice, is an honorable representative of the name. When the Southern Rebellion broke out he quit business and enlisted in the Union Army for the defence of his country. He gave four years of faithful and patriotic service to the cause in which he was engaged in defending; and then he was honorably discharged, and returned to his home in Woburn, where, since then, he has lived a quiet and useful life. May the good Lord lengthen out his years to the century mark, and his end be just a peaceful dropping off to sleep.

General Program For Memorial Day Services 1912.

Comrades of the G A R will report at their respective Headquarters (in uniform as far as possible) at 8 o'clock, A. M.

At 9 00 A. M. line will be formed on Main street, right resting on Main street, opposite Walnut street, as follows:—

Woburn National Band
Co. G 5th Regt. National Guard
Camp 66, Sons of Veterans
Post 33 Post 161
Spanish War Veterans

After customary services on the Common, the column will move via Main and Salem streets to Woodbrook Cemetery where the graves of comrades gone will be decorated. Moving thence to Calvary Cemetery the services will be repeated. Returning by cars to the junction of Main and Salem streets the column will reform and march to their respective rendezvous.

J. E CARR, Commander Post 33
E. F. WYER, Commander Post 161

Only A Fire Hero

but the crowd cheered, as, with burned hands, he held up a small round box, "Fellows!" he shouted, "this Buckien's Arnica Salve I hold, has everything beat for burns." Right! also for boils, ulcers, sores, pimples, eczema, cuts, sprains, bruises. Surest pile cure. It subdues inflammation, kills pain. Only 25c at All Druggists.

In The Schools.

As has been the custom in years past Memorial exercises will be held in the schools of this city on May 29. An assignment of speakers for the various schools has been made as follows:

Hanson School: Commander Carr, Comrades Moore and Reilly.

Goodyear School: Comrades Field and Taylor.

Rumford School: Comrades Poole and Tabbutt.

Cummings School: Comrades Linscott and Fowle.

Johnson School: Comrades Larkin and Richardson.

Cedar St, School: Comrades Leslie and Thompson.

Plympton School: Commander Wyer, Comrade Pierce.

Parker School: Comrades Carton and Hoskins.

Wyman School: Comrades Warren and Smith.

The High School programme will be announced later.

Memorial Service.

On Sunday, May 26, at 10.30 o'clock, the various patriotic organizations of the city together with their auxiliaries, viz. G. A. R. Posts 33 and 161, and the Women's Relief Corps 84 and 161, the Sons of Veterans and their Auxiliary, the Spanish War Veterans, Company G of the Fifth Regiment and any others not mentioned by name are cordially invited to worship at the Methodist Episcopal Church where the usual annual memorial service will be held.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

With Jesse L Lasky's big musical production, "The Antique Girl," and Maude Lambert, late of "Over The River" as the two star features, next week's bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre promises to be one of the strongest of the season. Mr. Lasky is the most skillful and prolific producer in vaudeville today. His productions are internationally famous for their lavishness and beauty. This season he has outdone all previous efforts. In many respects "The Antique Girl" is the best thing he has ever done.

GORDON'S OLYMPIA.

Gordon's Olympia Theatre on Washington Street, opposite Boylston Street, is proving one of the most attractive and most popular places of amusement in Boston. The theatre, which seats 2500 comfortably, is magnificently equipped and superbly decorated, one of the most beautiful playhouses in the United States. Its equipment is not only of the best, so that great productions could be well presented upon its stage, but it also has many novelties such as the "moving stairs," the escalators which carry patrons to their seats in the balcony or the gallery.

LAST TWO WEEKS FOR JULIAN ELTINGE AT THE BOSTON THEATRE.

Julian Eltinge, the famous impersonator who is at present creating a positive sensation at the Boston Theatre as the star of "The Fascinating Widow," is going to close his season in two weeks and amusement-seekers who have not yet seen this play and player should take advantage of these remaining performances without fail. The closing date has been set for Saturday night, June 8th. The announcement has been made that Julian Eltinge and "The Fascinating Widow" will not appear in any other New England city this or any other season, which means that the coming two weeks will be the only opportunities anybody in this section of the country will have to catch a glimpse of the famous actor. The Wednesday and Saturday matinees at popular prices are admirably suited to convenience of out of town patrons.

THE TREMONT.

In order to accommodate theatregoers from out of town for the last two weeks of the engagement of Christie MacDonald in "The Spring Maid" which begins Monday night at the Tremont Theatre a reduction of prices is announced in keeping with the summer season. The last performance in Boston of this wonderful operetta of happiness will be given Saturday, June 8th. This will be the last opportunity the music lovers and amusement seekers of Boston and suburbs will have to see this prima donna in this wonderful Viennese operetta of happiness for many months as the organization will go to New York for the summer and then on an extended tour before returning to Boston again. The reduction in prices, it is said, will not effect the splendid cast of "The Spring Maid" supporting Miss MacDonald. "Day Dreams," "Two Little Love Bees," "How I Love a Pretty Face," and other musical gems of the operetta have lost none of their popularity. Supporting Miss MacDonald are Thomas Conkey, Ben Hendricks, Mae Phelps, Charles H Hart, Charles W. Meyers, Beth Stone and the "Spring Maid" chorus and ballet of sixty. The orchestra is under the direction of Louis Gottschalk.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

the antiseptic powder to shake into the shoes. Makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Relieves painful, swollen, tender, sweating, aching feet and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Sold everywhere, 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.* Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Hospital Field Day.

The Committees are making excellent progress in preparing for the Choate Hospital Field Day to be held on June 17 next, Bunker Hill Day. They have planned for a fine series of sports during the daytime, an entertainment at Lyceum Hall, and dance in Armory Hall, in the evening.

The character of the committees and deep interest the public are manifesting in the undertaking fully insures the best thing of the kind ever enjoyed by the people of Woburn and neighborhood.

The following constitute the Executive Committee:

A. H. Linscott, Chairman; H. N. Conn, Secretary; F. W. Shattuck, Treasurer; W. E Blodgett, Mrs. D W. Bond, F. J Brown, Daniel Cary, Mrs. J. W. Fox, Rev. James J. Keegan, Edward N. Leighton, W. A. Prior, E. E. Silver.

The following Chairmen of Committees were appointed:

Carnival Committee, William E Blodgett.

Ticket, William A. Prior, Edward N Leighton.

Cigar, J. Winn Brown.

Special Feature, John H Sweetser.

Music, John J. Hern.

Country Store, C C. Clarke.

Publicity, Edward N. Leighton, James D Haggerty.

Dance, John J. Hern, H. Harrison Leathe, Percy T. Strout.

Ladies' Ball Game, E. F. Johnson, Dr. Charles T. O'Brien, B. J. Golden.

Transportation, Edward D Hart.

Gypsy Camp, Miss Kate Morey, Miss Clara S. Carter.

Livestock, George F. Bean.

Swine Show, Sumner S. Gould.

Equipment, Everett P. Fox.

Hospital Aid Association Novelty Committee, Mrs J. W. Fox.

Woman's Club, Refreshments and Flowers, Mrs. D. W. Bond.

Getting Evidence.

The witnesses were at the Waterford assizes in a case which concerned long continued poultry stealing. As usual, nothing could be got from them in the way of evidence until the nearly baffled prosecuting counsel asked in an angry tone of voice. "Will you swear on your soul, Pat Murphy, that Phady Hooligan has never to your knowledge stolen chickens?" The responsibility of this was too much even for Pat. "Bedad, I would hardly swear by my soul," he said, "but I do know that if I was a chicken and Phady was about I'd roost high!"—Life.

WINCHESTER.

The Boat Club are preparing for the best summer aquatic on Mystic Lake they ever had.

Rev. Fr. Roache, Curate of St. Mary's church for some years, has been transferred to a Boston church, to the regret of many good people here.

The Directors of the Winchester Home for Aged People report that its capacity has become too limited to accommodate all who desire residence at it.

Real estate owners and agents have their ears to the ground listening for the approaching building boom which is headed this way and will soon be here.

Champ Clarke, Speaker, hasn't a more loyal and earnest supporter for the Presidency in this town than our highly esteemed fellowcitizen Mr. Tuck.

The pupils of Mrs. Annie Soule Lewis, piano teacher, are to give a pianoforte rehearsal in Assembly Hall, this town, on Friday evening, June 7, at 8 o'clock.

Last week Congressman S. W. McCall and Hon. Samuel J. Elder, both of this town, the latter being Chairman of the Massachusetts Republican State Committee spoke for Taft every day and evening in Ohio. Both are stong, effective stumpers and were of material aid to the Taft campaign in the Buckeye State.

Porto Rico's New Wonder.

From far away Porto Rico come reports of a wonderful new discovery that is believed will vastly benefit the people. Ramon T. Marchan, of Barceloneta, writes "Dr. King's New Discovery is doing splendid work here. It cured me about five times of terrible coughs and colds, also my brother of a severe cold in his chest and more than 20 others, who used it on my advice. We hope this great medicine will yet be sold in every drug store in Porto Rico." For throat and lung troubles it has no equal. A trial will convince you of its merit. 50c & $1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by All Druggists.

COLORS OF THE RAINBOW.

They Vary According to the Size of the Raindrops.

Violet, indigo blue, green, yellow, orange, red—the colors of the rainbow. Any child knows that, and the high school pupil can refer you to half a dozen textbooks to prove it. It is true, however, of only a very few rainbows, as C. Fitzhugh Talman demonstrates in the Scientific American.

The colors of rainbows vary with their width, and their width varies with the size of the raindrops, big drops producing narrow bows with bright, clearly defined colors, small drops producing wide bows with pale colors.

Here are the colors as generally seen: (1) When the raindrops average one millimeter in diameter, violet, light blue, bluish green, green, yellow, orange, light red, dark red; (2) when the drops average three-tenths of a millimeter in diameter, violet, light blue, bluish green, green, yellow, orange; (3) when the drops average one-tenth of a millimeter, very pale violet, violet, whitish blue, whitish green, whitish yellow, pale yellow; (4) when the drops average one-twentieth of a millimeter (fog), white tinged with violet, bright white, white tinged with yellow, very pale yellow.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

Relieve Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and are a pleasant remedy for Worms. Used by Mothers for 22 years. *They never fail.* At all Druggists 25c. Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The Greater Evil.

"A visitor to see you, sir," said Senator Greatheed's secretary.

"I'll bet he wants some favor," grumbled the senator.

"It's a lady, sir."

"Ah! That means half a dozen favors."—Catholic Standard and Times

Vicious.

Mr. Henry Peck (the bridegroom)—Come this way, Miss Pickles. I want to show you my new talking machine. Miss Pickles—I believe I have met Mrs. Peck before.—Boston Post.

Never Again.

"Why don't you give your wife an allowance?"

"I did once, and she spent it before I could borrow it back."—Washington Herald.

Had His Number.

"Do you remember old Judge Plunks?"

"I'm sorry that I cannot recall him."

"You remember him all right."—Puck.

If you would be a good judge hear what every one says.—Portuguese.

A Great Building Falls

when its foundation is undermined, and if the foundation of health—good digestion—is attacked, quick collapse follows. On the first signs of indigestion, Dr. King's New Life Pills should be taken to tone the stomach and regulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Pleasant, easy, safe and only 25 cents at All Druggists.

Married.

In this city, May 23, by Rev Roy W. Magoun, Clarence C. Burgess of Belfast, Me. and Margaret M. Pell of Hanover, N. H.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, May 15, Thomas Lewis, aged 83 years 9 months, 24 days.

In this city, May 15, Josephine S. Carter, aged 53 years, 11 months, 7 days.

In this city, May 21, Hugh Stewart of Burlington, aged 71 years, 4 months, 18 days.

RHEUMATISM

This nerve-racking disease is caused from impure blood and uric acid poison. External applications sometimes give temporary relief but won't cure; the sure way to secure permanent results is to thoroughly eradicate from the blood all the impurities. Nothing on earth will drive out the poisons from your system, keep the bowels, kidneys and liver in good condition as SEVEN BARKS, the wonderful remedy that has proved its great merits the past 42 years.

SEVEN BARKS can be had of all druggists, at 50 cents per bottle. Give it a good trial and watch your rheumatism disappear.

LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York, N.Y.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

Sturdy Boys



need Sturdy Clothes. Their Play Suits and School Suits need to be fashioned exceedingly well and of the better kind of materials. MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY'S Boys' Clothes are made in their own workshops, after the newest and latest styles, from the best of fabrics and materials, and will please the little fellows, as well as the parents who select.

Boys' Suits - - $10 to $16

For School or Play—Sizes 8 to 17 years

Boys' and Youths' Clothing and Furnishing Goods Department, Second Floor. Take Elevator.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY 400 Washington Street Boston, Mass.

LLOYD'S EYEGLASSES AND SPECTACLES

Kryptok Bifocals

Are Far and Near Glasses, in a single pair. Kryptoks Bifocals will keep their Young, New, Stylish appearance permanently, and will never fall into the shabby untidiness that all cemented bifocals do in a short time.

5 STORES, USE THE MOST CONVENIENT
315 Washington St., 310 Boylston St., 75 Summer St.
BOSTON
1252 Massachusetts Ave., CAMBRIDGE,
230 Essex St., SALEM,
ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.

Flagged Train With Shirt.

Tearing his shirt from his back an Ohio man flagged a train and saved it from a wreck, but H. T. Alston, Raleigh, N. C., once prevented a wreck with Electric Bitters. "I was in a terrible plight when I began to use them," he writes, "my stomach, head, back and kidneys were all badly affected and my liver was in bad condition, but four bottles of Electric Bitters made me feel like a new man." A trial will convince you of their matchless merit for any stomach, liver or kidney trouble. Price 50 cents at All Druggists.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
Men's Class at Noon.
12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 12, every Sunday morning at 10.45.
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday from 2.30 to 4.30.

THE AMERICAN
Dress Cutting College
ROOM 5,
431 Main Street, Woburn
Knight Building (over Woolworth's)
Hours 2 to 4.30 and 7 to 9.30 P. M.
Tuesday and Thursday beginning June 11.
For information address
Miss E. I. KENNEY,
94 West St., Reading, Mass.

Linnell's Market

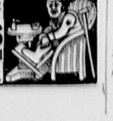
Beech-Nut Brand
(Goods in Glass)

Sliced Beef,
Sliced Bacon,
Peanut Butter,
Red Current Jelly,
Grape Jelly,
Pineapple Preserves,
Raspberry Jam.

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Tel. 314 W.

RHEUMATISM
PROMPTLY RELIEVED BY
THE ENGLISH REMEDY
BLAIR'S PILLS
SAFE & EFFECTIVE. 50c & $1
DRUGGISTS.
OR 95 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.



SAVED BY A POSTAL

Thousands Have Been Cured by Dr David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy—Lives Saved by a Postal Card.

They wrote for a free trial bottle, and were so much pleased with the general results obtained, that they bought a large size bottle of their druggist and it benefited or cured them. It has cured thousands—it will cure you.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is of the greatest value for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Blood; rheumatism, constipation and illnesses peculiar to women. Stops such dangerous symptoms as pain in the back, headache back of eyes, inability to hold urine, burning pains and frequent urination. Wonderfully successful for nearly forty years. Write to-day to Dr. David Kennedy Co., Rondout, N. Y., for a free sample bottle and medical pamphlet. Large bottles sold by 40,000 druggists.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT,

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons, interested in the estate of Josiah Parker, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Sarah B. Parker, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of June A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

17-24-31 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT,

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Benjamin T. H. Porter, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate by John W. Johnson, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of June, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

17-24-31 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT,

To all persons interested in the estate of Lael W. Cooper, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Griffin Place and Maurice J. Levy, the trustees under the will of said deceased have presented for allowance the ninth and tenth accounts of their trust under said will:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the tenth day of June, A. D. 1912 at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said trustees are ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate, fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of May in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

24-31-7 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

S. FRANK SHERMAN,

118 High Street, Reading, Mass., twenty years' experience Making and Tuning Pianos. All orders will receive prompt attention.

KNOCK

— THE —

HIGH PRICES

ON MEAT BY BUYING

Best Shrimp, 10c can, 3 cans 25c.
Best Crab Meat 20c and 35c.
Alaska Salmon 13c can.
Kippered Herring 10 and 15c can
Soused Mackerel 15c can
Norwegian " 17c can
Best Am. Sardines 10c., 3 for 25
Best Norwegian " 10c., 3 for 25
P. & C. Sardines, 30 and 41 can
Campbell's Soups 10c can 3 for 25
Van Camp's " 10c can 3 for 25
Woburn Eggs 28c. dozen.

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House,

FRED. STANLEY

351 Main Street.

TELEPHONE 242-3.

OUR

Store Policy

has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—$20.

Whitcher's

PILL BOX

LET US SHOW YOU.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE

In effect June 25, 1911.

[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for MALDEN SQ. at 5.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, †11.15 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.15 A. M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, *11.15 P. M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 3.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, †11.15, †11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Centre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

* Melrose Highlands Only.
† To Stoneham Square Only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Supt.

HAVE YOUR

OLD CARPETS

Made into handsome and durable

RUGS

For full particulars address

C. A. NICHOLS,

Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.
Caneseat Chairs Reseated.
Telephone 492 W

NOTICE.

Hair Mattresses Made Over. Ticks Washed and New Ticks furnished when required. New Hair added when needed.

EAMES & CARTER,

— DEALERS IN —

Coal, Coke and Wood

335 Main Street.

Elevator on Prospect Street.

Telephone connection

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,

Violin and Piano-forte

INSTRUCTION

Season opens October 2.

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Telephone 446

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY FOR COUGHS COLDS PRICE 50¢ & $1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES

GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

MASSACHUSETTS AT WASHINGTON

Senator Crane Recognized as a Strong Influence For Good.

RE-ELECTION SEEMS SURE

Legislature is Curtailing Its Appropriation to Reduce State Tax—Likely to Keep it Down to Last Year's Figures.

The unusual contest in Massachusetts over the delegates to the Republican national convention at Chicago seemed to develop some antagonism to the leaders of the party, among whom is included Senator Crane. In the heat of the canvass many things were said which should have been left unsaid and a disposition was shown to oppose the re-election of Mr. Crane to the Senate. (5-20)

After the primaries, however, this feeling apparently died away and better counsels prevailed. Observers at Washington were greatly surprised at this manifestation of feeling against a senator who has been such an indefatigable worker for the interests of Massachusetts. They declare that no senator from any state has a higher standing at the national capitol than our own junior senator, Winthrop Murry Crane, and that his power as a promotor of the well being of this state can hardly be overestimated. Ever since his election to the Senate he has been unsparing of his strength and his abilities in the service of his constituents and of the country. In all the great measures which have come before the Senate for consideration he has been a leader and his counsels have always been marked by wisdom based on the ripe experience of his public and private career.

Thoughtful men in Massachusetts believe there was never a time in the history of the Commonwealth when the services of a man like Senator Crane were so needed at Washington as at the present moment. They look with a great deal of concern upon the present situation in which an attempt seems to be making all over the country to retire to private life public men who have given years of unselfish, faithful service to the public and to put in their places men of little or no experience in public affairs. It is considered fortunate by thoughtful men that no such movement seems to have any possibility of success here. The popularity of Senator Crane when he was in the executive chair was abundantly proven by the large vote he received each year he was a candidate for that office. Those who have made a study of the situation fail to see where he has lost in his popularity during his service in the Senate and they believe he will receive a re-election by an emphatic majority.

Cutting the Appropriations.

The Legislature is making fair progress toward prorogation. So far as one may judge today, however, it is not likely to come much before the middle of June. A number of the members will probably wish to attend the national conventions, and in order to do so the Republicans would have to leave Boston as early as June 16th. That may have something to do with shortening the length of the session although it would not be likely to be a strong element.

The discovery that the Legislature was going strong on appropriations and that the state tax might be the largest in the history of the Commonwealth has aroused a good many members of the Legislature and started a policy of retrenchment. Both bodies of the Great and General Court are apparently determined not to invite criticism by reason of an unusual state tax if such a result can be avoided. There are those who now believe the tax will not be any larger than last year, which would be $5,500,000. For the last year or two many expenditures upon state institutions in the way of repairs and extensions have been refused by the Legislature although the necessity seemed fairly apparent. The longer they are delayed the more it will cost the Commonwealth to make them. Probably they will have to be postponed this year if the state tax is to be kept down to the limit of last year.

Some of the members are inclined to think it would be better to face the situation now without regard to what the state tax may be. It is understood that Governor Foss is fearful of a large state tax by reason of its possible effect upon his political future. Of course, none of the members like to see an unusually large state tax but some of them do believe that repairs and extensions on the buildings used for state institutions should not be longer delayed, since they must inevitably be taken up in the very near future and it would cost much less to make them now than later on.

Unemployment in Massachusetts.

The quarterly report of the Bureau of Statistics relative to the state of unemployment in the Commonwealth on March 30 give some interesting figures. This report gives the number and membership of labor organizations unemployed as 22,738, or 14.1 percent. While this is a higher percentage than any corresponding one since June, 1908, the report states that of this total number of unemployed over nine thousand were involved in a strike at that time going on in Lowell. The percentage of unemployed owing to lack of work or material represents, according to the bureau, more accurately the general state of unemployment prevailing throughout the Commonwealth, particularly in this instance where the inclusion of such a large number of strikers so greatly increases the percentage. In this case the percentage of unemployment was only 5.1 percent, the smallest for many years.

The percentage of unemployment from all causes in Taunton was 4.8; Springfield, 4.3; Quincy 4.1; Lawrence 3.1. The conclusion is reached that in Lawrence, following the long textile strike there, lasting from early in January until the middle of March, there was a prompt and almost complete resumption of work in the mills and in other lines of work which had been indirectly affected thereby, for which reason there was even less unemployment there than is ordinarily the case.

The percentage of unemployment in the transportation business on March 30 was unusually small, only 1.9 being out of work. In boot and shoe manufacturing 13.9 percent were out of work. In Brockton 21.3 percent of the shoe workers were unemployed; in Lynn 13.3 percent were unemployed.

In some other cities the unemployment showed the following percentages: Fall River, 9.7; New Bedford, 8.5; Fitchburg, 7.7; Boston, 7.5; Salem, 5.6; Haverhill, 5.1.

American Securities in Switzerland.

The better feeling among Swiss investors in general in regard to American industrial shares and bonds has been apparent within the past year. A Zurich firm has issued an attractive Manual of American Railway and Industrial Securities. The character of the publication which contains maps of the territory covered by the different railways and detailed statements of the various companies whose securities are offered is evidence of the interest prevailing in Switzerland concerning American securities.

Swiss investors, who are as a rule very conservative, have been imposed upon in a great many instances especially in the shares and bonds of new industrial concerns and mining companies, offered by clever promoters, which resulted in a prejudice against foreign securities in general and American securities in particular But in the past few years the business has assumed a more conservative form, and investors now have an opportunity to obtain desirable securities through reliable local bankers and brokers, who offer to their customers every facility for investigation and obtaining reliable information concerning the properties back of the bonds and shares they are offering The result has been a general improvement in the market, and a decided increase in the sale of the better class of American securities in Switzerland.

Gold Mining Not Encouraging In Bolivia.

Many American citizens are coming to Bolivia in search of gold, being misled by what is now stated to be a fake letter signed by one Ferguson Unfavorable reports are brought by miners who have returned from Tipuani and the outlook is not encouraging.

According to advices received at this legation numerous Americans in the western part of the United States are preparing to go to Bolivia on the strength of these false reports. This warning should deter them from embarking on such hazardous undertakings. A further report will be made in the event that any of the prospectors whom the Bolivian Government has sent to various districts are successful in their search for gold.

Wireless Telegraph In Central America.

The National Electric Signal Co., of Pittsburgh, Pa., has corresponded directly with Minister Canton relative to establishing in Nicaragua, at their risk, several wireless stations. This company is the one which put in the stations of the United Fruit Co. and is now taking up the matter of establishing a number of others along the Atlantic coast of Mexico and Central America with the purpose of obtaining constant communication between these countries and the United States The company also offers to put in at Managua a wireless tower of sufficient power to communicate with Salvador. It is probable that within a month the engineers will leave for Nicaragua to carry out the work.

Automobile Race In Italy.

An international automobile race is contemplated for May 26 and 27, 1912, under the auspices of the daily paper L'Ora, of Palermo, and the Gazzetta dello Sport, of Turin. The race, starting at Palermo, will go through Messina, Catania, Syracuse, Terranova, Girgenti, Marsala, and Trapani, finishing at Palermo, the total distance being 652 miles.

All types of automobiles are admitted, but must have at least two seats. The maximum time prescribed to cover the distance is 48 hours.

Technically Explained.

A Rockford (Ill.) boy, while at the table the other day asked what a spinster was. Before anyone else had time to explain his ten-year-old brother condescendingly said: "Huh! Don't you know? A spinster is a woman who ain't married to her husband."

SIGNAL MESSAGES.

Beacon Fires Were First Used, and Then Came Semaphores.

Signal fire telegraphing, with its very limited scope of information contained, seems to have been about the only means of communicating quickly across distances until relatively modern times.

It was not until the days of the French revolution that any material improvement over the beacon fire telegraph developed. Three brothers named Chappe devised the semaphore telegraph. This system got into active operation in 1794, and the first real message ever spelled out and telegraphed across country was in that year, and the text was as follows:

"Conde is taken from the Austrians."

The same day the national convention, sitting in Paris, sent back the following reply to the army:

"The army of the north deserves the gratitude of the country."

The semaphore operators attained a speed of three letters a minute in fine weather, with an average of one a minute over long distance. This made necessary the invention of condensed codes, which came into fashion.—New York Telephone Review.

Nerve Rewarded.

"Now, Billy," said the young man's father, "I've found a fine job for you—a job which will, if you attend strictly to business, give you a splendid chance to rise."

"What is the nature of the job?"

"You've seen some of the big buildings in course of construction, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever noticed how the great iron beams are lifted in their places?"

"Sure."

"Well, a friend of mine, who is a contractor, has agreed to use you to stand on the beams and balance them as they are hoisted. I told him about the splendid nerve you had exhibited in sitting around and permitting me to support you, and he agreed that you would be just the man for the job."—Chicago Record-Herald.

WARM SALT WATER BATH.

First Aid For a Child That Has Been Badly Burned.

All children will play with fire unless they have been taught, either by precept or experience, not to do so, and accidents will happen even when every precaution has been taken. It is therefore most desirable in the case of burns that parents should know what—and above all what not—to do while waiting for the doctor to come.

The first thing is to fight shock with all the resources at command, because shock is usually the immediate cause of death. Too often shock is aggravated rather than helped by the treatment it receives.

Valuable time is wasted and unnecessary agony caused in trying to remove the clothing; then various applications of oil or of whatever else the distracted bystanders may have heard was good for burns are made until by the time the doctor arrives irremediable mischief is done.

Do not waste time in any such way, but immediately prepare a warm salt water bath and gently place the child in it, clothes and all. If the clothes are much burned the warm water will make them easier to remove, and the child can be kept in the bath until the pulse and the temperature show that a reaction from the shock has taken place. It will often be necessary for some strong and careful person to kneel and hold the patient in the best position.

Even after the child has been placed in bed with the proper dressings the bath should be given again if there are indications that shock is returning. Always remember that speed is essential. Even the slightest delay is dangerous.

Almost every one believes that in the case of burns water is always harmful and oil always helpful. You will be wise to reverse the rule and learn it by heart. In case of burns fill the bath with warm water, adding salt in the proportion of a teaspoonful to a pint of water, and hold the child in it, clothes and all, until the doctor arrives.—Youth's Companion.

PRICE OF A PICTURE.

Terms Corot Is Said to Have Exacted From His Friend Perier.

A French paper gives the following anecdote of Corot: M. Perier, brother of the former French president, M. Casimir Perier, was a close friend of the great Barbizon painter. One day—it was a Sunday—when he was visiting the artist's studio he grew enthusiastic over a figure painting that Corot was at work on, for on Sundays Corot devoted himself to figure subjects.

"That is my distraction," he used to say.

M. Perier determined to acquire this picture and Corot was equally determined not to let him, as his modesty would only allow him to rank as a landscape painter.

"All right," said Corot at last, "you may have the canvas, but on one condition—you must pay in exchange for it the butcher's and baker's bills of my friend Millet." M. Perier agreed to this unusual price and with the painter went to find the two shopkeepers. The baker's bill came to $4,400 and the other to $4,800, for the bills had been running for twelve years. So M. Perier's Corot cost him $9,200

"What a stroke of business," commented the artist. "My picture was hardly worth $300!"

Good stories should not be dissected, but analysis of this one seems to show that the Millet household spent at least $1 a day at the baker's and over $1 a day at the butcher's, which seems excessive at the French prices of those days.—New York Sun.

Blind Workers First.

It was the recruit's first fire. A piano factory was burning. Said the battalion chief to the recruit:

"Find out where the tuning room is and make for that."

The recruit obeyed. Afterward he asked why.

"Because during working hours you are likely to find several blind men there," said the chief. "Many piano tuners are blind, and in case of fire they need first help in getting out. When fighting fire in a piano factory always bear that in mind."—New York Press.

Giving Man Credit.

"I don't believe any man is really good," she said. "When you find one who doesn't go wrong it is because he is afraid."

"Oh, it isn't always because they are afraid," replied her friend, who was married. "Very often it is because they haven't the price."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Difficult Task.

Some men were discussing the sudden death of a neighbor who had left a rather helpless family.

"And the worst of it is," said Uncle Jared, "that there isn't one of those boys that has the head to fill his father's shoes."—Youth's Companion.

Improvement.

Optimistic Wife—I think cook is improving, don't you? Husband—Why, at dinner tonight everything but the black coffee was horrible. Optimistic Wife—I know that. But usually that's bad too.—Life.

Found Her Unmailed Letters.

Gibbs—My wife explored my pockets last night. Dibbs—How did she come out? Gibbs—As all explorers should. She acquired enough material for a lecture.—Boston Transcript.

Only Officers.

Corporal (to soldier reporting sick)—What's the matter with you? Tommy—Pain in my abdomen. Corporal—Abdomen! Abdomen, indeed! You don't 'ave no abdomen; you 'ave a stomick. It's only the officers what 'as abdomens.—London Punch.

Carte Blanche.

"I think," said Mrs. Cumrox, who was arranging a musical program, "that we will have a mezzo soprano."

"All right," replied her indulgent husband. "Don't bother me about it. Go ahead and see an architect."—Washington Star.

Wrong Diagnosis.

Bings—Did you see where some critic says that women have not got the objective faculty? Bangs—Huh! I'd like that critic to start any question with my wife.—Baltimore American.

We should believe only in deeds. Words go for nothing everywhere.—Rojas.

GREENLAND'S ICEBERGS.

Their Progress Southward Lasts From February Till August.

Those monsters of menace to navigation, icebergs, are formed from huge pieces broken from the glaciers of the north, which the Arctic currents carry southward until they melt away in the warmer waters of the gulf stream. The terrible procession begins in February, and not until the end of August is the ice season supposed to be over in the north Atlantic.

Each year brings its regular reports of disastrous wrecks and collisions and losses of the ice fields from the incoming steamers during the spring and summer months. Certain years stand out as unusually bad ice years, but the general story is much the same. Once during the month of May, 133 icebergs were sighted off Cape Race in a single day.

One of the largest icebergs on record towered 830 feet above the surface of the sea. As hardly more than one tenth of the berg is out of water, this would mean a mass of ice 7,000 feet (one and one-third miles) from top to bottom. Its volume was calculated to be about 580,000,000 cubic feet and its weight some 16,000,000 tons!

Icebergs need not be extraordinarily high to be stupendous. Lieutenant Peary reported a berg 12,500 feet long (over two and one-half miles), 11,000 feet wide and 186 feet high. It was estimated to weigh 1,292,308,000 tons. Another measured farther north contained 27,000,000,000 cubic feet of ice and weighed no less than 2,000,000,000 tons.—New York World.

BOGUS GEMS.

Imitation Diamonds of Paste Are the Best Counterfeits.

It is always wise when buying a white topaz to purchase it from a reliable dealer, inasmuch as rock crystal and even lead glass are often sold under that name.

Colorless beryl yields a very brilliant and diamond-like stone when properly cut. Indeed, many gems and even phenacite and rock crystal often passed in former days as diamonds, even under the scrutiny of experts, such exact tests as refraction and specific gravity being unknown until comparatively recent years.

No imitation of the diamond, however, is so brilliant as a skillfully cut piece of the kind of lead glass known in the trade as "paste." The play of color in these counterfeits is often very beautiful, but the glass "diamond" possesses no luster, this term being applied to the light reflected from the top surfaces of a gem. The flashes of light and color that give brilliancy come from the interior, being thrown from the rear surfaces of the stone.

The glass diamond is soft and is attacked chemically by a number of things with which it comes in contact by wear, for both of which reasons it soon becomes dulled. — Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

He Spoke to Her.

A Virginia farmer was driving a refractory cow down the road one morning The cow and the driver came to a crossroad. The man wanted the cow to go straight ahead, but the cow picked out the crossroad. A negro was coming along the crossroad

"Haid her off! Haid her off!" yelled the driver.

The negro jumped about the road and waved his arms. The cow proceeded calmly on her way.

"Haid her off! Haid her off, nigger!" yelled the driver.

"I's a-tryin' ter!" replied the negro.

"Speak to her! Speak to her and she'll stop!"

"Good mawnin', cow—good mawnin'!" said the negro politely.—Saturday Evening Post.

When You Crack Your Hat.

If you are ever unfortunate enough to smash a new derby hat, so that it cracks and in spite of vigorous rubbing and brushing refuses to resume its pristine smoothness of surface, try the simple expedient of holding a lighted match inside the hat close to the broken spot. By the time the match has half burned out you will find that the hat has become soft. If you will then brush it vigorously with a stiff brush for a moment it will regain its former smoothness and look as if nothing had ever marred its surface.—New York Sun.

Married the Family.

When Lafcadio Hearn married his Japanese wife all his wife's family accompanied him to his new quarters He mentions that he had nine lives dependent upon him—wife, wife's mother, wife's father, wife's adopted mother, wife's father's father, then servants and a Buddhist student. This wouldn't do in England, but it is nothing in Japan.—"Lafcadio Hearn—His Life and Work," by Nina H. Kennard.

What, Indeed?

Tess—I thing Belle acted rather shabbily in breaking her engagement to Jack Huggard. Jess—Well, he broke his arm. Tess—But, good gracious—Jess—Yes, good gracious! What use is a fiance with a broken arm?—Philadelphia Press.

The Daffodil.

The poison of the daffodil is the plant's means of defense. How effective it is may be judged by the fact that rabbits, rats and other small pests which devour hyacinths and crocuses with gusto leave the daffodil severely alone.

His Profession.

Mr. Justice Lawrence was once passing sentence on a man, and in the course of his preliminary remarks he referred to him as "a professional burglar."

The prisoner raised loud protests from the dock.

"Here," he exclaimed, "I dunno wot you mean by callin' me a professional burglar. I've only done it once before, an' I've bin nabbed both times."

Mr. Justice Lawrence beamed upon him.

"Oh, I did not mean to say," he remarked in his most suave manner, "that you had been very successful in your profession."—London Answers

A Practical Query.

My little boy stood, open mouthed, while a friend elaborated the details of a sudden death. The patient had not been considered very seriously ill, and his nurse entered, bringing a baked potato for which the sick man had expressed a wish. "But," said my friend "before he had tasted it he died." I deprecated the sadness of such recital before the child, but I need not have feared. His baby voice piped out, "And what became of the potato?"—Harper's Magazine.

PICTURES IN THE CAPITOL.

Reed's Caustic Comment on His Portrait In the House Gallery.

Among the most interesting features of the capitol at Washington are the numerous paintings of departed statesmen and events of importance in our national history. In the wide gallery back of the house of representatives are portraits of the various speakers of the house. The likeness of each speaker is hung in this hall of fame upon his retirement from office.

The portrait of every speaker can be found there, with but one exception. The missing face is that of Nathaniel Macon of North Carolina, who was speaker from 1801 to 1807. Macon was a modest, unassuming man of simple manners, attired always in the coarse homespun of the day, although an exceptionally able official. A lover of horses and cattle, he entered the pedigree of his own blooded stock in his family Bible. Macon never posed for his picture. Although every effort has been made to discover a portrait of him, the search has been without avail.

A service of barely five minutes in the speaker's chair won for one man a space on the wall of this gallery. Schuyler Colfax, speaker of the house, was elected vice president and took the oath of office on the 4th of March, 1869. On the morning of that day Colfax resigned the speakership, and Theodore M. Pomeroy of New York was elected speaker for the remaining few minutes of the session.

The picture of Thomas B. Reed was painted during the last year of his term of office. When it was shown to him he looked at it closely. He noticed the protruding lips, the florid complexion, the heavy, flabby cheeks and massive neck.

His eyelids partly closed and his countenance grew cold. Slowly and with his inimitable drawl he commented:

"I hope that my dearest enemy is satisfied now."

Then with an expression of irony on his countenance he turned and left the room.

Of the many portraits from life in the capitol the most valuable is one of the Gilbert Stuart pictures of Washington. There are two portraits of Washington by Stuart. One of these Stuart portraits of Washington cost the government $5,000. This is the most expensive portrait in the capitol. However, other pictures in the building have been infinitely more expensive—for instance, the great "Battle of Lake Erie," at the turn of the senate staircase, showing Commodore Perry leaving his flagship at the height of the battle, cost $30,000.

These pictures in the capitol are frequently cleaned, restored and reframed. For this purpose the pictures are removed from their frames. Great pads of blotting paper are spread out on the surface prepared for the operation. These blotting pads are then thoroughly soaked with oil. The picture is laid with its back on the pads while weights are placed on its face. The oil is slowly absorbed by the picture, and the colors gradually brighten up.—Chicago Tribune.

Fully Assimilated.

Ray S. Baker, the author, in an argument on immigration cited the marvelous speed wherewith the immigrant family, be it German or French or what not, becomes assimilated into the national life.

"An instance of this assimilation occurs to me," he said. "I know a worthy Neapolitan, one Paoli Cenci, who came to this country three years ago. Paoli's little son, Francesco, an American citizen of seven, looked up from his schoolbooks the other evening to ask:

"'Say, pa, what year was it you Italians discovered us in?'"—Exchange.

A Blow to Carlyle.

When the first volume of Carlyle's masterpiece, "The French Revolution," was finished, it was sent to his great friend, John Stuart Mill, for him to read, but by some extraordinary accident Mill's servant used the manuscript to light the fire.

Carlyle had kept no notes and could scarcely recall a sentence of what he had written. Nevertheless he set to work again, although thoroughly disheartened, and after two more years of hard and laborious work the manuscript was for the second time completed.

Tam o' Shanter's Inn.

Every visitor to Ayr, Scotland, should see the little Tam o' Shanter inn, with its simple front and great lamp hanging over the sidewalk. Here opened the scene which Robert Burns has immortalized in his poem "Tam o' Shanter." Tam had spent a very convivial evening at the inn, and when he finally started home on his gray mare, Meg, he was in a rather foggy frame of mind. A terrific storm was raging, and on the way he was caught by ghosts, who ended his earthly career.

Too Sensible to Give Up.

"Will you promise," she anxiously asked, "not to do anything desperate if I say it can never be?"

"Yes," he replied. "I think a man's a fool who goes to the bad because a girl refuses to love him."

"Then I will be yours."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Make Use of Time.

Know the true value of time. Snatch, seize and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no laziness, no procrastinations. Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.—Chesterfield.

Patience is bitter, but its fruits are sweet.—Rousseau.

Your Child.

Does your child break into the conversation when you have visitors?

Does he leave his clothes lying all over the house?

Does he eat surreptitiously between meals?

Does he lay his hands on almost anything he wants to make something out of without asking your permission?

Does he come down late to breakfast?

Does he say "Huh," "Gee?"

And, if not, why not. You are his parent, and he is living in the United States of America.—Life.

The Puzzle of Life.

Life is a quaint puzzle. Bits the most incongruous join into each other, and the scheme thus gradually becomes symmetrical and clear, when, lo, as the infant clasps his hands and cries, "See, see; the puzzle is made out!" all the pieces are swept back into the box—black box with the gilded nails!—Bulwer-Lytton.

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A Search

A Russian Revolutionist Receives a Great Shock

By MILDRED WHITEFIELD

"Vera!"

"Oh, Anna, what has happened?"

"Prepare for the police. They are coming."

The two girls began to cram everything that would incriminate them as Russian revolutionists into a stove, and within a few minutes not a scrap of paper that could harm them was left.

Then they waited for the coming of the police.

"How did you get wind of this?" asked Vera.

"My brother is a pretended spy for the government, but is really working in our interest. It is he who warned me."

"But who has given me away?"

"I dread to tell you."

"Speak. I can bear anything."

"To hear that one you have loved and trusted has turned traitor to you and the cause?"

"Oh, heavens!"

"Come, bear up. If you pass this crisis safely you will have lost noth-



"WHAT IS IT, PETER?" ASKED VERA.

ing. Indeed, you will have gained. I have never trusted Peter Orsky and have warned you against him."

Vera covered her face with her hands and moaned.

"He is a government spy," Anna went on, "who was deputed to make your acquaintance, you being a suspect, and he succeeded in his project by winning your heart. Heaven grant that you have not furnished him with written proofs that he may use against you."

Vera by this time had mastered herself and reminded her friend that she had kept the oath she had taken not to reveal to any one the secrets of her circle.

Peter must have known that she was a revolutionist, but he had no documentary evidence of the fact. It was doubtless the purpose of the police, acting on his suggestion, to surprise her and secure that evidence, not that the police cared for evidence against a suspect, since they could send any one to Siberia they chose, but their secret service system was so intricate that they were never sure who of their spies was working in their interest and who was working against them.

Anna had not been able to give her friend more than twenty minutes to prepare for the raid. Indeed, she had run so fast and had mounted the stairs so hastily that she was out of breath when she arrived. Soon after Vera's assurance that she had divulged nothing to Orsky footsteps were heard below, and a few moments later were coming up the stairs. Then Vera suddenly turned pale, at the same moment clapping her hand to a pocket in the skirt of her dress. She had no time to tell her friend the cause of her fright, but Anna inferred that she had forgotten something incriminating she had in this pocket.

In another moment the door was thrown open and Peter Orsky, followed by half a dozen policemen entered. The rapidity with which Vera had regained her coolness was remarkable. She felt herself able to play any part and was determined to gain some advantage by convincing her lover that she still trusted him. She looked at him inquiringly when he entered with the police behind him, as if she did not understand what it meant. His own face was unintelligable. He seemed to be doing his duty as a machine—merciless and inexorable.

"What is it, Peter?" asked Vera.

"Make a thorough search of the room," said Orsky to his men without any reply to the girl to whom he had been making love for a month.

Last to enter the room was a woman who had not been able to keep up with the men, and it was evident she had been brought for the purpose of making a personal search.

"Wait," said Orsky to her, "till we have finished our work. Then we will give you the room for yours."

The woman seated herself, and the men began to rummage.

"I had no idea, Peter," said Vera, "that you were in the government service. Being there, I don't blame you for this work. You are simply doing your duty. When you have proved that you are mistaken, that I am a loyal subject of the czar, I shall respect you for the sacrifice you are making in this distasteful work."

Orsky gave her a cold glance without a reply, showing no effect whatever from the words she had uttered. Indeed, he directed the search himself, now and again reproving the searchers for a want of thoroughness in the work.

He seemed more like a man of stone than one of flesh and blood.

Anna, as soon as the raiders came in, asked if she might leave, but was told to remain. She knew very well when she asked the question that she would not be allowed to go and that she would be searched. She gave Vera a look, lowering her eyes to Vera's pocket, which Vera understood as well as if it had been words—"whatever is in your pocket must be transferred to mine!"

The problem before these girls, communicated by a look from the one to the other, must be worked out indirectly—that is, by duplicity, and the most perfect master of these smaller arts is a woman. Anna began the work thus:

"I ask one favor of you," she said to Orsky. "If you intend to search me and let me go, provided you find nothing incriminating upon me, I beg of you to have the work done at once in order that I may return to my home, where, I assure you, I am greatly needed. I came here to see Vera to ask for a remedy she once recommended in case of sickness, and I should go back at once to an invalid."

Orsky told the woman of his party to take Anna into another room and search her. The two women went out, leaving Vera with the police. When they returned and the searcher reported nothing found Anna asked permission to withdraw. It was granted, and going to Vera to say goodby the two locked themselves in each other's arms.

"Oh, my dear!" said Anna. "God grant that you will come through this unscathed. It cannot be that you, whom I have considered so steady a person, can have mixed yourself with these horrid revolutionists."

So great was the speaker's emotion that she became quite hysterical. The others were much moved by her emotion, except Orsky, who seemed the same sphinx as before.

"I assure you, my dear Anna," replied Vera, "that your fears are groundless. I desire these good persons who are doing their duty by the government to make a thorough search so that they may exonerate me completely from the charge of disloyalty. Let me know as soon as possible how your dear one is getting on, and I sincerely trust that the remedy I have recommended will be effective."

While this dialogue was going on the skirts of the two women were pressed one against the other. They were the full skirts of years ago in which there was plenty of room for pockets, and the women of that day used pockets. That side in which the pockets were the girls turned away from the others. Anna kept up the expression of her fears for her friend, and Vera continued to reassure her till Anna had contrived to get her hand into Vera's pocket, seize a paper, crush it in her palm and transfer it to her own pocket. Then, after one long embrace, Anna took her departure.

As soon as Anna had gone Vera's work in preserving her equanimity was much easier for her. Had she not suffered under the shock that the man she loved had won her heart to betray her she would have felt buoyant under the removal of the terrible danger from which she had escaped. As it was she took no more pains to make Orsky think that she admired him for doing his duty, but when he looked at her she flashed him a look of contempt. It seemed to have no effect upon him whatever, for he continued to direct the men in their search till every nook and corner had been ransacked, then sent Vera out with the woman who had searched Anna to undergo a similar process.

When the two returned without anything criminal being found Orsky showed the first irritation he had manifested since he entered and ordered the searcher to take Vera out again and make another trial. When this was done and still nothing was found, bowing ceremoniously to Vera, he withdrew with his party. The withering look Vera gave him had apparently no effect upon him, for he retired as carelessly as a custom house inspector who had examined the baggage of a stranger.

That evening Vera heard a footstep on the staircase, a knock at the door, and in walked Orsky. Looking about him cautiously, he said:

"I used you for a blind on the government."

She pointed to the door.

"I can convince you in a few words," he continued with perfect self possession, "I saw your friend thrust her hand in your pocket, then thrust it in her own."

Vera started.

"I sent her brother to her that she might warn you. I took every precaution for your protection, but I have been in terror lest some incriminating paper might fall into my hands. I had been reporting to the government certain circumstances about you, and suddenly I was ordered to go at once to search for evidence against you. I had only time to send the warning, as I did."

Vera saw it all. Orsky was playing one of those double parts so common in the secret service and especially in Russia. She threw her arms around her lover's neck and, yielding to a natural reaction, burst into tears.

CARE OF THE CAT.

How Pussy Should Be Corrected and How She Should Be Fed.

It isn't a very nice task to punish pussy if you're fond of her, but there are times when she must be chastised. This is how to do it, according to Mr. Louis Wain, the great authority on the fascinating feline.

In the first place, don't actually strike the cat. A blow merely numbs it. And when the spine, which is its most sensitive part, is struck—particularly if the cat is old—it is likely to spring at the striker.

When pussy does anything wrong, frighten the wrongdoer by striking a stick on the ground. A cat is most sensitive to sounds and will connect this new noise with what it has done. It feels more intensely than most animals; hence its supposed savagery in cases. Cats are highly electrical, and it is very good to have one perch on one's shoulder or knees.

The best food for puss is raw meat, chopped up, and only one meal a day should be given. Most of the mistakes which are made in training cats arise from an absence of knowledge of the cat's character and constitution —London Answers.

Holland's Ways.

Sea fishing is one of Holland's principal industries, and large fleets of sturdy looking fishing boats are seen at the seaside villages and hamlets, so no doubt this and the almost amphibious life the Dutchman leads among his canals and ditches account for the popularity of the fishing rod and line. The country villages with their white and green painted houses and pretty gardens are made more attractive by the survival in Holland of the pucturesque old time costumes of the people. Quaint linen headdresses and numerous ample skirts mark the women. Equally ample trousers—several pairs—clothe the men. The children are miniature copies of their parents in dress as in everything else, even to the pipe or cigar in the case of boys. Everybody wears wooden shoes. —American Traveler's Gazette.

JAGGED CAPE RACE

One of the North Atlantic Traps That Mariners Dread.

ROCKY, FOGGY AND DEADLY.

This Gray, Grim Menace to Vessels That Come Within Reach of Its Icebergs, Gales and Wild Currents Is One of the Graveyards of the Ocean.

In Harper's Magazine George Harding describes Cape Race, that menacing point of Newfoundland that is a terror to the mariners of the north Atlantic coast:

Every great trade route of the world has in season some peculiar danger to navigation which brings disaster to vessels plying its lanes. In the north Atlantic, for ships bound east and west over the busy northern route, the particular menace is Cape Race. In this neighborhood there is an extraordinary conjunction of perils. Fog, icebergs, submerged rocks, northeasterly gales, a sheer shore and singularly treacherous current create a large possibility of catastrophe.

Cape Race is a bluff, jagged bit of coast scarcely provided with strand, and a multitude of submerged rocks are scattered from the breaking water at the foot of the cliffs as far to sea as the Virgin rocks, which outlie ninety miles. The polar current, "which runs like a river" past the gray cape, is so variable in the direction of its flow that it may race southwest at one time and flow northeast at another. In the spring and early summer—and often as late as the fall of the year—icebergs come down with the current and lie sluggishly off the coast, hidden from the sharpest eyes of the ships' lookouts in the dense accumulations of fog.

It is the fog, almost continuously raised by contact of the polar current with the warm waters of the gulf stream, which for centuries has made a menace of this cape of evil name. There is little relief from it. It is so continuously present, indeed, that the cape foghorn is frequently blown for hundreds of hours at a stretch. * * *

The route of the transatlantic lines from American ports runs past a hundred miles to sea, and it is the vessels that go astray in the fogs off the beaten track which come to grief and give the coast its grewsome name. In a single month an Atlantic liner, crowded with passengers, and four tramp steamers were totally wrecked within twenty miles of one another. And once ashore a craft has small chance. The stupendous cliffs, with deep water to their jagged edges and exposed to the swells of the open ocean, have allowed but one vessel of the seventy that have been wrecked there in the past twenty years to be refloated.

The craft on the rocks is furiously pounded to pieces by the first heavy sea. * * * The Regulus, a tramp steamer of near 2,000 tons, utterly vanished with the whole ship's company between dark and dawn, leaving her propelled fixed in the cliffs twenty feet above sea level, where it remains to this day.

Steamers have gone so close to the cliffs in the fog that the fishermen on the heads, unable to even discern an outline of the blind craft, have clearly heard that panic on the bridge when the captain reversed the engine room signals and in the same breath ordered the lifeboats manned. After that they have listened to the churning of the screw, to the orders from the bridge and to the gradual departure of the vessel from her dangerous position.

Once, at a point beyond range of the fog whistle, a fisherman heard from the fog not only the orders to reverse the engines and man the lifeboats, but a loud command to one of the officers to guard the liquor. Vessels often slip past in the mist, themselves unseen, their presence, peril and escape from disaster told only by voices coming muffled from the obscurity at sea. Sometimes skippers send boats ashore to inquire the way, but often they go by in care free ignorance without the faintest notion that they have escaped catastrophe by the miracle of a hair's breadth.

"I heard a feller go by today," said a fisherman of Chance cove. "I allowed he'd fetch up on Fish reef by the sound of his course and waited to see, but he skipped her, and a close skim too!"

It is a coast to beware of. The better it is known the more it is feared. The skipper of a New York-St. John's liner, for a moment at a loss for a reckoning in the fog, took no chances, but instantly turned tail and headed for the open sea, where he lay for six days waiting for the fog to lift.

It is no wonder the deep sea skipper shakes in his sea boots when the fog captures him in a treacherous current off that coast. Some of the rusted hulls of his forerunners in predicament serve as landmarks for off shore fishermen, and on the wind swept barren of the heads, in graves marked by crosses raised by kindly hands and snugly stowed away for good and all in the little graveyards of the settlements, lie the bones of hundreds of men who have been cast up by the sea.

No End to Grabbing.

Mopus—I suppose there will never be an end to land grabbing until everything is grabbed. Smith—Oh, not even then, because the people who haven't grabbed anything will be trying to grab what has already been grabbed. —Boston Post.

There would not be so many open mouths if there were not so many open ears.—Bishop Hall.

Presidents Then and Now.

When Thomas Nickerson, who was president of the Santa Fe before it struck oil, wanted to take a ride he carried his lunch and took a berth with the way freight. That isn't the way of all American railway presidents.—Railroad Man's Magazine.

His Honor at Stake.

"Young man, how do you expect to marry my daughter if you are in debt?"

"Why, sir, in my opinion it's the only square thing to do. The longer I am engaged to her the worse off I will be." —Life.

The Servant Problem

"I, sir," said the demonstrative candidate, "am a servant of the people."

"Gosh!" replied Farmer Corntossel. "Ain't this servant problem gettin' to be awful?"—Washington Star.

Heaven will be inhabited by every man who has heaven in his soul.—Beecher.

A POET'S GUARDIAN.

Paludan-Muller's Fierce Little Wife Kept Him Secluded.

The famous poet of Denmark, Paludan-Muller, was closely guarded in his later years by an eccentric wife, greatly his senior. Of her preposterous oddity, writes Edmund Gosse in "Two Visits to Denmark," stories were everywhere current in Copenhagen. She kept him as much as she possibly could from all intercourse with the outer world. During a visit to Copenhagen the host of Mr. Gosse decided to invite the poet to dine, and his daughter and guest were sent on a mission to invite him.

If we could secure him for a night convenient to him, writes Mr. Gosse, all that was brightest and best in Copenhagen was to be constrained to come too. But fortune was against us. If we had found him alone it is possible that success might have crowned our efforts. When we arrived with our dinner invitation on our lips we were damped by being told the poet had gone out for a walk, but that Mrs. Paludan-Muller would receive us. The fierce little lady, in fact, closed our retreat by peeping round the edge of the door and commanding us to enter. Miss Aline Fog, overwhelmed by the event, lost her presence of mind and blurted out the invitation, which it would have been wiser to suppress.

The answer came at once: "Impossible, my dear lady, impossible! I could not sanction it. Mr. Paludan-Muller is weak; he is good natured; he is only too ready to go into society. It is my privilege to prevent it. I say to him: 'You are too delicate, my dear, to mix with others. You must positively consider your health.'"

Miss Fog feebly asked whether the poet might not himself be appealed to, "such old friends; so small a party; so early an hour!" The lady was quite obdurate, however. "I could not trust him with your message. He is so weak, so good natured. His place is at home with me. I do not wish to dine abroad. Why should he?"

MONSTER ICEBERGS.

One Five Miles In Length Grounded at Cape Race In 1884.

The first glimpse of icebergs is likely to bring disappointment to one who has feasted his imagination upon descriptions of their ponderous bulk and imperturbable demeanor. The glistening white, marble-like blocks dotting the blue expanse to the horizon seem too small to be guilty of the disasters charged against them. They do not seem capable of causing the shipwrecks and suffering that lie at the bottom of the universal homage paid them by the mariner.

As one approaches them they gain in grandeur and impressiveness. They range from 50 to 300 feet in height, and one that rose above the water to an elevation of 836 feet has been recorded. They vary in length and breadth, bergs a mile long and a quarter to a half mile wide being not uncommon. It is reported that one which was five miles in length ran aground in 1884 on Cape Race, and persons from the headlands of St. John's saw one three miles in length pass that point in 1893. One nearly five miles long was seen off the coast of Labrador in 1905, and in April, 1892, observers in the neighborhood of Notre Dame bay, on the northeast coast of Newfoundland, saw one which is said to have been nine miles long and more than half a mile in width and 200 feet high. A similar one is reported to have been passed by the steamer Portia off Cape Fogo, Newfoundland, five years later.

Curious characteristics are seen sometimes when approaching an iceberg in the neighborhood of the gulf stream. It will be bearded with icicles formed from the dripping of the monster itself, and occasionally a cataract will be seen pouring from its crest into the sea, the source of which is a small lake formed on the top by the sun's rays and fog.—New York Tribune.

Only Made It Worse.

Harry was taken out to dinner for the first time in his life. His mother kept him at her side because his mother is a wise woman. But he acted like a perfect little gentleman until the dessert course. Then his mother found occasion to reprove him.

"Harry," she exclaimed in such a loud whisper that everybody at the table could hear it, "what do you mean by wiping your spoon on your napkin? You never do that at home."

"No, mamma," answered Harry in an even louder whisper, "but at home we always get clean spoons."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Why He Had to Have an Office.

An inherited fortune and the disposal of an organized business enabled a well known Chicagoan to retire. He had the inclination for leisure, but could not surrender the idea of having a definite business abiding spot. He rented an office in a lofty building and went to Europe. After a six months' absence he returned, looked the building over and went to South America. Then after again verifying the report that the building was not crumbling, he took a jaunt to Japan. Not long ago one of his old cronies said:

"Frank, why don't you give up your office? You don't need it."

"That's true," said Frank. "I would give it up, but I don't know what to do with the rug."—Chicago Post.

News About Two Great Men.

Even Franklin himself would be surprised at the following information gathered from a freshman's essay:

"Franklin's education was got by himself. He worked himself up to be a great literal man. He was also able to invent electricity. Franklin's father was a tallow chandelier."

This followed:

"Sir Walter Raleigh was put out once when his servant found him with fire in his head. And one day after there had been a lot of rain, he threw his cloak in a puddle and the queen stepped dryly over."—Everybody's.

She Knew.

Mistress—Nora, I saw a policeman in the park today kiss a baby. I hope you will remember my objections to such things. Nora—Sure, ma'am, no policeman would ever think of kissin' yer baby when I'm around.—Louisville Post.

Things Unprintable.

Willie—Mother always carves when we have company to dinner. Bobby—Isn't your father able to? Willie—Guess he ain't able to without sayin' things.—Boston Transcript.

Don't express a positive opinion unless you perfectly understand what you are talking about.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VIII.—Second Quarter, For May 26, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. v, 33-37; Jas. iii, 1-12; v, 12—Memory Verses, 34-36—Golden Text, Eph. iv, 25, R. V. Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

The topic of today's lesson is "Truthfulness," but from the first and last Scripture selections it would seem to be a warning against swearing or, taking the three passages, a lesson on the control of the tongue. The essential thing is a right relation to God, who is the God of truth (Isa. lxv, 16), whose throne is heaven, His footstool the earth and Jerusalem His special city, the city of the great King. That title makes us think of Mal. i, 12-14, where He complains of the deceit of His people in bringing Him offerings they would not bring to an earthly ruler, and he said, "I am a great King, * * * and my name is dreadful among the nations." In Mal. ii, 1, 2, He said that there would be a curse if they did not lay it to heart to give glory to His name. Sometimes men are so honored by others that it is said of such a one, "That man's word is as good as his bond." How much more should the word of God suffice as the firmest possible foundation on which to rest. "Forever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven." "Hath He said and shall He not do it?" "The Lord of Hosts hath sworn, saying, Surely as I have thought so shall it come to pass, and as I have purposed so shall it stand" (Ps. cxix, 89; Num. xxiii, 19; Isa. xiv, 24). The more we meditate upon Him and upon such words concerning Him the more we shall become like Him in word and deed. Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we shall be changed into the same image from glory to glory as by the Spirit of the Lord (II Cor. iii, 18) and thus be more manifestly children of our Father who is in heaven.

This cannot be till we have been born from above and have thus become children of God, standing before Him in His righteousness, as we learned last week. James in his epistle is as clear about the new birth and the manner of it as is Peter or Paul or our Lord Himself (Jas. i, 18, 22; I Pet. i, 23; John iii), but the Spirit through James lays special emphasis on the need of a manifestation of such words and works on the part of saved people that those who cannot read the heart, as God does, may see in daily life the reality of the faith that saves. If a company of believers are asked to repeat the verse beginning, "This is a faithful saying," it would be an almost unheard of occurrence for some one to ask, "Which, please?" but with one consent all would repeat I Tim. i, 15, and not one in fifty or a hundred would think of Tit. iii, 8, for it seems to be almost an unknown saying, but it is so important. James' great point in chapter ii is that a mere word of mouth, a mere "say so," does not amount to anything necessarily; it must be a heart word, which will show itself in the life, for "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Rom. x, 10). In our lesson he speaks of the power of the tongue for good or evil and uses as illustrations a great creature like a horse controlled and turned where the driver pleases by the bit in his mouth and also a great ship guided by a very small helm. Even so the tongue, though a very small member of the body, can accomplish a great deal of good or evil, and, while many kinds of creatures can be tamed, the tongue can no man tame or woman either. But there is one who can subdue and control it. It is not right that from the same mouth there should flow sweet water and bitter, and if the Lord Himself is the fountain in us it will not be so, and He can stop the other fountain from which the bitter comes. Salvation is wholly of God, whether it be the gift of eternal life or living out that life day by day. We are as utterly helpless in the one as in the other. He must do it all. It is ours to receive Him and be saved and then to let Him rule in us. As we yield fully to Him we will find that He is able to subdue.

If Job, who is mentioned in connection with the last verse in our lesson, could under very great trial reject his wife's proposal that he curse God and die (Job ii, 9) there is equal grace for every tried one, and God is able to make all grace abound toward us that we may have all sufficiency in all things (II Cor. ix, 8). Our tongues will be used by God or the devil as we yield to one or the other, as in the case of Simon Peter (Matt. xvi, 16, 17, 22, 23). "He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life." And "Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles" (Prov. xiii, 3; xxi, 23). It is well to act often, according to Ps. xxxviii, 13, "I as a deaf man heard not, and I was as a dumb man that openeth not his mouth." It is well to pray always (Ps. xix, 14; cxli, 3). Self confidence we must always avoid, but when weak and consciously so we will find His grace sufficient. He will not fail those who rely upon Him.

Merely a Suggestion.

The second hand dealer looked the car over carefully and then made his offer.

"I'll take the machinery of the motor," he said, "but I don't want the rest of it."

"But," said Wiggins, "what'll I do with my body?"

"Your body?" said the dealer, "why, I don't know. You ought to consult an undertaker about that."—Harper's Weekly.

Up to Date.

"They're very up to date."

"That so?"

"Yes. Her daughter is to be married soon, and she has sent out invitations that read this way: 'Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wattersby Brown request your presence at the first wedding of their daughter Jane.'"—Detroit Free Press.

Good Advice.

Never suffer your courage to expend itself in fierceness, your resolution in obstinacy, your wisdom in cunning nor your patience in sullenness and despair.

CIPHER MESSAGES.

Rules That Will Help an Amateur to Read the Riddles.

Writing in cipher, where letters or figures or characters, grotesque or otherwise, are used to form the words, while it may look formidable to the uninitiated is really not difficult to solve if one will tackle it with care and patience.

The proper way to set about reading an unknown cipher is to find the letter or figure that occurs oftenest. This is sure to be "e," as "e" is by far the commonest letter in the language. The second commonest is "t," and if you find a three letter or three figure batch often of which the last is "e" and the first "t" the middle letter or figure is sure to stand for "h." Any letter or figure standing alone must, on clear reasoning, be "I" or "o" or "a."

The second commonest three letter word in a message of any length is sure to be "and," which gives you three more letters for addition to the alphabet.

Remembering that the commonest doubles are "ee," "oo" and "ff" (in the order given) and the commonest two letter words are "he," "by," "or," "as," "at" and "an" (in the order given), a person should be able to solve almost any cipher message.

FORCED HIM TO SING.

An Occasion When Abell Made Up His Mind In a Hurry.

It is probable that on no occasion has any other musician had to practice his art under more disagreeable circumstances than that in which Abell, a singer of the seventeenth century, once found himself.

It appears that while Abell was rambling through Poland he was sent for to go to court, and after evading the request by excuses for a short time he was commanded to attend. At the palace Abell was placed in a chair in the center of a spacious hall and suddenly drawn up to a great height. The king, with his attendants, appeared in a gallery opposite him as he sat thunderstruck in his suspended chair. At the same instant several bears entered the hall with their keepers.

As the singer gazed in horror at these ferocious creatures the king calmly inquired whether he preferred to sing or be let down among the bears. The singer's choice, of course, was quickly made, and he afterward declared that in spite of his terror he never sang better in his life, although he admitted he might have introduced a few more "shakes" than usual in his songs.—New York Press.

Fata Morgana.

The kind of mirage known as fata morgana is seen across straits or lakes in southern Europe and shows in calm weather such images in the air as those of towns, castles and palaces. On the Lake of Geneva it is sometimes seen on fine afternoons of spring or summer. F. A. Forel, the well known Swiss investigator, has been giving some attention to the curious apparitions and concludes that they are due to a peculiar distribution of temperature in the air over the water. In the morning, the air being cooler than the lake, the opposite bank seems to be depressed, exaggerating the earth's rotundity, and late in the afternoon, the air having become hotter than the water's surface, the opposite bank apparently rises above the true horizon and the earth's circumference is enlarged. For a few moments only, at the change from one condition to the other, the fata morgana may be seen.

HINDU JUSTICE.

The Case of the Cat That Carried the Fire to the Cotton.

Four Hindus, partners in business, bought some cotton bales. That the rats might not destroy the cotton they purchased a cat. They agreed that each of the four should own a particular leg of the cat, and each adorned with beads and other ornaments the leg thus apportioned to him. The cat, by an accident, injured one of its legs. The owner of that member wound around it a rag soaked in oil. The cat, going too near the hearth, set this rag on fire and, being in great pain, rushed in among the cotton bales, where she was accustomed to hunt rats. The cotton thereby took fire and was burnt up.

The three other partners brought a suit to recover the value of the cotton against the fourth partner who owned this particular leg of the cat. The native judge examined the case, and this was his decision:

"The leg that had the oiled rag on it was hurt. The cat could not use that leg. In fact, it held up that leg and ran with the other three legs. The three unhurt legs therefore carried the fire to the cotton and are alone culpable. The injured leg is not to be blamed. The three partners who owned the three legs with which the cat ran to the cotton will pay one-quarter of the value of the bales to the partner who was the proprietor of the injured leg."—London Telegraph.

Early Autograph Hunters.

A certain Atossa in early Roman days seems to have been the mother of autograph collectors. Cicero had a collection, which must have been a fine one, for he speaks of it with particular pride. The fever, even in those far back days, was contagious. Pliny speaks of Pompeius Secundus, at whose house he had seen autographs of Cicero, Augustus, Vergil and the Gracchi, and his own collection was valued at $15,000 of our money. Then came the inrush of barbarians, and we do not again meet with the collector until the beginning of the sixteenth century, when he reappears in the person of a Bohemian squire, who kept a book to record his exploits in the chase and enriched it with the signatures of his great hunter friends.

Keeping the Hands Smooth.

It is possible to have smooth hands even if one is a housekeeper and dish washer. Obtain from the druggist 5 cents' worth of tragacanth, which is enough for a year's use. Dissolve a spoonful of this in three times as much water. Let stand in a covered teacup for twelve hours. Then fill the cup with water, and you may apply the thin jelly which is made freely to your hands after each washing. A few drops of your favorite perfume and a little glycerin added to the jelly improve the lotion.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Sources of Fame.

He—I always had a great ambition to become known as a man of letters. She—And never gratified it? He—Oh yes. But I didn't know how famous I was until my productions were read out at a breach of promise case trial.—Judge.

IT IS NOT TOO LATE

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WHEN COAL WAS FORMED.

Curious Condition the Earth Was In at That Period.

What is said to be the strangest period through which this earth has passed is the one that was responsible for the formation of coal. The planet is described as being at that time flat and smooth as to surface and peculiar as to vegetation. The continents were just beginning to rise above the ocean, and the land had not yet become dry. Mountain ranges had not arisen from the swamps, and the atmosphere was thick with fog. In this state of affairs there sprouted and flourished the plants which were later to furnish the world with its coal supply.

These plants grew as big as our largest trees, taking deep root in the morass and flourishing like the lush grasses in moist meadow land, developed into the strange shapes now found in tropic vegetation. The forests looked, scientists state, like dense growths of weeds, rushes and enormous ferns. Some of them grew in the shape of cacti, having spines all over them. This kind of vegetation was very rich in carbon, which it derived from the warm, moist atmosphere. Then the millions of years rolled by, the forests of giant weeds were buried by deposits of earthly material, and the chemical change took place which slowly changed them into coal. This process stopped with the carboniferous age, so that when the present supply of coal is dug out of the ground there will be no more.—New York Sun.

A RUSSIAN ROYAL TRAGEDY.

Czar Boris and the "Bell With the Ear Torn Off."

The kamaoulie koloko, or "bell with the ear torn off," had a most romantic history. In the sixteenth century Prince Dimitri, the rightful heir to the Russian throne, was deposed by a revolt led by Boris Godunoff, who was afterward proclaimed czar. The seat of government was then at Uglich, and thither Dimitri was sent in order that he might remain under the direct observation of the usurper.

Boris, fearing the populace might awake to the justice of the claims of the young prince, planned the assassination of Dimitri. He was one day stabbed in a courtyard. None of the bystanders showed any disposition to aid him. A priest, however, from the cathedral belfry saw the crime and immediately began tolling the great bell, which was held sacred and rung only on unusual occasions, such as a coronation or the death of a czar.

Furious at this tacit expression of reproach, the czar commanded that the priest should be tortured and executed and that the bell should be taken down and placed beside the body of its ringer. This order was fulfilled, and the bell was beaten with clubs by the entire populace, the Czar Boris being at their head.

The czar then decreed that the bell should be exiled to Tobolsk and that one of its hangers be removed to indicate its disgrace.—Harper's Weekly.

PRANK OF A BASEBALL.

Funny Stunt That Once Won a Game For the Washingtons.

Following is an interesting story told by Hugh S. Fullerton in the American Magazine, in an article describing freak plays that have won baseball games:

"On the old Washington grounds, when Washington was in the National league, the players left the field by passing under the stands, and the entrance to the passage was closed by a cellar door arrangement which sloped down to the ground. The doors, of course, were kept closed during games, but at the top, cut in the planks of the stand, was a small square hole to permit the players to reach through and unlatch the doors when they desired to leave the field.

"During one game I saw a ball, which had been thrown wild to the plate in an effort to cut off the tying run, roll up the doors and disappear through that hole. The batter circled the bases and scored the winning run. The Chicago club, under Anson, was beaten and protested the game on the ground that the opening existed in violation of the rules. In the investigation of the complaint an attempt was made to force a ball through the hole, and, although it was pounded with a bat, the ball refused to pass through the hole until the cover gave way.

"After that almost every team that came on the grounds tried to put balls through the hole and failed. How that thrown ball managed to twist its way through the aperture never has been explained satisfactorily."

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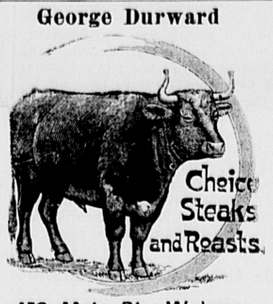
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Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2 6.30 p.m.

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6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 8 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 8.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—
Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Cliuton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
45	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
46	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
46	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
46	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
58	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
65	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kitby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
72	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
76	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
812	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
812	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.
One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
32, once repeated, at 8.06 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows

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Agatha's Borrowed Tenant

A Joke That Became a Boomerang of Retribution

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"I don't see why you don't rent your house, Agatha," insisted her Cousin Phoebe. "You're always wishing you could add to your income so's not to go out sewing every day. If you'd only rent your west wing to some nice old lady—like old Mrs. Pederman—you'd be as independent as you please." She smiled placidly upon Agatha's disapproving countenance.

"I don't want to rent my west wing to old Mrs. Pederman," retorted Agatha spiritedly. "She'd never give me a moment's peace of mind with her borrowing and snooping around my rooms and then running off to gossip about it to every Tom, Dick and Harry in Little River."

"Hoity toity!" ejaculated Phoebe, shaken out of her customary calmness. "You might remember that old Mrs. Pederman is my husband's mother's only sister and"—

"I don't see how I could help remembering it, Phoebe," said Agatha wearily. "You certainly haven't given me much peace of the house since father died. If you want me to take Mrs. Pederman to live with me why don't you come out and say so?"

"It ain't nothing to me," retorted Phoebe warmly. "My house is big enough to hold all my husband's mother's sisters and their husbands and cousins and their aunts."

"I'm glad you feel so amiable about it," said Agatha calmly. "Now, you can understand for good and all, Phoebe West, that I don't want any strangers in my house."

"Suppose somebody should ask me about it," persisted Mrs. West, who



"TELL ME WHAT I CAN DO, MISS MOORE."

was persevering in small matters. "What shall I tell 'em?"

"You can tell 'em it's rented."

"But it isn't."

"Yes, 'tis." Agatha's voice was as obstinate as Phoebe's now.

"Rented from the first of the month?"

Agatha bowed her head.

"Who to?" demanded Phoebe incredulously.

"You will know in good time," returned Agatha, with an exasperating smile of mystery when one considered that the idea of the tenant had suddenly popped into her head. Now, her cousin, Phoebe West, would leave her alone for awhile.

So thought Agatha Moore, but she reckoned not with Phoebe. The very hint of a mysterious tenant who would occupy Agatha's west wing was a tempting appetizer for the curiosity of the plump, rosy cheeked cousin.

"I'll bet I can guess!" cried Phoebe triumphantly. "There ain't many folks but what I know something of their plans, and—you needn't smile, Agatha Moore; I'll just guess a few names."

Phoebe proceeded to "guess" whom Agatha's tenant might be. She guessed the new dentist, the lady book canvasser who had been stopping at the hotel, the new milliner who had opened a little shop in the village; she guessed all the antiquated and homeless people in the village, and still Agatha smiled and shook her brown head. Then Mrs. West confessed herself baffled.

"I know it couldn't be that Mr. Fenlow who has charge of the building of the new church, because he wouldn't want to live in your little meachin' rooms," ended Phoebe, at last breathlessly spiteful.

"You needn't be too sure," said Agatha, with coloring cheeks.

Phoebe shrieked in amazement.

"Agatha Moore, you've never rented that west wing to a handsome bachelor like Mr. Fenlow."

"I don't think very handsome," evaded Agatha, moving toward the door.

"That doesn't make it any more proper. I declare I shall tell Jabez," half sobbed Phoebe, who, like many good gossips, possessed a keen sense of the conventionalities.

"Do tell him if it will relieve your mind," advised Agatha rather flippantly, and she pulled on her floppy pink sunbonnet and went out of the gate and toward her own home.

When she was under the shade of the maples on her own front lawn all the soft color left her cheeks and gave place to pale dismay. Of course Phoebe would run hither and thither about the village and relate the scandalous fact that her queer Cousin Agatha Moore had refused to rent the west wing of her big house to anybody in the village, but had leased it for any length of time up to twenty years (so would run the story) to Mr. Fenlow, the tall, good looking man who had charge of the building of the new stone church near the river. Mr. Fenlow had been staying at the hotel, but it had been rumored that he was dissatisfied and desired to make a change.

Agatha Moore had seen him once or twice and had never spoken to him in her life. Indeed, so casual had been her glances at him that she hardly knew just how he looked. Now she felt terror stricken to think that she had involved a perfectly harmless and strange man in some of Cousin Phoebe's gossip. Of course it was Agatha's fault. She had no business to try to jest with Mrs. West. Phoebe had no sense of humor.

It was not until after supper that Agatha decided to run over to Phoebe's and confess that she had been joking about the new tenant for the west wing and thus nip in the bud any gossip that Phoebe's busy tongue might propagate.

Alas, it was too late! The mischief had already been done. On her way to Phoebe West's Agatha met several neighbors, and each one was thoroughly informed concerning the new tenant who was coming to occupy the west wing of Agatha's big house.

"Where's he going to get his meals?" asked one.

"Cook 'em himself, for all I know," snapped Agatha impatiently as she faced about home, and thus she added another bit of fuel to the flame of gossip.

"I wonder what I ought to do," mused Agatha three days later as she wandered distractedly around her little garden. It lacked two days of the first of the month, and her molehill of a joke had developed into a mountain of incontrovertible fact.

People watched daily to see if Agatha's new tenant had arrived to take possession of the west wing, and Phoebe West had made a last and desperate effort to induce Agatha to take old Mrs. Pederson into her house as a chaperon.

"A woman of my age doesn't need a chaperon," retorted Agatha, hastening away. She avoided Phoebe nowadays.

On the day before the first Agatha found courage born of desperation and wrote a little note to Simeon Fenlow. She asked him to call "on important business," explained her prim little note.

That evening, the eve of the first, Simeon Fenlow called upon Agatha Moore. Agatha almost swooned with agitation as she unfolded her iniquity to the big, broad shouldered man whose voice boomed like the waves on the beach whenever he spoke. Simeon Fenlow watched her keenly as she related the story of her innocent joke upon gossiping Phoebe West and how the joke had become a boomerang of retribution.

Agatha was too much excited to notice how interested he was or to realize that he was a very handsome man with keen hazel eyes and iron gray hair and that the hazel eyes grew very humorous and tender as the penitent little woman shed tears over her recital and ruffled her brown hair with her little hands and grew pinker and pinker with mortification at her own folly.

When she had ended Simeon Fenlow threw back his head and laughed such a hearty roar that Agatha was fain to join in after awhile, and in her tears of mirth the bitterness of the last few days was washed away.

"Now tell me what I can do, Miss Moore," he said after awhile.

"I was wondering if you wouldn't come and be my tenant for a few days, just to carry out the idea. You needn't pay anything, you know, and if you would just say that you didn't like it or something of that sort people would understand. I don't suppose I ought to ask such a thing of you, though."

"I don't know why," bristled Mr. Fenlow. "Why can't I have the west wing really and truly, Miss Moore? There's my dear old mother pining away for me at home, while I'm nailed down here on this job. It would be mighty nice for us to have your west wing for a few months. What do you say? I'd rather be your real tenant than a borrowed one."

What could Agatha say?

One evening the gossips of the town were startled at the report that Mr. Fenlow had been seen to drive up in a carriage to Agatha's house and hand out a white haired old lady, who went in, and a little later an express wagon followed with some trunks that were carried upstairs.

And just before the occupant of the west wing vacated it there was another report more startling still. It was that Mr. Fenlow and Agatha were engaged. And it was true.

When Agatha Moore and Simeon Fenlow were married the following spring Dame Gossip was still alert.

"First time I ever suspected Agatha of being after a husband," commented Phoebe West to Jabez the night of the wedding, "was when she refused to rent her west wing to your mother's sister, Maria Pederson, and turned around and rented it to that handsome Fenlow man and his mother. It was a sly trick."

But we who know how the whole thing happened understand that Agatha's joke was not premeditated. The joke really belonged to little Dan Cupid, who had planned to bring about this very result.

CURIOSITIES OF PAIN.

A Cramp in the Toe May Indicate a Disordered Stomach.

Pain sometimes behaves in a curious fashion. There was a soldier in London after the Boer war who complained of excruciating neuralgic pains in his right foot.

This very much amused his friends, for he had lost his right leg, and both leg and foot were long buried near Ladysmith.

The explanation was that the pain happened to be in the trunks of those nerves which had sent branches to the foot. Sometimes a patient comes to a doctor complaining of pain in the knee, and he is greatly surprised when the doctor tells him that the site of the affection is not the knee, but the hip. We are all familiar with the pain under the shoulder blade which comes from an afflicted liver.

The stomach, too, can produce pain in many parts of the body. A disordered stomach will give us pain as far away as the head, and when one gets a cramp in his toe it is often due to acidity of the stomach. Swallow a pinch of soda and the cramp will disappear.

An aching tooth will produce neuralgic pains in the face, and very often a violent pain at the back of the head is due to the faraway kidneys, which themselves may suffer no pain at the time.

FEAST OF THE VULTURES.

Magic of a Tiger's Carcass In the Open Air In India.

The vulture is seen at its best when a dead tiger, brought into camp to be skinned, is exposed in the open. Overhead is a cloudless sky and not a bird to be seen in that great void by the human eye.

The tiger's body is thrown from the pad to the ground, and before the skin has been removed there above one and always nearing the earth are the vultures circling, poising like things of air, now a dozen of them, in a few minutes a score or two and then a hundred strong. Then, when the flayed carcass of the tiger is left by those who skinned it, the vultures descend.

Down they come like feathered thunder out of the sky, and from east and west and north and south, the very embodiment of power while they whirl aloft and in their quick descent to earth, and now, as they waddle around that carrion beast, misshapen ghouls, whose only apparent strength is that of the ravening jaws which tear and gorge the tiger's flesh until within the hour naught of that splendid brute remains but a clean picked skeleton.—Sir Edward Braddon's "Thirty Years of Shikar."

Followed Suit.

This curious incident comes from Suhr, Switzerland: An inspector of schools, without any previous warning, visited the village school and found the elderly teacher asleep at his desk and the children departed, having apparently taken French leave. To give the teacher a great surprise and a bad quarter of an hour the inspector decided to wait until he awoke and seated himself on a bench in front of the culprit. The hours passed, and the inspector himself went to sleep. The teacher, on awakening and seeing who was sleeping before him, quietly left the school for home. Without entering the schoolroom the concierge locked up the school and the slumbering inspector. Several hours later the concierge heard a great noise and, arming himself, opened the door and was greatly surprised to find the angry inspector before him.

Three Million Wires to an Inch.

Gold has been hammered out to thin sheets whose thinness is beyond imagination, so thin a pile one inch high would doubtless contain 300,000 if all were as thin as the thinnest one. But a platinum wire has been drawn to a diameter so minute that 3,000,000 side by side would occupy one inch. The method was to surround platinum with silver and draw the mass into finer and finer wire. Then the silver coating was dissolved off with nitric acid, leaving the excessively thin, insoluble thread of platinum. Particles of gold have been seen in the new ultra violet light, dark ground reflecting microscopes so small that a row containing 250,000 would be one inch long. And there are animals as small.—New York American.

And He Lasted Sixty Years.

Roger Crab, the hermit and astrologer, almost solved the problem of how to live without eating. About 1641 he began to restrict himself to a vegetarian diet, avoiding even butter and cheese. From roots he got to a vegetarian diet of broth, thickened with bran, and pudding made of bran and turnip leaves chopped together, and he finally resorted to dock leaves and grass. He drank nothing but water and lived for nearly forty years on 3 farthings a week. He died in London in 1680 in his sixtieth year.

The Soft Answer.

A couple of neighbors were leaning over the back fence. "My husband says he always does better work when thinking of me."

"I notice he made a very good job of beating the carpets."

And then the tomcat had a fit.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

What Her Mother Is.

Helen—My mother's a Presbyterian. What's yours, Mary? Mary—Mine? Oh, let me see. Mine is a Methodist. What is yours, Bella? Bella—My mother never told me, but I heard her tell her friend that she was a dyspeptic.—London Tit-Bits.

Not Very Well.

Apothecary (putting his head out of the window as the night bell rings at 3 a. m.)—Well? Ringer—No, not well, confound you! I'm sick!—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Good Name.

Blobbs—Here comes Easymark, the human banana. Slobbs—Why do you call him that? Blobbs—He's so easily skinned.—Philadelphia Record.

STORY OF A CHURCH.

Curious History of an Unfinished Edifice In England.

There is a curious history regarding an unfinished church which stands at Hassall, near Sandbach, England. A former resident at the local hall, a Mr. Lowndes, painfully conscious of the lack of provision for the spiritual wants of the people in the neighborhood, determined to build a church at his own expense. After carefully choosing a site he gave instructions for the erection of a structure in the modern style capable of seating 400 or 500 persons.

Work on it was begun in the summer of 1836 and was pushed on steadily until the day on which Queen Victoria was crowned, by which time the building was well advanced. The crypts, about ten in number, had been put in, the walls and roofs were complete, and the scantlings for the floor were fixed. Indeed, partly in consequence of the national rejoicings and partly to celebrate the progress which had been made, the building was smothered in flags and decorations and was the center of local festivities.

Next day Mr. Lowndes was seized with an illness which quickly proved fatal, and with his passing all work on the church ceased. Though the building could have been finished at comparatively small cost, it was abandoned, and it has not been used since, except by tourists, whose names "hallow and adorn it," as Mark Twain said of those on the ruins of Cain's altar, by the thousand.—Wide World Magazine.

LOOSE SHOES.

Those Not Fastened Tight at the Instep Cause Foot Trouble.

Seven persons out of ten suffer excruciating pain at one time or another with their feet. A single corn no larger than a grain of sand can take all the "snap" and vitality right out of you.

Two-thirds of modern foot troubles are due to the fact that almost every one—man, woman and child—wears his shoe too loose. The shoe itself may be correct as to size and shape, but it is not fastened tight at the only point of control—namely, the instep.

When you set your foot upon the floor or pavement in the act of walking the shoe adheres, and if it be loosely fastened over the instep the foot pushes down into the toe of the shoe. At certain spots on the foot this slipping causes friction. These spots are the soles of the feet, the tops, ends and inner sides of the toes, the great and little toe joints and occasionally even the back of the heel.

When the friction thus caused is continued hour after hour and day after day one or more of these spots are almost sure to become inflamed and sore. A slight thickening, called a "callous," is formed. As the friction and pressure go on the resulting callous may thicken up unevenly; then it is called a "corn."—Woman's Home Companion.

The Satan of the Greeks.

The Greek conception of the evil one, whom they call Yama, makes that personage one of the most satanic of the whole evil tribe. According to their ideas of him, he is 240 miles high and the hairs on his body stand out like palm trees on a mountain side. He punishes the doomed beings submitted to his charge by putting them in beds of boiling oil, sawing their bodies in two, pouring molten lead in their ears and such other little pranks as pulling out their tongues, toe and finger nails and gouging out their eyes. He is a heartless old fiend of the most fiendish kind and has many other exquisite little tortures laid up for the helpless wretch consigned to his "chamber of horrors."

Shakespeare's Tragedies.

Whenever "Macbeth" is put upon the stage very nearly a fourth of it has to be omitted, for, although it is the shortest of the tragedies, it would take fully three hours to read it out loud without gabbling. "Hamlet" thus read would take nearly two hours more, and this seems to bear out the contention of Swinburne, among others, that much of the play, and, indeed, of other tragedies, was written by Shakespeare for the study and not for the stage. A six or seven hours' performance must have been too much even for an audience of Elizabeth's spacious times.—London Graphic.

When He Went to the Front.

"Did you hear that George went to the front yesterday?" asked the brother of Ethel.

Ethel's face blanched. "Why, what do you mean, Jack? He never told me."

"Well, I saw him go," said the brother as he reached for his hat. "Don't you remember last evening, when he kissed you first on your right cheek and then on your left, and then didn't he go to the front?"—Ladies Home Journal.

Saving His Money.

Owens—Say, lend me a fiver, old man. Bowens—If you'd save your own money you wouldn't have to borrow from your friends. Owens—But it's because I want to save my own money that I borrow from my friends. —Boston Transcript.

Adaptability.

Fashion thyself to the circumstances of thy lot. The men whom fate hath made thy comrades here, love, and love them in sincerity and truth.—Marcus Aurelius.

Her Chance.

Husband—You look bad today, my love. Is it that you are ill? Wife—No, John; it's this last year's hat I'm wearing.—Harper's Bazar.

No Cinch.

Lulu's mother heard a great splashing in the bathroom, and, upon investigation found her little daughter standing in the partially filled tub, in a most bedrabbled condition.

"Why, you see, mamma," she explained, "I've been trying to walk on the water, and it's no fool's job, let me tell you."—Judge.

LUMBER AND TIMBER.

What We Call Boards or Planks the English Call Deals.

Among the differences existing in the names of various employments and callings in this country and in England may be mentioned those pertaining to the forest industries. What Americans call a lumber dealer in England is called a timber merchant.

Timber in New England is applied to trees large enough to cut logs for the mill, to the logs entire and to the large single sticks into which they are hewn or sawed.

When the logs are cut into boards, planks, joists, and so on, they form lumber. In the west timber is generally standing trees, and it includes all trees, large and small, without reference to their fitness for the mill.

The cutting and hauling of this timber is lumbering there, but in a large part of New England it is logging. What is in some quarters known as joist is called elsewhere scantling, and what Americans call boards or planks the English call deals.

In this country a person who splits out shingles is called a shingle weaver. In England shingles are not made in this way, but lath are regularly riven, and a maker of them is called a lath render.—New York Sun.

THROWING THE DICE.

The Ancient Germans Were Furious Gamblers at This Game.

The invention of dice has been of old ascribed to Palamedes, the son of Nauplius, king of Euboea, about 1244 B. C., and also to a Greek soldier named Alea, which is the Latin for a die, but Herodotus assigns both dice and chess to the Lydians.

The ancient Germans would gamble away at dice all that they were worth and then their liberty, submitting to slavery if they lost, and the Saxons, Danes and Normans were all addicted to the game. Fox Talbot is of opinion that the Latins invented, if not the game, at least the name for the single point, which they called unus. The Germanic races, adopting this practice from the Greeks, translated the Greek corruption of unus into ass, which has now become ace. The root of this word lies in the Latin, as the monetary unit.

John of Salisbury in the twelfth century mentions ten different uses of the dice. Stow mentions two entertainments given by the city of London at which dice were in evidence.—London Telegraph.

One of the Family.

Tibbie had been placed by her aunt in a situation as maid of all work in a family of three. At the end of a week the aunt "stepped along in" to see how Tibbie was getting on.

"Do you like your work?" asked the aunt.

"'Tis fair," said the laconic Tibbie.

"And are they making you feel at home?"

"Whiles they are, and whiles they aren't."

"Now, what do you be meaning by that?" asked the aunt impatiently.

"Aweel," said Tibbie, "they have na' asked me to gang t' kirk wi' them yet, but last night they went on wi' a grand quarr'l they were having, all the three o' them, wi' me takking the dishes off o' the table, jist as if I'd been one o' the family."—Youth's Companion.

Old Egyptian Perfumes.

Priests in Egypt, who were the sole depositaries of science, knew the secret of aromatic substances and prepared them themselves. Egyptian perfumes acquired great celebrity, especially those made in Alexandria. Reserved originally for religious rites, perfumes subsequently became of current use among the wealthy classes. During banquets they were diffused through the halls and were burnt in profusion. The Israelites during their sojourn in Egypt adopted the use of aromatic substances primarily for religious purposes and afterward for personal usage. The Greeks, who loved elegance, were especially addicted to the use of perfumes, and they taught their secrets and usage to the Romans, who were not content to use merely the perfumes of the orient—aloes, myrrh, incense and nard—but also made perfumes similar to those of the present day—scents of lilies, lavender, roses and thyme.

Pretty Lame Excuse.

Out of the crowd in the police court a man was placed before the judge.

"You are accused, sir," said the magistrate, "of being drunk and disorderly. Any defense?"

"I am a respectable man, sir," the prisoner answered, "and this would never have happened only I traveled from Pittsburgh to New York yesterday in bad company."

"What sort of bad company?" said the magistrate.

"Sons of Temperance, sir."

"Sons of Temperance! Why, they are the salt of the earth. I should think they'd be the best company a man like you could ask for."

"No, sir. Excuse me, sir. You're wrong," said the prisoner huskily. "You see, I'd brought a quart of whisky for the journey, and on account of the company I had to drink it all myself."

India Spun Cotton Long Ago.

Lancashire's proud record of 300 years in the cotton trade is far behind India's. Cotton was manufactured to perfection in India more than 3,000 years ago. Thus Thomas Ellison in his "Cotton Trade of Great Britain:" "Fabrics as fine as any that can be turned out at the present day by the most perfect machinery in Lancashire were produced by the nimble fingers of Hindu spinners and the primitive looms of Hindu weavers a thousand years before the invasion of Britain by the Romans." When Britons, in fact, were suffering from their skins Indians were "luxuriating in garments of a texture so fine as to have earned the poetic description of 'woven wind.'" What Lancashire makes today India made the day before yesterday.—London Chronicle.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1912

PULL TOGETHER.

Influential men and women of Woburn are at this time earnestly engaged in the highly meriterious work of making a bigger city of Woburn than it is at present, and the good fruits of their intelligently conducted efforts are already apparent. This is indicated by a starting up of real estate business, signs of which are not absent.

Let the few pessimists be shelved; the grumblers silenced; and the masses get together shoulder to shoulder, pull, push and lift together, and Woburn will take a start and increase in population, business, wealth. and influence that will surprize you.

"A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether" will do the business for Woburn, which even now is as prosperous as any of its neighbors.

MEMORIAL DAY.

The solemn ceremonies of Memorial Day were yesterday, May 30, performed in the customary manner by Burbank Post 33 and Woburn Post 161, with the American Flag floating at halfmast to 12 o'clock noon.

The graves of the defenders of the Union in 1861-5 were decorated by the Veterans of the Posts, the ceremonies being in charge of Post 33 this year.

The usual programme as issued by Commanders Carr and Wyer was fully carried out.

There were no afternoon exercises in Lyceum Hall.

NEW JERSEY.

Roosevelt carried the Republican Primaries in New Jersey last Tuesday; and Wilson beat Champ Clarke for Democratic delegates out of sight.

☞ Deacon Grimes didn't have a "scoop" on his home cotemporaries last Friday. He cackled gleefully over what he supposed was one; but it was a great joke on the Deacon.

At 9 o'clock, A. M., Friday, May 24, all of six hours before the Deacon's paper with its "scoop" went to press, the following local item was printed in the Woburn JOURNAL and read by its thousands and thousands of intelligent patrons:

"It was made known yesterday that a young couple named Clarence C. Burgess of Belfast, Me., and Miss Margaret M. Pell of Hanover, N. H. had eloped from their homes and were married in this city yesterday, May 23, by Rev. Roy W. Magoon. The bride wore a beautiful gown trimmed with Irish point lace. After the ceremony they left for New York on the noon train."

It was furnished by "Dan," the JOURNAL'S "Devil."

Deacon, play fair!

☞ It would seem as though Burlington should be more than willing to share with Woburn the honor of having Mr. Fred F. Walker, the originator, promoter, and head of the State Animal Industry Commission, for a resident. Practically he comes pretty near being a Woburn man. His fine homestead is close by the line that separates the two towns; his social relations and club connections are almost wholly with Woburn; he was one of the founders and first Chief Granger of the Woburn Grange; he is an ex-Rep. of Woburn in the Legislature; then why should not the older town share with its offspring the honor of his appointment to the office of Commissioner of the new Animal Industry? Probably Burlington would not object to this, and it would please Woburn mightily.

☞ On June 14 next, two weeks from the date of the present issue of the Woburn JOURNAL, will occur the 135th anniversary of the adoption by Congress of the Betsy Ross Flag as the National Emblem of the American Union, and so it has remained to the present time. "Long may it wave!" Although attempts have been made from time to time to rob her of the honor of having sewed together the parent of "Old Glory" under the eye of Washington, Jefferson, and other distinguished sons of the Republic, the work of Betsey still stands and specimens of it will float from the masthead of every State Capitol and public schoolhouse (we hope) in this blessed land next Friday. Salute the Flag!

☞ The Legislature didn't slip away from Gov. Foss as slick and easy as the members thought for. They determined to quit work last Wednesday, but the Governor put a stop to that by informing the gentlemen that he would not prorogue the General Court until he got a good ready to do so.

☞ The Great and General Court have been doing good work this week, as they have from the start. One of their best acts last Monday was killing the Ellis Milk Bill the second time by the House after the Senate had adopted it.

PASSED.

The omnibus Boulevard Bill, which provides for spending an additional $1,000,000 on the Metropolitan Park System, passed the Senate last Wednesday morning and went into the hands of the Governor. Woburn's share in it is $50,000. It had passed the House.

☞ Last Monday the Massachusetts Senate killed the Resolve to erect a monument in honor of Major General Benjamin F. Butler for his services in the Civil War, which were not so highly valued by General U. S. Grant as his friends thought they merited. If our memory is not at fault Gen. Butler was a great criminal Lawyer, but not a monumental success as a Warrior.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

— Supt. George I. Clapp of the public schools is, by appointment of the School Board, distributing flower and garden seeds to the pupils.

— There is no dust on Main street and the merchants and others on that thoroughfare are happier than they were. The oil, or "stuff" works in fine style.

— A prize drill is in progress this afternoon on the High School Athletic grounds between the military of the High School. They will contest for several handsome prizes.

— The Woburn High School is to graduate a larger number of students this month than for several years past. The business department of the school lessens the number of entries in the colleges for classical courses.

— Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Henry Parker of Salem street have returned from a month's sojourn at their summer home at Nantasket where they enjoyed themselves very much indeed.

— Yesterday being a holiday printing offices in this city took a much needed rest. It was improved by them in all manner of ways, but none of them were arraigned in Court this morning.

— The alarm from Box 31 at 10 20 Monday morning was for a fire that did considerable damage to the home of Mr. Daniel McPherson, 51 Houghton street. The fire was confined to the upper portion of the house.

— Rev. Fred M. Estes, pastor, gave the G. A. R. Posts of this city and others an excellent Memorial Day sermon at the M. E. church last Sunday. A large audience evinced a deep interest in it. There was good music.

— Mr. A. Herbert Holland, Treasurer of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, has bought the Hammond Place, 16 Plympton street, this city, the same to be occupied by him and his family as a residence. It is among the best in town.

— The South End Playgrounds, of which Com. Kelley, B. P. W., was the author and finisher a couple or 3 years ago, are popular this season. Since it was opened last week it has been occupied and enjoyed by throngs of youngsters.

— Mrs. A. B. Grimes, wife of the Editor of our esteemed cotemporary on the corner, and son Albert Edwin are visiting Miss Mary Grimes, daughter and sister, at Indianapolis, Ind, where she has been a popular and successful High School teacher several years. They will be away 3 weeks.

— Woburn Post 161, Grand Army of the Republic and numerous invited guests partook of an excellent dinner prepared and served by the Woman's Relief Corps at 1 o'clock P. M. in their hall, Savings Bank Block, and was a happy affair. The JOURNAL was remembered by the Post.

— The committees are determined that the Choate Hospital Field Day on June 17 shall beat Independence Day celebration at Charlestown all hollow. Everything is planned with that end in view and with that intent. Smart men and women have the doings of the Day in hand, and the entire public are exhibiting a commendable interest in its success.

— Since the summer days have come again Billerica woods are thronged on Sundays by people from Boston and other Metropolitan towns and cities who own cottages, bungalos, camps, and things up there and are loud in their praise of the Billerica Woods as a summer resort. On Sundays they attract hundreds of men and women who have to work on week days.

— Among other fine exhibitions, treats, attractions, etc., there is to be a Pop Concert in Lyceum Hall on Choate Field and County Fair Day in aid of the Hospital. The committee in charge of it, already selected, are Fred J. Rice, Chairman; Michael J. Meagher, Secretary; Rep Joseph H. Parker, Dr. P. A. Caulfield, W. Frank Maguire, Daniel Norris, Harold P. Johnson, Charles G. Hill.

— It is pleasant to be kindly remembered by good old friends. At least, that was the way the JOURNAL felt last Saturday morning on the receipt of a note from a well known Montvale avenue gentleman the first letters of whose name are Hon Edward Everett Thompson. It was a juicy epistle and by that token we prized it highly and laid it carefully away in lavender for preservation. Thanks, Deacon.

— The following persons and organizations were guests of Rev. Fred M. Estes, pastor, at the ante-Memorial Day services held in the M. E. church last Sunday: Burbank Post 33, G. A. R., Commander, J. E. Carr; Woburn Post 161, G. A. R., Commander, E. F. Wyer; Charles F. Molloy Camp, Spanish War Veterans, Commander, Philip Shea; C. B. Winn Camp, Sons of Veterans, Commander Walter R. Merchant; Company G, 5th Regiment, M. V. M., Capt. J. E. Graham; Corps 84, W. R. C., President, Mrs. Annabelle Brown; Corps 161, W. R. C., President, Mrs. Abbie French; C. B. Winn Camp Auxiliary, President, Mrs. Margaret Waters.

— Mr. Stillman F. Hovey, Cemetery Commissioner of this city, certainly takes the prize when it comes to pansy growing. Some of the flowers of his raising are giants in size measuring from three to three and one half inches in width.

— The Second Recital by Mr. Clarke will be given in Clarigold Hall, Reading, next Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock, and the series will be continued each Sunday afternoon through the season. Music lovers will be welcome. Woburn and Reading electrics pass on the corner of West and South streets.

— G. A. R. Posts, Relief Corps, and guests, heartily approved of the change in the character of the afternoon proceedings of Memorial Day by Post 33, under whose direction they were carried out, by which the usual oration, band or orchestral music, and patriotic displays were dispensed with, and that of a more social nature substituted. The Post 33 banquet, speeches, songs, etc. were very entertaining.

— Last Wednesday, according to the most reliable reports and a plenty of them, was the worst feeling day that has been experienced in these parts since the establishment of Uncle Sam's Weather Bureau 40 years ago, or thereabouts. The temperature was away up in the pictures and General Humidity ruled supreme. Complaints were frequent, many, and pronounced. Everybody sweat. Nobody hardly could eat any dinner or do any work.

— While the hot waves of May have been in active operation here the value of gas cookstoves has been appreciated by the maids in the kitchen, indeed by the whole household. They have ment freedom from heat, less work, and more comfort for these people by avoiding the heat of the coal-stove in the preparation of meals, the laundry, and all over the house. Gas stoves and ranges are a blessing in hot weather and not bad in cold.

— Last Tuesday morning Cobb landed at his fish market on Main street the first "Penobscot salmon" of the vintage of 1912 that has reached here this season. It was a nice one, round and fat, regulation color of rich gold, and sweet as a peach. Shortly after its arrival the fine fellow was carved for customers, and the Business Manager of the JOURNAL obtained the first cut. Deacon G., how was that for a "scoop?" First "Penobscot Salmon" in Woburn was May 28, 1912, and the first slice of it fell to the Woburn JOURNAL.

— Rev. James J. Keegan was ordained a Minister of the Gospel on May 28, 1875, or 31 years ago last Tuesday. He succeeded the lamented Fr. John Quealy as Rector of St. Charles Catholic church of Woburn a number of years since and has been a faithful and successful worker for the promotion of its spiritual and secular interests and those of his large Parish ever since. Since coming here Fr. Keegan has laid out large sums of money on the neat and commodeous church edifice; has built one of the finest and handsomest brick parsonages in the county; a large and fine brick hall for his Parochial School, educational, social and other equally worthy purposes; and still his good work is going on. He is strong in the confidence, esteem and love of his parishioners, and is thought very highly of by all classes of citizens, Protestant as well as Catholic.

— The series of thunder showers that visited this section of country last Friday afternoon and evening were peculiar. About 4 P. M. the sky was reported cloudless and a few minutes later the wind was blowing a fair sized hurricane, rain poured in torrents, lightning flashed and thunder roared, and to cap the climax a shower of hail stones nearly as large as filberts threatened windows on the north side of buildings and filled timid hearts with fear. A little later another storm followed with an electrical exhibition as brilliant and thunder as loud as the first one, and rain fell galore. During these showers lightning struck more than a dozen places in this city but not much damage was done. Two trees on Com. Kelley's Library Park were stripped of their bark; ex-Ald. Highley's residence was hit; but the most damage done was to the fire alarm system which was thrown badly out of gear.

— At the annual meeting of Colonel Loammi Baldwin Chapter, D. A. R., held on Tuesday, May 21, at the Medford Tea House on Hastings Lane, West Medford, Mrs. J. Henry Hutchings of Woburn presided as hostess and the following officers were chosen for the current year: Regent, Mrs Carrie B. Fox; 1st Vice Regent, Mrs. Martha E. Bond; 2nd Vice Regent, Mrs. Jennie P. Brown; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Evelyn M. Trull; Treasurer, Mrs. Elmira S. Ramsdell; Registrar, Mrs. Nellie S. Shaw; Historian, Miss Mary J. Pollard; Auditor Mrs. Ada T. Munroe. An entertaining and interesting address on the recent Continental Congress was given by Mrs. William Boyd Holmes, Regent of Bunker Hill Chapter. Refreshments were served and fine violin and piano selections were rendered by the Misses Burt which were highly enjoyed by the Daughters. Mrs. Dr. Hutchings proved herself a nice and agreeable hostess.

Porto Rico's New Wonder.

From far away Porto Rico come reports of a wonderful new discovery that is believed will vastly benefit the people. Ramon T. Marchan, of Barcelonets, writes "Dr. King's New Discovery is doing splendid work here. It cured me about five times of terrible coughs and colds, also my brother of a severe cold in his chest and more than 20 others, who used it on my advice. We hope this great medicine will yet be sold in every drug store in Porto Rico." For throat and lung troubles it has no equal. A trial will convince you of its merit. 50c & $1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by All Druggists.

Paragon Park.

Everything was in readiness for the opening of the eighth season of the famous Palm Garden at Paragon Park, Nantasket Beach, Thursday, May 30th and even the Cabaret, that unique sensation of last season which was unanimously voted as the very best innovation of all the surprises that Manager George A. Dodge has sprung upon his patrons from time to time, was in full swing beginning that day, evening from 9 until 11 o'clock.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

As the summer time is the popular period for relaxation, Mr. B. F. Keith has attempted to follow out this idea in the selection of his warm weather attractions. This policy has been followed out in arranging next week's bill at his popular amusement resort, with the result that the opening week of the summer will find one of the strongest and most pleasing programs offered at B. F. Keith's Theatre in months. Another strong laughing feature will be the first appearance of Dorothy Rogers and her company in a screamingly funny farce-comedy entitled "Babies a la Carte." As the title implies, this sketch deals with a mix up in offspring that leads up to all manner of ludicrous situations. Still another feature will be Chick Sale, the impersonator, in his Country School Entertainment.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

Relieve Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and are a pleasant remedy for Worms. Used by Mothers for 22 years. *They never fail.* At all Druggists 25c. Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

James T. Freeman.

The subject of this notice, Mr. James T. Freeman, was born in Hallowell, Maine, on June 20, 1834, and died at his home, 23 College avenue in Medford on last Monday afternoon, May 28, 1912, the result of a paralytic stroke suffered by him some two years ago.

After a residence of 34 years at No. 111 Salem street, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman moved to Medford about a year ago where he continued to fail in health until death brought relief.

Mr. Freeman learned the trade of machinist at Gardner, Maine, when a young man, but followed the sea as a livlihood in early life. As a competent machinist and faithful overseer he readily found employment in Boston, and during the Civil War was a Superintendent in Charlestown Navy Yard.

After two years spent in building locomotives in Chicago Mr. Freeman came to Woburn in 1870, and a little later began the manufacture of leather making machinery with the late Leonard W. Parks, and in this business he was successfully engaged until illness compelled him to retire from work.

Besides a large home market his sales of machinery in the West and South were heavy each year—he was the inventor of several very valuable machines.

The wife of Mr. Freeman, who survives to mourn his departure, was Mrs. Caroline E. Comstock of Boston, their marriage taking place on Nov. 24, 1886. Both have commanded the highest esteem of hosts of friends during their long residence in Woburn.

Funeral this afternoon. Burial at Woodbrook.

Burlington.

This fine old town is waking up to its advantages for permanent homes and probabilities as summer residences for Boston gentry. Burlington has many public spirited citizens, natives, who love and will work for its advancement to the front ranks of rural communities. Already public improvements are on foot that are sure to increase the attractiveness and popularity of the town and add greatly to its population in the next 5 or 10 years. Let all of us take right hold and pull and lift.

The people of this town feel exceeding proud of the appointment of Mr. Fred F. Walker to the honorable and responsible position of Commissioner of State Animal Industry Board and grateful to Governor Foss for making it. Com. Walker is one of the best citizens of this town and one of the most popular. He is a gentleman from centre to circumference; intelligent, honest; and will fill the new Commission to perfection.

Flagged Train With Shirt.

Tearing his shirt from his back an Ohio man flagged a train and saved it from a wreck, but H. T. Alston, Raleigh, N. C., once prevented a wreck with Electric Bitters. "I was in a terrible plight when I began to use them," he writes, "my stomach, head, back and kidneys were all badly affected and my liver was in bad condition, but four bottles of Electric Bitters made me feel like a new man." A trial will convince you of their matchless merit for any stomach, liver or kidney trouble. Price 50 cents at All Druggists.

Methodist Church.

Sunday morning Rev. F. M. Estes will speak on "The Conservation of Methodism." At 7 P. M he will speak on "The Solution of the Southern Problem," based upon his personal observations in his recent southern trip.

The Epworth League service for all young people at 6 o'clock. Topic: "Abstinence;" Leader: Hiram West.

WINCHESTER.

Memorial Day passed off as usual yesterday. It consisted of the regular exercises, decoration of graves etc., and subsequent games, sports and other things.

On Thursday evening, June 20, there is to be a fete given on Algremont Green, the beautiful residence of Mr O. C. Sanborn, by 75 young ladies and children. It will be fine.

I'm ready to risk a nickle on the statement that Winchester harbors a greater number of M. D's than any other town of its size in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The Visiting Nurse Association of this town, which was organized 11 years ago, are to give their 10th June Breakfast in Town Hall tomorrow morning, June 1. It is one of Winchester's best institutions.

Our High School scholars are brushing up for their graduating exercises which, it is reported, are going to be of more than ordinary interest. After that will come the seaside, the groves, the streams and ponds and fun.

In the matter of electing a successor to United States Senator Crane whose term expires on March 4, 1913, and declines a second term, a distinguished citizen of this town, but a resident of the South Shore, wouldn't mind being struck by lightning" for the place.

CANDIDATES FOR SENATE

Retirement of Senator Crane Stirs Many to Run

GENUINE REGRET OVER CRANE

Record Foreign Commerce For 1912 Is Sure—Labor and Its Share In the Export Trade—Congressman Andrew J. Peters Is Being Talked of In Connection With Gubernatorial Nomination.

The decision of Senator Crane not to be a candidate for re-election has resulted in a number of candidates coming into the field. Already Mayor John F. Fitzgerald of Boston has announced himself as seeking the honor. He is the first and only Democrat to come into the field, although Governor Foss has been mentioned for the nomination.

It is understood that Congressmen John W. Weeks and Augustus P. Gardner would be willing to accept the position. There is considerable support also for former Governor Curtis Guild, who is now serving as ambassador to Russia. Thomas W. Lawson is also a candidate. A number of other prominent men are mentioned, among them Ex-Congressman Samuel W. Powers of Newton and Congressman McCall.

Former Governor John L. Bates is one of those discussed in connection with the office, but his friends feel very sure that he will not be a candidate, although they are confident that if he were he would have strong support.

Crane's Act Causes Regret

There is very general regret that Senator Crane is not to be a candidate for re-election. Leading men in in the state, without regard to party affiliations do not hesitate to say that he has been one of the ablest senators Massachusetts has ever had. All this he has accomplished by his ability as a man without the advantages of oratory. Mr. Crane is not a public speaker. In all his public career he has never made what might properly be called a public speech. During his services as governor he read his inaugural speeches, but outside of these he has never made a public address that would exceed in length a quarter of a newspaper column. His abilities do not lie in that direction. In the United States senate he has sometimes been known as the peacemaker, through his ability to get the opposing elements together and to secure unity of action. His ability in party work lay largely in his capacity to enthuse men, to set them at work and to unite all factions in common harmony.

It is unquestionably true that his retirement will be a great loss to Massachusetts. He has accomplished a great deal for the state during his career at Washington, and no commonwealth was better equipped to accomplish things in the senate than Massachusetts with Mr. Lodge and Mr. Crane as her representatives there.

The canvass for the successor to Mr. Crane will undoubtedly be a spirited one. When the two political parties have selected their candidates for the senatorship the contest will be stubbornly waged. Republican leaders believe there is very little doubt that the candidate of that party will be successful. There seems to be every probability that the different elements of the Republican party will unite upon a candidate and then win with him.

Governor Foss and Cost of Living

When Eugene N. Foss made his fight for congress in the Fourteenth district he did it on the cost of living. That was over two years ago. A year ago last fall he made his campaign for the governorship principally on the same issue, promising to smash prices if elected. Last fall he used the same issue as one of his campaign arguments. Nevertheless it is impossible to point out anything he has done to lower the cost of living. As a matter of fact he evidently forgets there is any such issue or that he is pledged to help the consumer reduce his expenses. As a matter of fact the cost of living has increased faster during his term of service than ever before in the history of the country. If he can really reduce the cost of living the poor consumer thinks it is about time he got busy; if he cannot and knows he cannot, as it would seem evident after so long a time, it would be common honesty to say so and not to use that promise as a campaign issue any further.

Congressman Andrew J. Peters is being considered as a candidate for governor. The congressman is in good standing with the Boston Democracy, consisting to a large extent of Mayor Fitzgerald and Martin Lomasney, and these men are said to favor his candidacy. Some people are wondering if there is a desire to shelve Mr. Foss in case he fails to get the Democratic nomination for vice president, and set him aside as to the governorship nomination this fall, in case he should wish it.

A Record Foreign Commerce

Years ago it used to be a custom for free traders and tariff-for-revenue Democrats to declare that the United States could never secure a large foreign commerce until it abandoned protection and adopted free trade. Steadily year by year the figures of our expanding foreign commerce have given the lie to this statement until it is now never advanced as a tariff argument.

Notwithstanding the fact that for many years this country has adopted a tariff system which protects labor and aims to protect our manufacturers from the cheaper foreign labor, our commerce with other nations has grown by leaps and bounds. The statistical bureau of the department of commerce and labor in a recent statement shows that in both imports and exports the totals for the fiscal year 1912 will be the largest on record. On the basis of the first three months of that year it is estimated that our imports will reach a total of $1,600,000,000, and exceed by forty or fifty million dollars the high record import year of 1910. The estimate on exports is $2,200,000,000, or about $150,000,000 more than those of the previous high record of the fiscal year 1911. All this is very interesting to those concerned in tariff matters for it shows that since 1896 imports have increased about $850,000,000 a year while in the same time the exports have increased more than a billion dollars.

It is perfectly clear that American labor receives the wages for goods manufactured in this country and that the foreign laborer gets the wages paid for making imported goods. The labor element of the country has always insisted on a protective tariff because it sees the inevitable logic contained in that statement.

One of the big items of exports was sewing machines, of which over $160,000,000 in value have been exported in the last forty-eight years, and $80,000,000 since 1900. A very large number of these machines were made in Massachusetts and a big element in the total was the wages paid to Bay State mechanics.

The Great and General Court

The great and general court is likely to finish its work in a very few days if it has its own way about it. Governor Foss seems to think the legislators are in a hurry to get home, and he wishes them to pass all his measures before they go. If he waits until they do that it may be some weeks before prorogation is reached, for they do not on all things agree with him. His own party is fully as much against some of his schemes as the Republicans. Probably he will compromise by allowing prorogation when he gets a part of his measures through.

ADE AND THE GOVERNORSHIP.

Indiana Author, "Mentioned," Takes to His Storm Cellar.

George Ade, who has been mentioned as a possible candidate for governor of Indiana, thus commented on the suggestion:

"I have no wish to be governor of my beloved state. I have even less of a wish to be a candidate for governor. At the same time I have no earthly objection to being mentioned for the governorship.

"During the present rainy spell, which has delayed planting of corn, we sit around and mention our friends for the governorship. It is our principal indoor sport. Everybody's doin' it—doin' it—doin' it. Sometimes a man with a particularly keen insight into the possibilities of the autumn mentions an enemy.

"The suggestion that I might under certain unforeseen conditions become a candidate has brought mirth and laughter into many homes lately saddened by the internal dissensions of our party. It has caused no inconvenience to friends and has not alarmed others. It will permit the biographer to say in my obituary notice, 'In 1912 he was mentioned for the governorship.' Therefore it is a good thing.

"After all I would rather be mentioned for the governorship than be elected governor and then keep on being mentioned. With this kind explanation I shall retire to the storm cellar."

SEVEN WONDERS UP TO DATE.

Chemical Department of Cornell Picks Out List.

The seven wonders of the world as selected by the faculty, graduates and seniors of the chemists' seminary were announced by Professor L. M. Dennis of Cornell university.

A few weeks ago one of the scientific magazines sent a list containing fifty-seven wonders of modern times and requested the chemical department to pick out seven as representing the greatest modern ingenuity. The seven selected, in the order of their importance, follow: Wireless, synthetic chemistry, radium, antitoxins, aeroplanes, Panama canal and telephone.

INTERNATIONAL ANTHEM.

"Nearer, My God, to Thee" Suggested as Such by Titanic Sympathizers.

At a public memorial service in Scranton, Pa., to the memory of the Titanic victims and expressing sympathy for the suffering survivors an audience of 3,000 approved of a resolution asking the people of all lands to join in the adoption of the hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee" as the international anthem of land and sea.

The resolution asked that the press carry the message "to the uttermost parts of the earth."

Finding a Silver Spoon.

The passengers on an Atlantic liner were at dinner when one of them—he was, by the way, an amateur conjurer and had given a "turn" in the saloon the previous evening—observed a lady present take up a handsome sugar spoon and hide it up her sleeve. He waited till dinner was nearly over, then rose and addressed the company.

He had, he said, remembered another little trick, which he proposed to perform in amplification of his program of the evening before. Going up to the captain, he took from the table a spoon similar to that which the lady had hidden.

"You will see, ladies and gentlemen, I take this spoon and place it in the captain's sleeve."

He did so, bidding the captain grasp the sleeve tightly at the wrist with his disengaged hand.

"Now," he continued, "I will produce the spoon from Mrs. Blank's sleeve."

And, approaching the souvenir hunter, he dexterously did so. The delinquent, crimson with shame and vexation, promptly left the saloon for the solitude of her own stateroom.

Marketing In France.

In France the housewife does very little of the marketing. It is left to the servants. There the servants do the bargaining. If potatoes are 10 cents per pound and the girl can get them from some market woman for 8 cents she reasons that the mistress should not profit by the bargaining, but that she herself should have the difference. The regular price of the potatoes being 10 cents, the servant marks them down in her book at that price and pockets the difference. This is one of the peculiarities of the French method of keeping house, and it has been found a real aid in keeping servants. The housewives are aware of what is taking place, but they are satisfied to pay the regular market prices. It is the bargaining of the servants which gets them an extra allowance, but as long as the eatables are up to the standard the housewife does not complain.—Boston Herald.

Killed Him With Kisses.

M. de Langy was a courtier of the time of Louis XV., whose supreme conceit so irritated certain ladies of the court that they resolved to inflict upon him a novel punishment. Feigning one day to be overcome by the beauty of his face and person, they fell upon him en masse, hugging and kissing the wretched dandy until he cried for mercy. Deaf to his entreaties, the ladies continued their merciless caresses until the object of their mock love, who indeed was but a sorry weakling, in endeavoring to break away from their clutches broke a blood vessel and died a few days later.

A Mob.

A mob is usually a creature of very mysterious existence, particularly in a large city. Where it comes from or whither it goes few men can tell. Assembling and dispersing with equal suddenness, it is as difficult to follow to its various sources as the sea itself, nor does the parallel stop here, for the ocean is not more fickle and uncertain, more terrible when aroused, more unreasonable or more cruel.—Dickens.

Thin as the Mist.

Scene, a town in the north on a very misty day.

Sandy McKay (coming out of a public house and meeting his minister face to face)—Losh, sir, it's an awful deceivin' thing, this mist. D'ye ken (impressively), I wandered in there the noo, thinkin' it was the grocer's?—London Telegraph.

Ambiguous.

"Papa, Arthur—er—Mr. Jinx is in the parlor and asked me to ask you if you would mind stepping down there for a few minutes; he has something important to ask you." "Sure! Tell him I'll have my boots on in just a minute."—Houston Post.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

the antiseptic powder to shake into the shoes. Makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Relieves painful, swollen, tender, sweating, aching feet and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Sold everywhere, 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.* Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Snow Leopard of India.

India has produced some of the finest big game hunters in the world. First they kill deer, then tigers, and after that they climb into the hills after the mountain sheep, which are the most difficult of all their kind to follow and kill. But there is one ambition beyond the mountain sheep. That is the snow leopard. This beautiful creature, white as the snows it lives among, is rarely found below a height of 11,000 feet and is even there extremely rare. It is both wild and savage, and the natives have a superstitious fear of its white coat and deep green eyes. The man who succeeds in killing a snow leopard steps into the very first rank of big game hunters.

The Refrain.

She (at the piano)—How do you enjoy this refrain?

He—Very much. The more you refrain the better I like it.—Judge.

Spiteful.

Miss Joyce—Yes, Jack and I are to become partners for life. Miss Means—And you will be the senior partner How nice!

Beware of dissipating your powers. Strive constantly to concentrate them.

A Great Building Falls

when its foundation is undermined, and if the foundation of health—good digestion—is attacked, quick collapse follows. On the first signs of indigestion, Dr. King's New Life Pills should be taken to tone the stomach and regulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Pleasant, easy, safe and only 25 cents at All Druggists.

The Last Word.

Bobby—Is every word in this dictionary, pa? Peckley—Oh, no, my child. Every little while a new word comes into the language. Bobby—What's the latest word, pa? Peckley—Your ma will tell you. She always has the last word.

He Dodged.

A lady, observing that a stranger in her pew had no hymnbook, politely handed him one. "Thanks," said the gentleman, with great suavity; "I seldom use a libretto."—Argonaut.

Pathetic.

Daughter—I cried all through the play. Father—Was it pathetic? Daughter—Very. The hateful usher put Choliy on one side of the aisle and me on the other.—Judge.

Riches Versus Luck.

Wig—Would you rather be born lucky or rich? Wag—I'd rather be born rich. Then you don't have to be lucky.—Exchange.

My spark may grow greater by kindling my brother's taper.—Jeremy Taylor.

Only A Fire Hero

but the crowd cheered, as, with burned hands, he held up a small round box, "Fellows!" he shouted, "this Bucklen's Arnica Salve I hold, has everything beat for burns." Right! also for boils, ulcers, sores, pimples, eczema, cuts, sprains, bruises. Surest pile cure. It subdues inflammation, kills pain. Only 25c at All Druggists.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
Men's Class at Noon.
12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 6.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street
Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45.
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday from 2.30 to 4.30.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, May 22, Henry Gray, aged 60 years.

In this city, May 24, Jane Levers, aged 77 years, 2 months, 19 days.

In Arlington, Mass., May 27, Margaret, widow of Patrick Collins, (nee Riley), formerly of North Woburn, aged 68 years.

S. FRANK SHERMAN,

118 High Street, Reading, Mass., twenty years' experience Making and Tuning Pianos. All orders will receive prompt attention.

Thousands of Sample Bottles
Of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, The Great Kidney & Liver Remedy,
SENT FREE

The manufacturers of that justly famous Kidney and Liver medicine, Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, offer readers of this paper a sample bottle and pamphlet of valuable medical advice *absolutely free.*

Of course this involves enormous expense to the manufacturers, but they have received so many grateful letters from those who have been benefited and cured of the various diseases of the kidneys and liver, and associated diseases, such as bladder and blood troubles, rheumatism, dyspepsia and chronic constipation, and all weaknesses peculiar to women, that they willingly send sample bottles to all sufferers. Write today for free sample bottle, or get a large bottle of your druggist. Address Dr. David Kennedy Co., Rondout, N. Y.

Linnell's Market

Beech-Nut Brand
(Goods in Glass)

Sliced Beef,
Sliced Bacon,
Peanut Butter,
Red Current Jelly,
Grape Jelly,
Pineapple Preserves,
Raspberry Jam.

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Tel. 314 W.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons, interested in the estate of Josiah Parker, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Sarah B. Parker, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of June, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

17-24-31 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Benjamin T. H. Porter, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate by John W. Johnson, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of June, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of the citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

17-24-31 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Levi W. Cooper, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Griffin Place and Maurice J. Levy, the trustees under the will of said deceased have presented for allowance, the ninth and tenth accounts of their trust under said will:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the tenth day of June, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said trustees are ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate, fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of May in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve

24-31-7 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

THE AMERICAN Dress Cutting College
ROOM 5,
431 Main Street, Woburn
Knight Building (over Woolworth's)
Hours 2 to 4.30 and 7 to 9.30 P. M.
Tuesday and Thursday beginning June 11.
For information address
Miss E. I. KENNEY,
94 West St., Reading, Mass.

**

New Grass

BUTTER

Cut from the Tub

32c. lb.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242-3.

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has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—$20.

Whitcher's
PILL BOX
LET US SHOW YOU.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1911.
[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for MALDEN SQ. at 5.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A.M., then every 60 min. to 2.15 P.M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15 P.M. SUNDAY at 8.15 A.M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P.M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, *11.15 P.M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A.M., then every 60 minutes to 3.15 P.M., then every 30 minutes to ‡10.45, †11.15, 11.45, P.M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A.M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P.M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P.M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A.M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P.M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Centre at 5.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P.M. SUNDAY at 8.20 A.M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P.M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P.M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P.M. SUNDAY at 9 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P.M.

* Melrose Highlands Only.
† To Stoneham Square Only.
GEO. H. GRAY, Supt.

HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS
Made into handsome and durable
RUGS
For full particulars address
C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.
Caneseat Chairs Reseated.
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NOTICE.

Hair Mattresses Made Over. Ticks Washed and New Ticks furnished when required. New Hair added when needed.

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Violin and Piano-forte
INSTRUCTION
Season opens October 2.
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KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS
WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY
FOR COUGHS COLDS PRICE 50¢ & $1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE
AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

LUCK IN BASEBALL

Freak Plays by Which Games Have Been Decided.

PUT THE BALL IN HIS POCKET.

Cliff Carroll's Funny Stunt That Let In the Winning Run and Enraged Chris von der Ahe—A Hit That Put Two Balls In Play at the Same Time.

In the American Magazine Hugh S. Fullerton writes of freak plays that have won great baseball games Following is one of the most remarkable stories:

"Among the abnormal incidents that figured in the earlier history of the national game, perhaps none is as well known to old timers as the one which happened to Cliff Carroll on the St. Louis grounds when he was a member of the famous 'Browns.' Perhaps you have wondered why baseball players have plain shirt fronts and why so few players have breast pockets. Cliff Carroll is the reason. He was running forward to take a base hit on the first bound.

"The ball bounced crooked and hit him on the chest. He grabbed at the ball hastily, and as he clutched it he shoved it down into the handkerchief pocket on his shirt front. The runner saw Carroll tugging and straining to tear the ball out of the pocket, and instead of stopping at first he sprinted on to second, while Carroll, still trying to dislodge the ball, ran to second. The batter passed the fielder and turned for third with Carroll in pursuit. At third Carroll stopped and tried in vain to release the ball, and the runner kept on across the plate and scored the winning run.

"Chris von der Ahe, who at that time was at the head of the euphonic trio, Von der Ahe, Muckenfuss and Diddlebock, which operated the club, was furious and ordered all pockets removed from baseball shirts. Other teams followed, and the pockets never have been restored except by a few players who are willing to risk the repetition of the accident."

A curious story is this one of a game where two balls were in play at the same time:

"Perhaps the strangest freak play was one made by Frank McNichols on the Logan Square grounds in Chicago. The Logan Square team, then owned by Jimmy Callahan, had persuaded McNichols, a ball player of major league caliber, to play first base against the Gunthers, another strong team, and the score was tied in the ninth inning. The Gunthers had runners on second and third with two out, and a base hit meant probable defeat for the Logans and loss of the city championship.

"Matty Fitzgerald, a well known umpire, was officiating alone from behind the pitchers' slab. His blouse was filled with extra balls, and in stooping to sight along the plate as the pitcher wound up he allowed one of the spare balls to fall to the ground behind him. The batter hit a hard line drive that seemed aimed at the pitcher's ankles.

"Fitzgerald leaped aside to avoid being hit, the batted ball struck the ball on the ground, and the two balls kissed off at right angles. One went straight toward the shortstop, the other toward the second baseman. Each player thought the ball rolling toward him was the one in play, and each dashed forward, made clever running scoops at the same instant and threw to first base at the same time.

"The shortstop threw high and to the left of McNichols; the second baseman threw low and to his right. McNichols, with his left hand stretched high, caught one ball in his mitt, and with the other hand he caught the low throw, and Fitzgerald, after scratching his head an instant, called the batter out and refused to allow either of the runs that crossed the plate on the play to be recorded."

The following might be called the story of the base hit that never came down:

"Of all the good luck freaks that I ever heard recounted the best was that which happened to Frank Isbell when he was playing with St. Paul in the old Western league. In those days baseball on Sunday was not permitted within the corporate limits of St. Paul, and a Sunday park had been erected outside the city's jurisdiction.

"The ground was extremely small and was inclosed by a high fence. So small was the inclosure that batters hitting the ball hard against the fences were compelled to sprint to first, because if the ball happened to rebound directly to the fielder he could throw a slow runner out. As it required about four hits or their equivalent in errors to yield a run, small scores were the rule.

"In the ninth inning of this game Milwaukee had two runs the advantage, and there were runners on first and second, with Isbell at bat. St. Paul's only logical hope was for a home run over one of the high fences. Isbell hit a hard line smash to right field against the fence. The runner on first was a slow man, and the fielder squatted, expecting the ball to rebound to him and to whirl and force the slow man at second base, ending the game.

"But the ball didn't rebound. It impaled itself on a wire nail about ten feet up the fence, and while the Milwaukee outfielders were hunting a ladder Isbell circled the bases and won the game."

Fame only comes when deserved, and then it is as inevitable as destiny, for it is destiny.—Longfellow.

The Jerusalem Chamber.

One of the rooms in Westminster abbey that are of peculiar interest is the Jerusalem chamber, which was built more than 500 years ago and was probably at one time the abbot's withdrawing room. It was in this chamber that Henry IV. died, in curious fulfillment of a prophecy that he should die in Jerusalem:

It hath been prophesied me many a year
I shall not die but in Jerusalem,
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land.
But bear me to that chamber. There I'll lie
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

And in the same chamber Addison, Congreve and Prior lay in state before their splendid interment in the abbey

Views of Optimist and Pessimist.

Howell—Fortune knocks once at every man's door. Powell—While misfortune keeps on knocking.—Judge's Library.

When a fool has made up his mind the market has gone by.—Spanish Proverb.

GROTESQUE STUPIDITY.

Some of Stanley's Experiences With the African Natives.

The natives of central Africa are described by the late Sir Henry M. Stanley in his autobiography as being incredibly stupid. He tells, for example, of one native who, with another man, was sent in a canoe across a river to fetch a company of men to camp. After waiting an hour Stanley went to the river, where he found the two paddling each in an opposite direction and blaming the other for his stupidity. They were in a passion of excitement and quite unable to hear the advice of the men across the river, who were bawling directions to them how to manage their canoe.

Another stupid fellow was generally saved from punishment because his mistakes were so absurd. One day we were floating down the Kongo. Near camping time, as he happened to be bow man, I bade him stand by and when I called out seize the grass on the bank to stop the boat. In a little while we came to a fit place, and I cried, "Hold hard, Kirango!"

"Please God, master," he replied and forthwith sprang on shore and seized the grass with both hands while we, of course, were rapidly swept on down stream.

The boat's crew roared at the ridiculous sight. Nevertheless his stupidity cost the tired men a hard pull up river, for not every place was available for a camp.

ICEBOUND ANTARCTICA.

Twice as Large as All Europe Is the South Polar Continent.

The antarctic continent has been estimated to be at least twice as large as Europe. The evidence of paleontology is to the effect that Antarctica was once connected with the more northern lands, at least with South America, and that in prehistoric ages some tremendous convulsion of the earth's crust resulted in the sinking of the "submarine" floor, until in some places it is now 4,000 fathoms, or more than four miles below the surface.

All around the great land mass of this continent there is a deep ocean bed cutting it off from every other land of the earth and setting it apart as a region more unlike the rest of the globe than any other continent or island.

Explorations have proved that in times before the advent of man upon the earth this most southern land had a temperate or even a warmer climate. There are fossils, both animal and vegetable, which indicate this. The formation of the rocks in Antarctica also is of volcanic origin and volcanic activity, notably in the case of Mount Erebus, which is not yet extinct. A vast mountain range, perhaps at one time a continuation of the Andes, exists in Antarctica.—American Review of Reviews.

Long In the Public Eye.

Opinions regarding what constitutes being before the public may vary, but one Kansas City negro who presides over the buffet in a certain Kansas City club has an opinion which is original, to say the least. The negro and a customer were engaged in a friendly debate regarding the former's age a few days ago. Their respective opinions varied about twenty years, the negro holding out for the smaller number of years.

"You've been around Kansas City twenty years, and you can't make me believe you're young," the customer argued.

"Ah knows Ah've been in business here for a great many years," was the reply, "but that's not saying Ah'm old. You see, Ah's been befoh de public so long people jest natchly thinks Ah'm older than Ah am."—Kansas City Journal.

Night Light Machines.

Though the first match appeared in England as late as 1827, the idea seized a genius years before that date. This advertisement in a London Post of 1788 gives evidence: "For travelers, mariners, etc. Promethean fire and phosphorus: G. Watts respectfully acquaints the public that he has prepared a large quantity of machines of a portable and durable kind, with promethean fire, paper and match inclosed, most admirably calculated to prevent those disagreeable sensations which most frequently arise in the dreary hour of midnight, from sudden alarms, thieves, fire or sickness."

Difference In Speech.

Polly—You can never tell much about a man from his speech. Belle—That's right. There's Chollie, for instance, who stutters terribly. He proposed to me five minutes after we met, and it took Jack, who is the most voluble fellow in the world, three years.—Philadelphia Record.

Spoiled the Game.

"We made a rule in our card club that no member should be allowed to win more than two prizes during the season."

"Was it a success?"

"Not exactly. As soon as a lady won two prizes she dropped out."—Detroit Free Press.

This Life of Ours.

At the end of life we discover that we have passed nearly one-half of it in being happy without realizing it and the other in imagining that we were miserable.

Couldn't See Them.

Joke Seller—Did you receive my letter and that batch of jokes? Editor—I received the letter, but I didn't see the jokes.—Satire.

A Strong Hand.

"You was a big loser when de game broke up, wasn't you?"

"Yes. Dat's why it broke up."

"Was it a good hand dat won de last pot?"

"It shore was. When it landed it felt like it mus' o' weighed a ton."—Washington Star.

Qualified.

"What! You marry my daughter," thundered old Roxley—"you, a mere clerk"—

"No, sir," replied young Hunter, "not a clerk, but a gentleman now. I resigned my job the moment your daughter accepted me."—Philadelphia Press.

A Reminder.

Clerk—Mr. Sapleigh complains in his letter that he is not hearing anything further about his suit. Lawyer—Send him a bill.—Fliegende Blatter.

It Depends.

"Don't you think there is something to inspire enthusiasm for kings?"

"Not when the other fellow holds the aces."—Baltimore American.

BUILT UPON QUICKSAND.

It Makes a Firm Foundation For Many New York Skyscrapers.

Quicksand, to the popular mind a lurking monster that swallows up the unwary, while often treacherous, has been safely built upon, and several of the second class skyscrapers in New York rest directly upon it. It is necessary at the outset to correct the popular idea about quicksand. The engineer's definition of quicksand is any loose, friable material saturated with water. There are different kinds of quicksand, just as there are different kinds of wood, varying from nearly as treacherous as the popular idea of it to a material that may be safely built upon.

The ground in the lower end of Manhattan Island is a quicksand extending from the surface to a maximum depth of eighty feet below Broadway. It will bear three tons per square foot, and the foundations of many tall buildings rest upon it. Filled in ground is one of the poorest materials on which to build, as for years after it has been deposited it will continue to settle, and obviously any structure it carries must settle with it.

Ordinary ground will bear safely from two to four tons per square foot, dry clay from four to six tons per square foot, good gravel from six to ten tons and bedrock from 50 to 200 tons per square foot. Sand if confined will stand very large pressures, and similarly water, the most unsuitable of all, if it could be restrained, would be capable of resisting an enormous pressure. Certainly no force man has produced is sufficient to injure its structure.—Strand Magazine.

THE TOP OF THE WORLD.

How an Explorer Would Know When He Was at the Pole.

The question arises in the mind of every one who is not an expert in using measuring instruments, "How do the explorers know when they are standing on the rotating point of the world?"

Perhaps there is a queer sensation when one is standing on the exact spot, but then no one has located either pole with such exactness. One can, however, discover one's nearness to this interesting point by several methods.

First one can measure the height of the sun above the horizon. When one is standing on the pole the sun circles round the observer during the whole twenty-four hours. It does not perceptibly rise or fall during the day. It just goes right round at a certain height, which varies according to the season.

You measure the sun's height above the horizon Dec. 14 at noon, at midnight and so forth. The angle you obtain is the angle which you should obtain for your supposed position. To make sure, you remain there two or three days so that errors of measurement can be corrected.

Also you can measure your shadow or the shadow of a pole during the whole twenty-four hours. If the length of this shadow varies by even an inch or so you are not at the pole. It must describe a perfect circle about the center.

The most exact measurements are obtained by theodolites. Sextants are not so accurate.—London Sphere.

Named All Their Women Maria.

Socotra, an island in the Indian ocean, was for many centuries a place dreaded by the mariner. In the tenth century it was notorious as a pirate haunt, and one devout authority described its inhabitants as "Nestorian Christians and pirates." In addition to its native ruffians, it was also a regular station for the Indian corsairs who preyed on the trade with the far east. At an earlier date Socotra had been noted as the chief insense producing land and as such was known to the ancient Egyptians. Among the curious customs of the Socotrans of the seventeenth century was that of naming all their women Maria.

Johnson's Definitions.

Dr. Johnson perpetrated many jokes in his dictionary, but among his most famous blunders was his definition of "pastern" as "the knee of a horse." Dr. Johnson defined oats as "a grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people." He defined "pensioner" as "a slave of state, hired by a stipend to obey his master," which definition was made much of by the doctor's enemies when he himself was awarded a pension.

THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE.

Elegance In Its Architecture and In Its Appointments.

The president's office is an ellipse in plan. A triple bay window forms one end and at the other is an open fireplace. Four doors, opening inward, are equally disposed, two on each side, and are curved to conform with the curve of the wall. The tall windows are hung with stately, heavy curtains and are flanked by bookcases set into the wall.

The fireplace is incased in fine marble, and fluted ionic columns support the mantel, on which stands a bell glass covered clock, flanked by candelabra. In the fireplace are complete preparations for a wood fire. Even the paper is placed under the logs, ready to ignite.

The style of the room is classic colonial, and the woodwork is painted a creamy white with blue white embellishment. Each of the four large ornate door frames is surmounted by a rich pediment. The wall is covered by a warm olive green burlap, which extends up from a paneled wainscot to a wide, elaborate molding or entablature of plain plaster. A flat dome of this virgin plaster surmounts the room and gathers in its shallow, inverted basin the light from the bay window and gives play to every tint and shade of gray.

Pendent from the middle is a chandelier of electric candles, and triple groups of the same adorn the wall between the doors and windows.—William S. Nortenheim in National Magazine.

The Misery of It.

Reporter—It's a terrible sensation, is it not, Mrs. Yippery, to be bound and gagged? Victim (of burglarious visitation)—Why, it's simply awful, young man! For more than half an hour I couldn't talk a word!—Chicago Tribune.

Assuming That.

Brown—What reason have you for hating Blank? Smith—Well, you see, he's a relative of mine, and— Brown—Yes, yes, I know, but what other reason?—Harper's Bazar.

SPOILED A SPANISH PLOT.

Reward of Dutch Boys For Saving Amsterdam's Stock Exchange.

Of the many quaint and curious customs, traditions and privileges prevailing in Holland none is more extraordinary than a certain privilege that has been enjoyed by the boys of Amsterdam for nearly 300 years.

At a fixed time each summer these boys gather by the hundreds in the great square called the Dam, situated in the center of the city. Each boy has a [illegible] over his shoulder.

Facing this square is the Stock Exchange, and on the occasion in question, just as soon as the day's business is over, as many of the boys as can crowd into the building. They proceed to the floor of the exchange, where, pursuant to this odd custom, they are permitted to march about, singing and beating upon their drums.

The origin of this custom, it is said, is as follows:

One afternoon in the year 1622 a crowd of boys playing in the Dam lost a ball in the canal that in those days skirted one side of the square. One of the lads, while climbing in among the piles on which the building stood, found instead of his ball a boat moored in a dark corner and loaded with boxes of gunpowder. This showed clearly enough, what was afterward ascertained with certainty, the intention of the Spanish conspirators to blow up the Stock Exchange while it was crowded, as it was every day, with the leading citizens of the city.

The boy who stumbled upon the gunpowder at once hurried to the town authorities with his news. The boatload of explosives was quietly sunk in the canal and the Spanish plot thus frustrated.

When the burgesses asked the boy what reward he desired for the service he had rendered the town he replied that so long as there was a stock exchange in Amsterdam the boys of the town would like to be permitted to make the floor of the exchange their playground during a certain part of the year. The request was granted, and so the custom survives.—New York Sun.

Nightcaps.

For external application the nightcap is rarely seen. It is first mentioned during the time of the Tudors. In the inventory of Henry VIII.'s wardrobe we come across the following item: "A nightcape of black velvet embroidered." No wonder that with such gearing, as Shakespeare suggests, "uneasy rests the head that wears a crown." Poor old Bishop Latimer was not content with one nightcap. Fox in his "Book of Martyrs" describes him as follows: "He held his hat in his hand, having a handkerchief on his head and upon it a nightcap or two and a great cap, such as townsmen use, with broad flaps to button under his chin." They evidently believed in keeping their heads warm in those days.

Faith In Medicine.

That the negro loves to be considered in ill health and thus attract attention to himself is well known to those who live in the south and are well acquainted with the race. By a certain consequence of this they will all take medicine whenever opportunity offers. Once a young man had been ill for some weeks, and his negro servant was cleaning up the room one morning. Noticing several bottles of medicine only partly used, which were put aside to be thrown away, the negro remarked:

"Mr. Willie, gimme dat medicine. I ain't—er—been feelin' well er bit lately."

"What is the matter?" he was asked.

"I don't know whut de matter is, but if de medicine is any ercount hit will go sarchin' in me an' fine out."—Los Angeles Times.

The All Sufficient Farm.

The charm of farm life is its ability to take care of itself. I have always urged that before trying to make money by our crops we country folk should reduce outgoes. I remember that seventy-five years ago my father's family lived well, but spent in actual cash rarely more than $100 a year. We raised our own lamb, veal, fowls, eggs, beef, vegetables, apples and pears and cherries and plums, and with all this very nearly all our sugar as well as our honey. Little of this was sold except eggs and fruit, but much of it was exchanged or "swapped." Then we made our own clothes, largely from our own wool, our carpets and our bedding and our pillows, with all the rest. We made and mended our own shoes, and our tools were largely homemade.—Outing Magazine.

Only One Statue of Dickens.

West Philadelphia holds the only statue of Charles Dickens in the world, says the Philadelphia Press. Hardly ever is a passing glance given by hurrying pedestrians to this monument of bronze and granite, depicting the great writer seated and looking lovingly down upon the upturned head of Little Nell, the child of his brain. The monument is a bronze group by E. Edwin Elwell, the famous sculptor, and was purchased several years ago by the city branch of the Fairmount Park Art association. It had been intended to grace the great Central Free Library building that is now planned as one of the buildings along the Parkway. While it was lying unused Clark park was opened, and the statue was mounted there.

The First Lesson of an Arab Boy.

The very first lesson which an Arab baby learns when he begins to talk is to keep facts to himself. It does not sound very friendly put in that way, but it saves a deal of trouble. Foreigners do not understand Arabs. They ask them pointed questions and receive peculiar answers. They construe the answers to please themselves and come away to tell the world that the Arabs are a nation of liars. They are not a nation of liars. Perhaps if they should tell the foreigners to mind their own affairs and let them and theirs alone the foreigners would understand them better.—Exchange.

Strength.

"Some scientist has declared that there is as much strength in three eggs as there is in a pound of beefsteak," said the observer.

"Well," replied the actor, "I met an egg once that would have eliminated the other two eggs from that proposition."—Exchange.

On Principle.

Bert (nervously)—I heard pa tell ma he was goin' to flog me on principle after prayers tonight. What's principle, Billy? Billy—I think it's somewhere at the back, Bert. The last time he flogged me on principle I had to sit sideways for more'n a fortnight.—London Tit-Bits.

THE EYE OF GENIUS.

And the Strain of the Nervous System Due to Defective Vision.

Much was made in the newspapers some years ago of the part bad eyes have played in the lives of great musicians and writers. What was called "the eye of genius" was illustrated in many portraits, notably the Lenbach paintings of Richard Wagner, in which the eye droops and is surrounded by eccentric wrinkles of pain. The great composer's sick headache and insomnia, his shattered nerves and fits of violent temper, were attributed to eye strain. The diagnosis has since been accepted by his biographer, Ellis, himself a physician. Similar if less conclusive cases have been made out to explain the lifelong suffering of George Eliot, Browning, the Carlyles, Darwin, Huxley, Herbert Spencer, Balzac, Taine, Nietzsche, Tschaikowsky and others.

The straining of the nervous system due to defective vision is to be found among all who use their eyes in work near at hand. "The eye of genius" is as common among typesetters and proofreaders, reporters and typewriters, bookkeepers, lathe workers and seamstresses as among the master spirits of music and letters. It is, in fact, more common, for whereas the fortunate few are able to choose their time and place of labor, to find rest and recuperation when they need it, the many are held fast to long hours and endless days, with the result that they become hopeless, nervous wrecks and go blind or mad. — Metropolitan Magazine.

THE ART OF FELTING.

It Was Developed Long Before the Weaver Was First Known.

Felt is a fabric formed without weaving by taking advantage of the tendency of hair and wool to interlace and cling to each other. Antiquarians state that the art of felting was developed long before the weaver was first known. Felting antedates the Christian era by many centuries.

Authorities state that the felting quality of hair or wool results from the natural structure of the material. The hair of most animals is noticed to be more or less notched or jagged on its surface. This is the more apparent when an examination of the material is made by the aid of a microscope. In some animals there appears to be a set of barbs on the hair, and these barbs are so placed that the tip of each points to the end of the hair.

It follows that when a number of hairs are pressed together those which lie in the opposite direction to each other will interlock with the barbs of the hair surface and resist an effort to tear them asunder. When the hair has a natural tendency to curl the interlacing process which is called felting is more easily accomplished.

Although the felting property is possessed by wool in a special degree, other animals have it in their covering. This is true of the goat, ox, hare, rabbit and beaver.—New York Sun.

Early Manuscripts.

The type of letters in early manuscript was the same as that of those used on the earlier metal plates and wax tablets. All letters were capitals. Minuscule, or small lettering, as opposed to the majuscule, was invented in the seventh century. Before its invention there was no spacing between the words. There was no punctuation unless possibly some mark between sentences. When cursive writing came into general use, about the beginning of the tenth century, the art was practiced by only a few highly trained scribes. This continued all through the middle ages. The scribes were artists, and they carried their art to a high degree of perfection. Many of the manuscripts of that period are very beautiful specimens of handiwork and as perfect as print.

How to Keep Roses Fresh.

Proper care of cut flowers will double their lease of life. Even hothouse roses, usually the shortest lived of blossoms, can be made to retain their beauty and fragrance for two weeks if one will take the trouble to boil the stems. To do this set a pan of hot water on the stove and when the water begins to boil place the stems of the flowers in the water to the depth of one inch. Hold the flowers carefully to prevent their touching the sides or bottom of the pan. Allow them to boil fifteen or twenty minutes. Remove the flowers and clip off the portions of the stems that were in the water. They are then ready to be arranged in the vase or bowl. Many persons have poor success in keeping cut flowers because they do not put fresh water into flower vases every day. The stems of the flowers should be clipped every day to enable them to take up more water. Never leave cut flowers in a warm room overnight. Set them in a cool place.—Kansas Industrialist.

Mecca's Polluted Well.

A scientific analysis has been made of the Zem-Zem water from the sacred well at Mecca, which, according to the Arabs, is the well that the angel showed to Hagar and whose water saved the life of Ishmael. After reading the results of the analysis one cannot wonder that pilgrims who drink the water frequently are attacked by cholera. The specimen examined contained sixty-nine grains of chlorine to the gallon. Water which contains so little as nine grains of chlorine to the gallon is ordinarily regarded as scarcely fit for human consumption. Moreover, in the case of the Zem-Zem well it is believed the chlorine originates from the custom of pouring the water over the pilgrims and allowing it to run back into the well. The sacred water was found to possess an extraordinary degree of "hardness," three times as great as that of average water. It also held twenty times as much ammonia compounds as drinking water should contain.

A Touch of Human Nature.

The doors which open from the sidewalk into the lobby of a big building are heavy ones and are very hard to open. Yesterday a little hunchback stepped out of an elevator on the first floor, followed by a great big man. The hunchback reached the doors first and threw himself against one. Although he pushed with all his might, he couldn't open it. Chagrined, he stepped back, and the big man stepped up. Noticing the look of humiliation on the face of the little fellow, the big man said:

"I've got a sore wrist. Come on; let's see if we both can't open it."

The hunchback and the big man both pushed on the door, and of course it opened. The two went out smiling.

The big man had no sore wrist at all. Two or three people looking on felt like cheering for him.—New York Telegraph.

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SPEAKER PUBLISHING CO. Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

A College Freak

Story For Graduation Days

By JOHN B. PETERSON

Charlie Bangs, senior at B. university, was walking across the campus, thinking about his commencement oration on the influences of the Greeks and Romans on modern civilization, when he was recalled from the ancients to the present by a melodious feminine voice saying:

"Can you direct me to David Barton's room?"

Charlie's cap came off, and he stood at polite attention, peering into two liquid brown eyes. But before he succeeded in making a complete shift from the forum at Rome to the campus on which he stood the owner of the eyes continued:

"I suppose it's all right for a girl to go to a student's room if she's his cousin, isn't it?"

"Certainly."

"There's another thing. I've never seen Dave, I wouldn't know him, and I might—well, I might think some one else was he."

The student was by this time on the campus of the college talking to a pretty girl hunting for her cousin. Moreover, he was in possession of the fact that she wouldn't know her cousin from Adam. Now, an idea occurred to Charlie that would not likely have occurred to any one but that indescribable personage, a college student. It hung on the tip of his tongue for a few moments, then went forth:

"You are"—

"Mary Mills."

What did the scamp do but give her a smack!

"You don't mean that you are Dave?"

"Singular, isn't it, that we should have met in this way, right here on the campus? I've been expecting you, but didn't know exactly when you would be here."



WHEN SHE REACHED THE APPOINTED PLACE SHE FOUND HIM WAITING.

"Why, I wrote you that I would arrive this morning. Didn't you get my letter?"

"No."

"Well, I declare! I posted it the day before yesterday."

"Didn't get it. Where are you staying?"

"Oh, I'm not staying anywhere. I only came for the day."

"Well, I'll try to make it pleasant for you. This being Saturday morning, I haven't but one recitation, and I've just come from that, so there is no reason why I shouldn't devote myself to you. Let me see—would you like to go through the college buildings?"

"Ever so much."

Now, David Barton was Charlie Bangs' chum, and vice versa. David had been caught in one of those boyish amusements so dear to the college student and so annoying to the faculty and had been the day before sent to a neighboring village to rusticate for the rest of the academic term. In this view of the case his chum's action toward the cousin had some palliation, for David had not reported his escapade and consequent punishment to his parents and proposed, if possible, to keep them in ignorance of both. This would have been a salve to Charlie's conscience if he had had any conscience in such a matter, but since he had not no salve was needed. Nevertheless he had a double reason for foisting himself on Miss Mary Mills as the real and only David Barton, her mother's sister's son. In the first place, it gave him pleasure; in the second, he wished to prevent the young lady going back home and giving away the fact that David was persona non grata within the college precincts.

Charlie felt, as he expressed it afterwards, like a Canadian boatman steering a canoe down a rapid. The avoidance of giveaways required the exercise of his wits. Had it not been that he was in a position to break the thread of the dialogue whenever he chose he would have been overturned a dozen times. When the young lady began to speak of a person he should have known all about—certainly his own father and mother—he would call her attention to a dormitory presented to the college by a member of the class of '87, or a clock tower in memory of a man in '98 who died while at college, or a library building erected by subscription of the alumni. When they were in the anatomical museum and she asked him a question about "our grandfather" he pointed to a skeleton of an orang outang standing beside that of a man and headed her off by saying:

"Look at his bones."

"Whose bones?" she asked, smiling. "Certainly not those of our grandfather, for I saw him alive and well a week ago."

"I mean the orang outang. I'll bet you can't tell which is the ape and which is the man."

But she could and did, and by this time she had forgotten all about their grandfather.

In this way he avoided the rocks, and the further he went the safer was the course, because he was all the while picking up bits of information about the family into which he had so suddenly thrust himself and after the first hour felt as well able to stand an examination on the subject as in certain studies in which he was not especially proficient. Moreover, he found Miss Mills a very delightful companion, and since she was very well pleased with him she could not well help showing it in her manner. When noon came he took her to the university "chophouse" and gave her a delicious lunch, then left her, saying:

"I'm going to get my chum's automobile and show you the country roundabout here. He's away this afternoon and kindly permits me to use his machine whenever he doesn't want it himself."

"What's his name?"

"Charlie Bangs."

"Oh, I've often heard different members of the family speak of Charlie Bangs. They say he's awfully nice."

"He's surely a good friend of mine. Just you walk up College street to the main gates and I'll meet you there."

He kept his word. Indeed, when she reached the appointed place she found him waiting for her. Then they spun away over the white turnpikes, fields of ripening grain on either hand, now plunging through a forest and again darting over a bridge.

"I do think, Dave," exclaimed Miss Mills enthusiastically, "that this is the most delightful day I ever spent in my life. I never dreamed that when I came here for a day with you you would be so good to me."

Charlie's response was demonstrative. He put an arm around his companion's neck, then drew her to him and gave her a kiss.

"Don't do that," she said.

"Why not?"

"Somebody who don't know we're cousins might see us."

In this way the afternoon was passed. So absorbed were the two in each other that when Miss Mills asked the time great was her consternation to learn that her train had been gone half an hour and there was no other till late at night.

Here was a quandary. The distance was but twenty miles, and Charlie could take her there sooner than a way train, but how could he do so without the risk of being seen by some one who knew David Barton? This would uncover his deception and put him in a position dreadful to contemplate. But there seemed no other way to get his companian home, and he desired expressly to prolong the ride. So he concluded to take the risk, at least to make a start and trust to his wits to leave Miss Mills before he should meet any of her relatives.

He told "his cousin" that he led the regular Saturday evening prayer meeting of his class and would be obliged to give an excuse for not being on hand. He couldn't very well say that he had unexpectedly been obliged to take his cousin home, for students are so accustomed to the "sister and cousin racket" that they would not believe a real case like the present one. He couldn't possibly lie out of the matter owing to the tenderness of his conscience. The only plan he could think of was to drive her to a point where she could take a trolley and leave her.

Miss Mills declared that not for worlds would she interfere with his prayer meeting engagement, though she had never heard that he was especially given in that direction. So they whirled thirty miles instead of twenty, going over the two sides of a triangle instead of the hypotenuse, and drew up beside a trolley car just starting from its terminal on its inward run. Charlie took one more kiss (he couldn't help it) at parting, though there were persons in the car.

"Why, Molly!" exclaimed a lady beside whom she took a seat. "What are you doing here?"

"Oh, I've been to the college, spending the day with my cousin, Dave Barton. I've had a beautiful time."

"I think you must have had a beautiful time. Who was that young fellow who kissed you when you left the automobile?"

"Dave."

"Dave who?"

"Why, Dave Barton, of course."

"H'm! Do you think I don't know Dave Barton when I see him?"

"Not Dave?" asked Miss Mills, a strange doubt creeping over her.

"No."

"For heaven's sake, who is he?"

"Why, don't you know Dave?"

"No; I never saw him. I've only been in this part of the country a month."

"Is that young man a student?"

"I suppose so. I met him on the college campus and asked him where I could find Dave. He said he was Dave."

"Oh, my poor, dear little stupid lamb! The scamp has fooled you!"

"It isn't possible. He couldn't take me all the way home because he had to be back in time to lead his class prayer meeting."

The lady burst into a laugh.

The Sailor's Toothbrush.

A bluff and coarse old time sea captain caught a sailor one morning cleaning his teeth with a toothbrush. The old man seized the brush, snapped it in two and tossed the pieces overboard. Then, his eyes flashing fire, he said:

"What are ye tryin' to do—corrupt the ship with this here effeminacy? Cleanin' yer teeth with a toothbrush. Why, ye swab, don't ye know that when an honest sailor wants to scrape the tobacker off his grinders he does it, like a man, with a marlinspike or a link of chain cable dipped in cinders outen the cook's galley?"—New York Tribune.

A Satirical Reward.

There was perhaps more satire than gratitude in the reward bestowed by a French lady on a surgeon for bleeding her—an operation in which the lancet was so clumsily used that an artery was severed and the poor woman bled to death. When she recognized that she was dying she made a will in which she left the operator a life annuity of 800 francs on condition "that he never again bleeds anybody as long as he lives."

The Hunters.

"I'm going off on a hunting trip with Binks, Dawson and Bildad," said Hickenlooper.

"Fine!" said Wigley. "Big game or small?"

"Oh, we never go beyond the ten cent limit," said Hickenlooper.—Harper's Weekly.

Fast Color Too.

Mrs. Moneybags—Why do you apply for the position when I stated specially in my advertisement that I desired a colored chauffeur? White Applicant—Because, madam, I am quite sure that I could fill the position, I am very green.—Judge.

Some Improvement.

"Jane got her new bonnet wet."

"Did it ruin it?"

"I should say not. It made it look more fashionably lopsided than before."—Detroit Free Press.

KNOUT AND NAME

About All That Now Remain of the Original Cossacks.

CODE OF THE FIRST TRIBES.

One Class Lived In the Villages, the Other In a Sort of Monastery, and All Were Free Warriors, Self Appointed Guardians of the People.

Wherever Russia has a fight on hand there bobs up promptly to do her bidding the Cossack. This right arm of the czar has not the best of reputations. Illustrated papers picture him a savage scarecrow mounted on a wiry looking animal, and his chief occupation is apparently the knifing and knouting of harmless people. Yet he comes of good stock.

Once upon a time there drifted into southwest Russia a tribe of runaways who called themselves "Kossaki," which is Tartar for free men, free warriors or guardians. Seemingly they lived up to the name. They protected from the Tartars the peoples in the countries which they originally had fled from and saved thousands of Russian women and children from slavery in Turkey. Growing in numbers and importance, these self appointed guardian angels became everywhere feared and respected. Their military services especially were in request. Any nation could command their help if its cause appealed to the Kossaki code of honor.

The tribe had gradually resolved itself into two classes—the village Kossaki, who lived in their own settlements all over southern Russia, and the inhabitants of the "Setch beyond the rapids." The former had the advantage over other country folk, as neighboring governments were too afraid to tax them. Between wars, to which the call came from the Setch, the village Kossaki tilled the land. Of an altogether different character was the organization of this Setch, a community of about 12,000 men with permanent headquarters in a movable settlement (the exact location was changed eight times in two centuries), usually on an unapproachable island on the lower course of the Dnieper. The Turks once tried to rush the place, but got caught in the maze of islands like rats in a trap.

The Setch in one respect resembled a monastery. No woman was allowed inside it. A man might not even bring his mother or his sister. If he did he was hanged. Here, eager to lead the free and simple life among their equals, came all sorts and conditions of men. Indeed, owing to the law enjoining celibacy, the colony depended for its numbers on newcomers, although the village Kossaki contributed recruits. Any one could join, as rank and riches were despised, and all he had to do was to submit to laws as follows: Chastity, the orthodox creed, allegiance to Russia and the south Russian dialect. No reference or inconvenient questions of his past were asked of the intending Kossak. He simply went to the elected chief and, after a brief greeding, was shown to his place in one of the "kurenl," or big huts. "Here is thy home, three paces long and two paces wide, and when thou shalt die we will make it smaller."

They had good times, though, in the Setch. There were no maneuvers, no organized training, no compulsory drill. Men lay or slept in the leveled spaces between huts, enjoying, gypsy fashion, the freedom of the open air. Drink was plentiful and also tobacco. Great songs were sung, and there was much playing of stringed instruments. Throughout the place a spirit of good comradeship prevailed. A popular pastime was dancing, no easy task in cumbersome high boots. Costumes were of a picturesque variety.

The Kossak wore a mustache and on the crown of his head a lonesome wisp of hair, both being worn long to enable him to wind the three ends round his ears. Each man went armed to the teeth, and the majority carried "nagaikas" (whips which are still used).

In wartime things were different. To drink was a crime. Food, always plain, consisted of rations of uncooked horseflesh. Military organization was by election of leaders, one to every 100 men, with a colonel in command of a regiment. These officers had absolute power, but authority for only one campaign. Such war spells were of frequent occurrence, so much so that the fighting business led to the extinction of the tribe. Peter the Great laid waste the Setch. Mazeppa made himself unpleasant. The Setch was again bombarded and ruined when its inhabitants became, some of them, plowmen, while others were shipped to the orient. True, there was a brief reappearance of the Setch, but under different auspices and nothing like in old times. Finally the Kossaki lands were confiscated, and the tribe and its institutions gave place to serfdom and the creation of a new nobility. The Cossack of today inherits little of the old traditions but the name and the whip.—Harper's Weekly.

This Life.

Life is made up not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness and small obligations given habitually are what win the heart and secure comfort.—Sir H. Davy.

Nobody can help being born stupid, but anybody can help becoming stupider than he was born.—Lady Helen Forbes.

Spiders.

Spiders are not insects, as most people think. The spider has eight legs, whereas an insect cannot have more than six. The nervous system is constructed on a totally different basis, and so are the circulation and respiration. The eyes are different, the insects having many compound eyes and the spider never having more than eight and all of them simple. Then a spider has no separate head, the head and the thorax being fused together.

Longest Cough on Record.

The tiger came toward me, bellowing and grunting, and when he got opposite the screen he gave one of those fearful coughs which only a man who has been close to such a beast can appreciate. It was eleven feet long.—London Standard.

A Jollier.

"She's an economical little woman."

"Which means, I suppose, that every time her husband has his suit of clothes pressed she tells him that it looks just as good as new."—Detroit Free Press.

COURT OF ST. JAMES.

What a Presentation to English Royalty Means Socially.

There is no need for jealousy and excitement about presentations at court. Any respectable American girl can be presented at the court of St. James if she have sufficient influence with some lady who is even mildly persona grata at court. And when a girl or a matron has been presented then the matter ninety-nine cases out of a hundred comes to an abrupt end.

The social cachet amounts to no more than this—that the lord chamberlain has made an inquiry into your antecedents and found nothing in their history to cause comment. In the case of Americans the inquiry cannot be anything but perfunctory.

Some people imagine that a presentation at court is followed immediately by an invitation to the next state dinner or the next state concert or the next state tea and muffins. Nothing of the kind. You must attain or inherit great social importance or be representative in some way before the king and queen ask you to dine with them.

Presentation is a pretty laborious and expensive ceremony, signifying to any one who is not in the inner social ring in London nothing.—New York Telegraph.

A COLOSSAL HARP.

Veritan's Aeolian Giant Had Strings 320 Feet In Length.

The largest harp ever made, so far as is known, was that invented and constructed by M. Veritan, provost of Burkli, near Basel. It was known as the gigantic meteorological aeolian harp. It was 320 feet in length and was erected in the garden of its inventor in 1787.

This harp consisted of fifteen iron wires, 320 feet in length, stretched between two poles. The wires were from two to three inches apart, the largest being one-sixth of an inch in thickness and the smallest one-twelfth of an inch. They were placed in the direction of north and south and inclined in such a manner as to form an angle of from twenty to thirty degrees with the horizon, being stretched by means of rollers properly disposed for the purpose.

Whenever the weather changed the wires sounded with such loudness that it was impossible to go on with a concert in the house. The sound sometimes represented the hissing noise of water in rapid ebullition, sometimes that of a harmonicon and sometimes that of distant chimes or an organ.—Exchange.

Paul Revere, Dentist.

Was Paul Revere a dentist? The following advertisement published in the Boston Gazette and Country Journal of Revere's time is believed to prove that he was: "Whereas, many persons are so unfortunate as to lose their Fore-teeth by Accident and otherways, to their great Detriment, not only in Looks, but speaking both in Public and Private:—This is to inform all such that they may have them replaced with artificial ones, that looks as well as the Natural & answers the end of Speaking to all Intents, by Paul Revere, Goldsmith, near the head of Dr. Clarke's Wharf, Boston. All Persons who have had false Teeth fixt by Mr. John Baker, Surgeon Dentist, and they have got loose (as they will in time), may have them fastened by the above who learnt the Method of fixing them from Mr. Baker."

Honey Bread.

In Europe, where the food value of honey seems to be much better understood than in the United States, enormous quantities are used. Of late years we seem to be waking to the realization of the value of honey as a wholesome and delicious article of food and also as to its preservative qualities. Cakes and sweetbreads made with sugar soon become dry and crumbly and to get the good of them must be eaten when fresh, but where they are made up with honey they seem to retain their moist freshness indefinitely. In France honey bread a year or eighteen months old is preferred to that just made. They say, "It has ripened." It is the preservative, or rather the unchanging quality of honey, that makes it so popular with the best confectioners.—Christian Herald.

Tempestuous Jupiter.

Careful study of the planet Jupiter has afforded some rather interesting figures concerning its rate, or rather rates, of rotation. These do not affect the round numbers in which the equatorial velocity of Jupiter's rotation is usually stated—viz. about 28,000 miles per hour. But they furnish additional proof that the motions visible on the great planet's surface are not uniform from year to year. For about twelve years the equatorial region appears to have experienced an acceleration of velocity. Relatively to the surface some thirty degrees north or south Jupiter's equator rushes ahead with hurricane speed, between 200 and 300 miles an hour.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Not Very Flattering.

Mary met Emily on the street. They had not seen each other for many years.

"Why, how do you do?" exclaimed Mary, effusively, topping off the salutation with a few vague pecks at Emily's face.

"Now, this is delightful," said Emily, who was older than Mary. "You haven't seen me for eleven years, and yet you knew me at once. I couldn't have changed so dreadfully in all that time. It flatters me."

Said Mary:

"I recognized your bonnet."—Popular Magazine.

Natural Enough.

Jolkley—I once heard a man say that he would rather be an ex-convict than anything else he could think of. Polkley—The idea! How eccentric! Jolkley—Not at all. The man was in the penitentiary at the time.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Ermine Is the Royal Fur.

The fame of the ermine as a creature "patronized by royalty" dates back to the reign of King Edward III., who made it a punishable offense for any person except those of royal birth to wear the fur of this handsome little animal. This tyrannous restriction has been long removed, but ermine, of course, is still the royal fur and probably owes its long continued popularity as an article of personal adornment more to that fact than anything else. It has, however, the great drawback of losing its pristine whiteness after a few years, while, owing to the variation in the quality of the fur found on different animals of the tribe, ermine is far harder to match than many other skins employed in the making of human apparel.—London Globe.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson IX.—Second Quarter, For June 2, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. vi, 1-18. Memory Verses, 7, 8—Golden Text, Matt. vi, R. V.—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

We have our choice today of the regular lesson in order or a special lesson on the Holy Spirit from Acts ii, 1-11; but, inasmuch as only by the Spirit can the teaching of the regular lesson on almsgiving, prayer and fasting be put in practice, we will take the regular portion with a look at the whole chapter, as we do not seem to have the rest of the chapter in any subsequent lesson. The heart of the whole Bible seems to be "the kingdom of God and His righteousness" (verse 33). The Lord Jesus came to set up this kingdom on the earth, but as they rejected it and Him it will not be set up till He shall come again in glory. Meanwhile all who become children of God by receiving Jesus Christ and joint heirs with Him should walk worthy of His kingdom and glory while they wait for it (I Thess. ii, 12). Their motto should ever and always be, "First the kingdom of God." Then there would be no anxious thought about aught else, for He gives the assurance that all will be provided by our Father, who knoweth all our need (verses 31, 32). Whether it be the service or prayer or fasting of the daily life, there is one principle to govern all. It must be unto the Father, who seeth in secret, who looketh upon the heart and to whom all things are naked and open. "Not as pleasing men, but God who trieth our hearts" (I Thess. ii, 4), is a principal always to be observed. In contrast to that the most religious people of our Lord's time did everything to be seen of men (Matt. xxiii, 5). It was even so in the days of the prophets, and a special feature of the last days of this age will be a turning away from the truth and a form of godliness without any power (Isa. xxix, 13; Ezek. xxxiii, 31; II Tim. iii, 1-5; iv, 3, 4). In each of the three paragraphs of our lesson there is a contrast between a present reward or approval of men and a future reward from God Himself, spoken of in verse 20 as "treasure in heaven." We cannot serve God and Mammon or God and the devil, for the friendship of this world is enmity with God, and that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God (verse 24; Luke xvi, 15; Jas. iv, 4). There was only one who always and in all things pleased the Father, but He desires to live His life in us and will if we yield fully to Him (John viii, 29; II Cor. iv, 10, 11). He was manifestly approved of God by the miracles and wonders and sights which God did by Him (Acts ii, 22). Our instructions are to study, to show ourselves approved unto God, workmen that need not be ashamed (II Tim. ii, 15). This can be done only as we are Spirit filled like the disciples on the day of Pentecost, and like them we must be willing to be misunderstood and even counted drunken or beside ourselves for His sake. The old word to Abraham is always helpful, "Walk before Me and be thou sincere" (Gen. xvii, 1, margin), and also the oft repeated words in Leviticus, "unto the Lord" and "before the Lord." Concerning giving to any good work, the motive of the donor is everything. If the gift is wholly and only "unto the Lord," desiring only His approval, then it does not matter if people do know of it. It should be the love of Christ constraining, and according to II Sam. xxiv, 24, I will not offer unto the Lord of that which doth cost me nothing, and also according to I Chron. xxix, 14, "All things come of thee, and thine own do we give thee." Concerning prayer, it is real access to God by Jesus Christ, remembering I John v, 14, 15. "This is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will He heareth us, and if we know that He hear us, whatever we ask, we know that we have the petitions we desired of Him." As to this form of prayer which He gave at this time and which we spoke of in a former lesson on the beatitudes, the late Dr. Saphir said of it: "It is a model prayer and as such commends itself to the most superficial glance—approves itself at once to the conscience of man. The prayer is short, that it may be quickly learned, easily remembered and frequently used, but it contains all things pertaining to life and godliness. In its simplicity it seems adapted purposely for the weakness of the inexperienced and ignorant, and yet none can say that he is familiar with the heights and depths which it reveals and with the treasures of wisdom it contains." In verses 14, 15, of our lesson note that communion with God as our Father depends upon our forgiving others as He forgave us. This, like all the discourse is not a condition of salvation, but another word for His disciples. As to fasting, the best comment I know is Isa. lviii, 3-11, remembering that, like giving and praying, it must be from the heart unto the Lord. The forty day fasts of Moses and Elijah and the Lord Jesus were peculiar and unique, but the record of fastings in the Acts of the apostles is for our example, and our Lord spoke of the power of prayer and fasting in Matt. xvii, 21. Consider also Ez. viii, 21; Neh. i, 4; Est. iv 16; Dan. x, 2, 3.

Kind Neighbors.

When Miss Jenkins, after spending fifty-six years in the city of her birth, decided to buy a small farm in the country she determined to miss none of the delights of farming life.

"I'm going to have a steady horse and two cows and some hens," she announced to her brother, to whom she proudly displayed her new property. "The Adams boy from the next house will help me about everything. He'll drive the cows and milk and teach me how to harness, and of course I shall feed the hens and the little pig."

"The little pig!" echoed her brother. "Do you propose to keep a pig? And where, I should like to know?"

"There's room for a small pigpen back of the barn, away from the road and everything," said Miss Jenkins calmly. "Mr. Adams has some cunning little pigs, and that is what I wish. And I asked the Adams boy if he thought when the pig had outgrown the pen I could find some one to take him and give me another little one in exchange, and he seemed sure I could. You've no idea, brother, how obliging the people are here in the country."

A Kansas Cyclone

And How a Man Gained an Advantage by Its Coming.

By EVAN RATHBONE

It was in the state of Kansas that the great bank robbery occurred in 189—, and three men, Tom Gallagher, Mike Farragh and a man commonly known as Colorado Jim, were convicted.

The day after the crime was committed Donald Redfield was walking on a street in Topeka when he was taken in hand by a sheriff on a charge of being one of the bank robbers. At first he smiled at the mistake that was being made, but it was not long before he became thoroughly frightened.

Several persons who from windows opposite the bank had got a good view of the robbers swore that he was the leader of the gang, and later he was identified as Tom Gallagher, a desperado who had for some time stricken terror into the people of Kansas.

Redfield had but recently moved to the state with his wife and two little



"HERE'S A CORPSE!" CALLED A VOICE THAT HE RECOGNIZED.

children and found it difficult to prove to a jury representing an enraged people that he was not Gallagher, whom he very much resembled. The consequence was that he was convicted of the crime and hurried away to the state penitentiary. His parting with his wife and children was so affecting that some doubted if after all he was a guilty man.

There was certain work to be done outside the prison inclosure, and Redfield, who had been an inmate of the institution for several years, with an excellent record for good behavior, was chosen as one of the gang of laborers. Nevertheless, though they were all men picked for their tractable dispositions, prison officials stood over them with loaded firearms ready to shoot any man who might attempt to escape.

Donald Redfield, working with a pick, ceasing his efforts for a moment's rest, straightened up and saw a strange conformation of clouds in the west. His fellow convicts were all bent over their work, the guards did not dare take their eyes from the prisoners for a moment. The consequence was that he was the only person present who saw coming one of those cyclones that have occasionally visited the state of Kansas. The sound it made did not travel so much faster than the wind as to give a warning, but Redfield had time to look about him for means of protection. A few yards from him was a sudden drop in the ground forming a perpendicular bank some two feet high. He resolved to throw himself under this projection.

The other prisoners and the guards were taken completely unawares and were scattered, for they were caught in the direct line of the cyclone. Redfield by hugging the bank managed to maintain his position. The hurricane was of short duration, and when it had passed he saw several of the prisoners, who had been blown against some obstacle or were running in different directions. Not one of the guards was visible. All was confusion, and he realized that for a brief time he would be free to make his way as far as he could from the prison.

Since confusion was likely to be his greatest aid he darted off in the wake of the storm. There was no mistaking the path, for it had leveled every standing object in a swath about 300 feet wide. There was not much hope for the fugitive on account of his stripes. But seeing a man in a nightshirt standing near the wreck of a house—an invalid who had been in bed when the storm came—he divested himself of his prison garb and ran on with it under his arm, preferring to get rid of it as soon as he should come to a good hiding place, for a man in his underclothing and divested of stripes would be very suggestive of an escaped prisoner.

Thick clouds were swirling above in the path of the storm, and it was growing dark. Stumbling on, Redfield, crossing a heap of timbers that a short while before had been a house, trampled upon something softer than wood. Glancing at it, he saw the body of a man whose face had been so disfigured as to be unrecognizable. It flashed upon Redfield that if he could change clothes with this corpse his chances of escape would be greatly improved. Looking about him, he could distinguish only a few people, and they were absorbed in their own efforts. He managed to get coat, waistcoat and trousers off the corpse and, without stopping to put them on, set about drawing his striped garments on to the dead man. Some time was needed to effect the exchange, since the body was partly covered with heavy timbers, which were removed with difficulty.

However, when the fugitive had finished the work he ran on with the clothes he had obtained on his arm till he reached a clump of trees, which he entered and put them on. When he emerged it had grown quite dark, and he took heart, feeling that he had some chance of making his escape. But he well knew that a force from the prison would scour the neighborhood till every one of the laboring gang outside the walls at the time of the storm had been brought in either dead or alive or was known to have put a long distance between him and the penitentiary; therefore it behooved him to go on.

He did not overestimate the energy of the prison officials, for he had not gone a quarter of a mile when, hearing distant shouts, he turned and saw a clump of lights flashing in his eyes. It was too soon after the storm for a rescue party to have collected; such rapidity could only have come from the prison. Satisfied that it would be better to employ strategem rather than attempt to outrun these persons, he looked about for a place of concealment. He was near a house that had been spun around, its front door facing a yard that had been in its rear. It had been partly wrecked, and the fugitive crawled in under some lower timbers, drawing a post over him to indicate that it had fallen on him.

Having thus prepared to play dead man, he waited in his uncomfortable position under the timber which he would make others believe had killed him. The voices came near, and the party at last tackled the house in which Redfield was lying with a view to saving any person in it who might still be alive. They were, as he had supposed, the prison officials looking for escaping prisoners, but they had been joined by several persons who were bent on rescue work. Redfield had taken the precaution to lie on his face so that he must be turned over for it to be exposed.

"Here's a corpse!" called a voice that he recognized as that of the warden of the prison. "You fellows look into it. We must move on."

The warden's footsteps died away, and Redfield knew that another light was turned upon him. Then the timber was lifted off him, and he felt a hand laid over his heart.

"Bring some liquor," cried a voice. "This man isn't dead. We may save him."

His jaws were pulled open, a flask put to his lips and whisky poured down his throat. He needed it, but not for what the rescuers supposed. It was required to give him strength and courage to play his part. Having stimulated him, his rescuers carried him out and laid him on a board, it being evident from what they said that he was to await an examination from a surgeon whenever one could attend to him. But there were calls in so many directions that one by one his attendants left him for more pressing duties.

There were by this time so many persons about that Redfield concluded that it would be safer for him to temporarily join a rescue party than to pursue his flight. Arising from his hard bed, he went to the nearest wrecked house, where some men with lanterns were working, and assisted in the removal of several wounded persons. While doing so he heard a man say to another:

"The party we laid on a board to wait for a surgeon has disappeared."

"Impossible," said the other.

"Sure as you live. I found a doctor for him, and when we found the place where we had left him the board was there, but the man was gone. I wonder if a rescue party came along and, thinking him dead, buried him."

It was midnight before all the wrecked houses had been examined and the persons engaged in the work dispersed and stillness reigned. Then Redfield began a tramp that did not end till he had reached the Mississippi river, where under the name of Jacob Thompson he shipped as deck hand on a steamboat bound for New Orleans.

Meanwhile Mrs. Redfield learned that her husband had escaped from imprisonment during the cyclone and his body found under a wrecked building, though no one could account for his having been there when the house was demolished. It was two months after this that she received a letter from her husband, dated at Rio de Janeiro, informing her that he was alive and well and requesting her to join him with the children.

Keeping the information to herself and hiding her joy so far as she could, she made her preparations to depart and when completed sailed for South America, though she made her movement with great secrecy, so that her object should not be suspected.

In the interior of South America is living a man who calls himself Oldfield, a prosperous coffee planter, who could tell a story that would bring requisition papers from the United States to take him back to Kansas to serve out a term of imprisonment. But he has grown older and so changed in appearance that even were he returned it would be a hard matter to identify him. So he has long ago ceased to fear being disturbed.

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ONE HE DIDN'T KNOW

A Story of a Narrow Escape

By CLARISSA MACKIE

There is a Chinese proverb that runs something like this: "A devil you know is safer than a devil you do not know."

Although Jim Westcott had lived in China for ten years, this proverb had never been driven home to him for the reason that his natural bump of cautiousness had heretofore prompted him when dealing with Asiatics to confine his dealings with persons who were recommended to him. Sometimes these recommendations were exceedingly slight.

Jim Westcott was the Shanghai representative of a large New York silk importer. It was his business to negotiate for shipments of silk as they came down from the interior via Nanking and thence by railway to Shanghai.

Westcott had agents, Chinese, of course, scattered among the silk provinces, and through these agents he was enabled to make many negotiations that proved very profitable to Fredericks & Co. of New York. So Jim Westcott's salary mounted higher each year as he increased his firm's business. As Jim was a single man and without near relatives he had much more money than he could conveniently spend for a man of his quiet tastes, and so he took to gem collecting.

At the time of this story Jim Westcott had seven fine precious stones. There was a very large diamond, three flawless emeralds, two small pigeon blood rubies and one great milky pearl that he had secured at a great bargain from an impoverished mandarin from the back provinces.

About a month after this Jim was seated in his office one morning when his native servant or "boy" entered with a long strip of red paper that proclaimed it the visiting card of one



SURROUNDED BY A VILLAINOUS LOOKING BAND.

Ting Tai, private secretary to the mandarin Wen Hao To, from whom Jim had bought the great pearl, the gem par excellence of his little collection.

After the first ceremonies of the visit had been concluded and the boy had served tea and sweetmeats and had withdrawn to the outer office Ting Tai drew his chair close to Westcott's desk and spoke in English:

"My master, the Hon. Wen Hao To, has again sent me to open negotiations with your respectable firm," he began politely.

"More pearls?" asked Westcott eagerly, for he had a comfortable balance at the bank awaiting just such an opportunity as this might be.

Ting Tai shook his head and smiled, but back of the smile was a look of greed that should have warned Jim Westcott. "I am filled with regret that my master has suffered many losses during the past year and has been compelled to part with many precious possessions. This time it is not gems. If your perfectly respectable firm could negotiate for rich and handsome brocaded coats—gold and silver and some woven with seed pearls—my master may be persuaded to part with them."

Jim drew a long breath. If there was one thing that his "perfectly respectable firm" liked to get hold of it was a handsome mandarin coat. There was always a demand for the genuine article, and not only collectors, but private persons, fought for possession of them at any price. Some of the patterns were worth their weight in gold, too, to silk manufacturers who could copy them.

"That sounds good to me," Jim said in response to Ting Tai's remark. "Got them with you?"

"No," returned Ting Tai cautiously. "They are at my master's palace in Sicheng."

[illegible] disappointed. It meant [illegible] and he had hoped to include this shipment of coats with a cargo that sailed on the 25th.

"Then you will bring them down for inspection?" he inquired.

Again Ting Tai shook his head. "My master has bidden me inform you that the coats are too precious to be intrusted to any one other than the owner. He is suffering from an attack of rheumatism that confines him to his palace. He has requested me to ask if you can spare enough of your very valuable time to make the journey to Sicheng and select the coats and complete the negotiations there."

Jim Westcott sat in deep thought for several moments. This was an entirely new proposition to him, and it required consideration. His business might be left for the week that it would require to make the journey to Sicheng and return, for he had made up his shipment for the month. He felt not the slightest doubt of the secretary's sincerity, for he had done business with him for several years. The mandarin Wen Hao To was an inveterate gambler and after squeezing his inferiors to the utmost farthing now made a yearly sacrifice of some precious possession in order to satisfy his craving for the gaming table.

"How shall we go?" asked Jim to gain further time.

"By railway to Nanking, where my master's junk lies; thence up the river of golden sands to Sicheng."

"I'll go," concluded Jim hastily. "I'll be through with my business at 4 o'clock. If you will meet me at the railway station I will accompany you to your master."

The rest of the morning was filled by Jim's preparations for departure. Wah Loo flew hither and thither at his master's bidding, his slant eyes glittering expectantly. If there is one thing more than another that a Chinese servant thoroughly enjoys it is a hubbub of any sort.

Almost at the last moment Jim called the servant to him.

"Boy," he said, "can so get all same ready, chop-chop."

"Can so!" squealed Wah Loo, delighted at the idea of a journey.

"Skedaddle, then!" commanded Jim. And, although that wasn't English or even pigeon English, Wah Loo understood the order and skipped away to make his scanty preparations.

Jim Westcott had two reasons for taking Wah Loo with him. He believed the boy to be faithful, for he had been seven years in Jim's personal service, and he felt that going into the interior, where there is constant danger from bandits and river pirates, he needed some loyal henchman who might at least report his master's death in case anything did happen. And in these isolated provinces things were very likely to "happen" in the most casual way.

The journey to Nanking was uneventful, as was the trip up the river. They were attacked by river pirates one dark night, but a violent thunderstorm effectually put the rascals to flight, and the frightened crew of the mandarin's pleasure craft returned to their posts after much persuasion from the fat captain.

At Sicheng wharf they were met by sedan chairs, in which they were promptly whirled away to the mandarin's palace a few miles beyond the city.

Suddenly that old Chinese proverb came to Jim's mind, "A devil you know is safer than one you don't know."

"I'm mighty glad I brought Wah Loo along," he soliloquized. "I certainly know that little yellow devil."

It was an added comfort to feel the two loaded automatic revolvers in his pockets.

All at once they entered a desolate region where the road was merely a rough track. Jim wondered that the highway that led to the mandarin's palace should be so ill kept and apparently little traveled. If the men had deliberately chosen this out of the way route it was evidence that some mischief was brewing.

It was not only brewing, but bubbling over, for Jim had no sooner snatched his weapons out than they were surrounded by a villainous looking band of highway robbers. The bodyguard gave back instant fight, but Jim noted at once that it was a sham battle.

He had been delivered into the hands of his enemies. There was little doubt that some one had passed the word along that Jim Westcott possessed these precious gems. Wen Hao To was in sore straits. He needed them. What more likely to happen than that the honorable representative of Fredericks & Co., should be attacked by robbers on his way to the mandarin's palace to purchase the silk coats?

"Boy!" called Jim sharply, glad that he had brought Wah Loo along.

When he saw that Wah Loo had deserted him and was fighting vigorously to permit the robbers to approach the chair of his master Jim understood. Wah Loo was the traitor who had told about the gems his master carried.

Because they had counted on Wah Loo's stealing his master's weapons before the ambush sprang upon them the robbers were quite unprepared for the fusillade of bullets that poured from the opening in Jim's chair. When he was all alone there, spattering the dust in the road after the last flying heels, Jim realized that the artful secretary, Ting Tao, had fallen a victim to his own treachery. The man was lying, slightly wounded, beside his chair, deserted by the cowardly soldiers who had fled with their allies, the robbers.

Jim did what he could for the secretary with the little emergency medical case he carried, and he was glad when a party of missionaries in bullock carts came along and volunteered to carry the secretary and the American back to Sicheng.

So, after all, the gems that Jim carried in his belt were quite untouched. After that he kept them in safe deposit at his bank. He found a steamer going down the river, and the following day found him back in Shanghai.

The first thing he did was to send for another house boy to take the place of the departed Wah Loo.

For that was the devil he really didn't know.

ARTIFICIAL PERFUMES.

It Is a Wise Flower That Knows Its Own Scent.

There are few perfumes today that cannot be made from chemicals, synthetically, as the chemists call it. Formerly all perfumes were extracted from flowers, fruits, spices, woods or other vegetable and animal substances. The first perfume to be imitated was vanilla, in 1876. Heliotropine followed, being obtained by oxidation of a byproduct of camphor.

Terpinol is one of the most freely used constituents of perfumes. This is a near relation of turpentine. With this, a little oil and aqua fortis a chemist can produce a perfume that can scarcely be distinguished from those exhaled by the lily of the valley, lilac and jasmine, varying according to the proportions in which the chemicals are blended.

Artificial violet is a combination of citrol (an essence extracted from lemon), Indian vervaine or lemon verbena with common acetone, a substance very like pyroligneous acid.

No chemist has been able to counterfeit musk, but a synthetic perfume called musk is made from toluene, a byproduct of benzine and coal tar. This is changed to a complex carburet, treated with azotic and sulphuric acids, is diluted and sold as musk.

Most of the cheap perfumes are imitations, and they are almost always inferior to the flower extracts. So it might properly be said that it is a wise flower that knows its own perfume.—New York World.

FIRST ANIMAL HOSPITAL.

It Was Established In the Orient Over Two Thousand Years Ago.

One must go to the orient and look back more than 2,000 years to find the first animal hospital known.

The famous Buddhist emperor of India, Asoka, whose long reign from 264 to 227 B. C. abounded in many good works, was probably the earliest to establish a hospital for the treatment of animals, says Our Dumb Animals. Asoka was a true humanitarian as well as a most powerful sovereign and, although ruling a vast domain, became deeply impressed by the horrors of warfare.

He gave up his desire for conquest, and the rock inscriptions, which are still extant, record such beneficent edicts of his as the counseling of planting shade trees, the digging of wells, sending out of missionaries, appointment of special officers to supervise charities, the establishing of hospitals for humankind and animals.

It is of interest to know that the last remaining of Asoka's hospitals was devoted to animals. It covered twenty-five acres and was divided into proper wards and courts for the accommodation of the patients. When an animal was sick or injured its master had only to bring it to the hospital, where it was cared for without regard to the caste of its owner and where, if necessary, it found an asylum in old age.

Where Name Spa Originated.

Perhaps few people know that the term "spa" as applied to a watering place originated with the resort of that name in Belgium, which a hundred years ago was one of the best known resorts in Europe. Its vogue has continued to a great extent up to the present time, though the high play that once made it famous is not now allowed by the Belgian government. They call it the "pearl of the Ardennes," and its name is merited, situated as it is in one of the most charming valleys of that range with a most beautiful country surrounding it. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the walks and drives in the height of summer, for the well tended parks and gardens of Belgium are famous, and the whole country is dotted with beautiful country houses.—Brooklyn Eagle.

An Autograph Request.

Ambassadors receive many queer requests in the course of their official duties. Here is one that was sent to Mr. White by a western woman, who inclosed pieces of linen, when he was minister to Germany many years ago: "We are going to give a fair in our church, and I am making an autograph quilt. I want you to get me the autographs of the emperor and empress, the crown prince and Bismarck, and tell them to be very careful not to write too near the edge of the squares, as a seam has to be allowed for putting them together."

Near Fulfillment.

"Jones told me today that the ball on the top of that tall tower building was blown down by the strong gale and came very near striking him down."

"I've told Jones often that highballs would sooner or later be the death of him."—Baltimore American.

Brutus and Caesar.

"Brutus," said Caesar as he drew himself up majestically, "this is exceedingly rude of you."

"Rude? How?" demanded Brutus.

"Why," answered Caesar just before he fell, "to cut an old friend."—Baltimore American.

Ended the Matter.

Saxon—It's a fine morning, Sandy. Sandy grunts. Saxon—I said it was a fine morning, Sandy. Sandy—Verra weel, vera weel. I dinna want tae argue!—London Opinion.

Wrecked by the Line.

Wife (sweetly)—Do you remember the first time we met? It was in a train. Husband (bitterly)—Yes, but it's too late now to sue for damages.—Exchange.

A Scotch "Bull."

General Wade constructed military roads in the highlands of Scotland. An obelisk was constructed to commemorate his achievements on which was inscribed the following "bull," intended to distinguish between natural tracks and made roads:

Had you seen these roads before they were made
You would lift up your hands and bless General Wade.

MARK TWAIN IN ANGER.

The Great Humorist Was a Volcano When He Broke Loose.

Famous authors are usually poor business men, but Mark Twain, according to William H. Rideing in his "Many Celebrities and a Few Others," knew his own value and had no unbusinesslike indifference to the substantial recognition of it. The only critic Twain "ever listened to with patience and respected and obeyed was his wife." Underneath his humor lay a deeply serious nature. Mr. Rideing says: "How mistaken were the people who, not knowing him, imagined that everywhere and on all occasions his attitude and point of view were those of the jester! I never knew a more earnest man than he was or one whose aroused indignation was so overwhelming. When anger moved him you could see his lean figure contract, and his eyes ominously screwed themselves into their sockets. Every fiber in him quivered, and for the moment his voice became acid and sibilant and out of tune—almost a whine.

"Then he would let himself out in a break, like that of a dam unable to hold the flood, in language as candid and unshrinkable as the vernacular of the Elizabethans. Epithet would be piled on epithet, one following another with cumulative vigor and distinctness and the disclosing and illuminative effect of explosives.

"And not a word missed its mark; not a word seemed superfluous or exchangeable for any other word. Each fitted the use he made of it as a cartridge fits a rifle or a revolver; each told."

CURIOUS BATTLEFIELDS.

An Indoor Attack and a Cavalry Charge on a Naval Force.

At the battle of Monterey, in the Mexican war, our troops were able to command the streets of the city with their artillery, but they experienced much difficulty in driving the Mexicans from their houses. Accordingly, as the city was built of stone or adobe, the Americans broke through the walls from one house to another, fighting and driving out the enemy as they proceeded. Thus, it appears, the battle of Monterey was largely fought indoors.

In the time of William the Silent, when the Netherlands were fighting the Spaniards, a number of Spanish vessels became frozen in on the Zuyder Zee. Out came the Dutch on horseback on the ice to attack the Spaniards. This is probably the only battle of record wherein cavalry was employed directly against a naval force.

There have been battles fought underground. Chiefest of these was the fierce encounter pertaining to the siege of Haarlem in the Dutch wars. The Spaniards mined and the Dutch countermined with equal industry, and below the ground a terrific conflict ensued.

When, after the commune, the Versailles troops took Paris they chased certain of the communist forces to the great sewers of the French capital, and in these more than one sanguinary battle occurred.—New York Press.

What Is Happiness?

Happiness is the greatest paradox in nature. It can grow in any soil, live under any conditions. It defies environment. It comes from within. It is the revelation of the depths of the inner life as light and heat proclaim the sun from which they radiate. Happiness consists not of having, but of being; not of possessing, but of enjoying. It is the warm glow of a heart at peace within itself. A martyr at the stake may have happiness that a king on his throne might envy. Man is the creator of his own happiness. It is the aroma of a life lived in harmony with high ideals. For what a man has he may be dependent on others; what he is rests with him alone. What he obtains in life is but acquisition; what he attains is growth. Happiness is the soul's joy in the possession of the intangible.—William George Jordan.

A Practical Husband.

Surely the Monmouthshire man who caused his wife's wedding ring to be inscribed, "If thee doesn't work, thee shan't eat," was determined that there should be no mistake in what he required in a wife. The only wonder is how any woman could be induced to marry him with such a threat before her eyes. The exact date of this ring is not known, but it is previous to the eighteenth century.—Chambers' Journal.

BISMARCK'S REVOLT.

The Quarrel and Retort That Parted Him From the Kaiser.

The emperor's quarrel with Bismarck is a matter of history, and it started owing to the chancellor having a private interview with a certain political personage unknown to his majesty. The kaiser, hearing of this, wrote to Bismarck telling him that he expected to be informed of all such interviews before they took place. The prince's reply to the letter was a verbal one and was spoken to the emperor's private secretary. "Tell his majesty," it ran, "that I cannot allow any one to decide who is to cross my own threshold."

When the message was delivered to the kaiser he drove around to the chancellor's place and asked him what the discussion in question was about. In excited tones the prince declared that he could not subject his intercourse with political personages to any restraint, nor would he allow any one to control the passage to his private apartments.

"Not even when I as your sovereign command you to do so?" shouted the emperor, enraged.

"The commands of my sovereign," coldly replied the chancellor, "end at the drawing room of my wife."

At the same time he offered to retire from office. This was on Saturday, and on the following Monday the emperor politely asked Bismarck to send in his resignation. On March 18, 1890, the Tuesday after the quarrel, the abdication was written, and Germany lost her pilot.—National Magazine.

A TRICKY TONGUE.

It Won Dean Spooner a Reputation For Unconscious Humor.

QUEER BLUNDERS OF SPEECH

Some of the Gems Attributed to the Old Dean's Habit of Interchanging the First Letters or Syllables of Words—American "Spoonerisms."

"Spoonerisms" is a recognized and accepted word used in the best circles of English society, even though it has not yet found its way into the dictionaries. Derived from the last name of the Rev. William A. Spooner, warden of New college, Oxford, it characterizes a curious sort of blunder that is habitual with that man—the unconscious interchanging of the first letters or syllables of words with what are often directly humorous results.

The most famous of all the stories about him tells how he once thundered out from the pulpit, "Jehovah was not on the side of the kinkering congs," meaning, of course, "conquering kings."

At another time he convulsed his audience by boldly stating that he held concealed a half wormed fish (half formed wish) in his bosom.

At a university dinner given at the time of Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee he proposed, "Three cheers for the queer old dean," and they were given with a will, in honor not only of the dear old queen whom he had wished to remember, but of the queer old dean who had forgotten himself.

Exasperated by a would be humorist among his pupils, he informed him that he had a "weeble fit," not meaning any new disease, but the old, old complaint of a feeble wit.

To another who had been mainly occupied in wasting two terms at college he complained, "You have been incorrigibly lazy and, to top it all, you have tasted two worms."

In quoting the familiar text, "Bow not thy knee to an idol," he made it, "Bow not thine eye to a needle."

One day he discovered a stranger sitting in his family pew. "Madam," whispered he, "do you intend to occupew this pie?"

Also he could blunder as blithesomely in action as in speech. One windy day, as he was walking down High street in Oxford, his hat blew off. He stooped to pick it up, but at that very moment a hen hurried by. He set off in full pursuit and never stopped until he had caught hold of the luckless hen on Magdalen bridge. Then and there he solemnly tried to put the bird on his head.

Such are a few of the blunders in word and deed that have been attributed to the "dear old dean." Must we accept them all as genuine? Not if we are to believe a contributor to M. A. P., who informed that paper that at a church congress a well known delegate said to him:

"Have you ever noticed how spoonerisms have died out since Canon Liddon is no more? I will tell you how it is. Liddon and I used to make them up. One of our best, which is always attributed to Spooner, is 'From Iceland's Greasy Mountains.'"

Spoonerisms at all events existed before Spooner himself was born. Some meritorious ones may be found in Moore's Diary. There is the story, for example, of an old actor named Parker, who used always to say the "coisoned pup" instead of the "poisoned cup." One night when he spoke it right the audience said "No, no!" and called for the other reading. Another actor mentioned in Moore made a great hit with the misquotation:

How sharper than a serpent's thanks it is
To have a toothless child.

John Kemble was one night performing a favorite part in a country theater when he was interrupted from time to time by the squalling of a child in the gallery. At length, angered by this rival performance, Kemble walked with solemn step to the front of the stage and, addressing the audience in his most tragic tones, said, "Ladies and gentlemen, unless the play is stopped the child cannot possibly go on."

America itself is not without its Spooners and its consequent spoonerisms. There must have been at least three Spooners in the western court where the following scene is said to have taken place:

"How far is it between these two towns?" asked the lawyer.

"About four miles as the flow cries," replied the witness.

"You mean as the cry flows."

"No," put in the judge; "he means as the fly crows."

And then they all looked at one another, feeling that something was wrong.

A sort of conscious spoonerism was that brilliant jest credited to Dean Briggs of Harvard. During the year when the slogan "To hell with Yale!" first became popular among Cambridge undergraduates the dean, in company with Dr. Edward Everett Hale, was hurrying on his way to a great football game between Yale and Harvard.

"Where are you going?" asked another member of the faculty.

"To yell with Hale," answered Dr. Briggs.—Boston Post.

Life.

Life is the finest of the fine arts. It has to be learned with lifelong patience, and the years of our pilgrimage are all too short to master it triumphantly.—Drummond.

Opportunity is like a pitched ball. The time to hit it is before it passes the plate.—Youth's Companion.

Incontestable Proof.

Insurance Agent—What are the proofs of your husband's death, madam? The Widow—Well, he has been home for the last three nights.

Ought to Know.

"I wonder how it feels to be dead?"

"How should I know?"

"You work in a store that doesn't advertise."—Houston Post.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1912

NATIONAL CONVENTION.

As before remarked the country will not know the name of the Republican Presidential candidate until the vote is cast, counted and declared at the National convention soon to be held at Chicago. The real contest for the nomination is to be fought to a finish there by the 1078 Republican and Insurgent delegates from the 48 states of the Union.

The Roosevelt supporters say that their man, the Colonel, will have a majority of these delegates and be nominated on the first ballot. On the other hand, the Republicans contend that Taft is ahead in the count and will beat Roosevelt by a good working majority. Conservative men of all factions take this view of the case.

It is rumored that a "dark horse" is being groomed to enter the ring at the crucial moment and capture the prize. The story is not generally credited, but the belief is that Taft and Roosevelt are to do the heavy fighting with a few votes for LaFollette who says Roosevelt euchered him out of a fighting chance for the nomination.

It bids fair to be the livliest and hardest fought Republican National convention since 1860, when William H. Seward thought he had the Republican vote in his pocket, but fortunately Abraham Lincoln was nominated.

ANOTHER TERM.

Now that Representative Parker by long and persistent effort, has succeeded in securing a Legislative appropriation of $50,000, included in the Metropolitan Park omnibus Bill, for the extension of the Mystic Valley Parkway from Winchester to Horn Pond, it is fair to presume that he thinks he reads his title clear to a seat in the Massachusetts Legislature of 1913, whatever may be the effect of his third election on the prospects of Representative Andrews for a second. It is fair, also, to presume that his work in obtaining a boulevard for Woburn is regarded by him and his friends as more than an opening wedge for his return to the House at the next annual election.

THE DINNERS.

At half past 1 o'clock on Memorial Day W. R. C. 161 and 33 furnished excellent dinners for Woburn Post 161, G. A. R. and Burbank Post 33, G. A. R., and a large number of the guests of both Posts.

Following the dinners were entertaining exercises including speeches, short talks, music, and other good things.

They were greatly enjoyed by Veterans and guests.

COL. GUILD IS WILLING.

Ex-Governor Curtis Guild of Boston, American Ambassador at St. Petersburg, Russia, replies to numerous enquiries that he is willing to make a run for U. S. Senator to succeed U. S. Senator Murray Crane if a general desire is expressed by the Republican Party for him to do so.

His is undoubtedly the strongest name that has yet been suggested for the honor, with Representative Weeks of the National House a strong second.

TAFTS LAWYER.

Last Sunday Sam J. Elder, Chairman of the Massachusetts Republican State Committee, one of the ablest members of the American Bar, was summoned to appear at Chicago forthwith to assume the duties of President Taft's leading Lawyer in the controversy going on in Committee respecting the settlement of contested seats in the National Convention.

CRANE'S SUCCESSOR.

Our esteemed cotemporary, the Winchester *Star*, does not go far wrong when it suggests Representative S. W. McCall for U. S. Senator Crane's successor.

Mr. McCall is amply qualified to fill Senator Crane's shoes, and his election to the upper branch would honor the State.

☞ The Sports Committee for the Hospital Field Day, June 17, have decided on the following programme: Girls' baseball game, 50 yard dash, boys under 16; 50 yard dash, girls under 16; 50 yard dash, girls over 16; 100 yard dash open, men; High School relay race; Grammar school relay race; special relay race, Patrick Tenney and John McKittrick, captains; baseball throwing contest for girls; baseball throwing contest for boys; baseball throwing contest open; boys sack race; girls obstacle race; and 2 mile run. Sports will start at 11 o'clock and the ball game will be at 3 o'clock.

☞ They say that Senator Brown of this District is busy arranging wires to connect him with another term in the upper branch of the Massachusetts Legislature.

☞ Probably believing that Col. T. R. is still a "cow puncher" located somewhere in the "Wild and Wooly West" the people of South Dakota chose delegates opposed to the nomination of President Taft at their Primaries last Tuesday. Just where the delegates will be found when the voting takes place in the Chicago Republican convention is unknown.

To offset Taft's failure in So. Dakota he gained the 10 Ohio Republican delegates at-large, which aroused the anger of the Colonel to a boiling heat and caused him to call the members of the Ohio Convention "Political Brigands."

☞ Some weeks since Commissioner Kennedy, B. P. W., increased the salary of Philip McCarron, driver, from $17 to $21 a week and last Monday evening, after a long and hot debate, the Board refused, 3 to 2, to adopt Com. Kelley's motion to repudiate Com. Kennedy's action. Kelley and Wallace voted for, and Mayor Murray, Kennedy and Carey, against, repudiation.

☞ James Skinner, Esq., President of the Woburn Cooperative Bank, has offered a special prize to the best drilled member of Companies A and B, of the Woburn High School Battalion. He has always taken a lively interest in the Woburn H. S., especially in their athletic and sports departments, and has again made it manifest by generously offering a military prize.

☞ The Massachusetts State tax for 1912 is expected to reach $6,500,000, the largest in its history. It was $5,500,000 last year. Some expert financiers say the increase is unnecessary and unwarranted.

☞ Ex-Governor Eben S. Draper, says he wouldn't mind taking a shy at Senator Crane's old shoes if it would be agreeable to the Republicans. It probably would not be agreeable to them.

☞ Representative J. H. Parker, Jr., as one of the speakers at the Post 33 Memorial Day reception and banquet, acquitted himself handsomely, and pleased the large audience.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

C. G. Morse—Probate Notice.
Helen C. Hanson—Property for Sale.

— Last Tuesday was another 84 at our workbench.

— Several W. R. C. ladies spoke at the Post 33 Memorial dinner.

— And for real heat Monday last was no slouch of a day, either.

— Kate Morey will be on deck Choate Field Day with her Gypsy Camp.

— Second class of Maude Littlefield's piano and violin pupils are to give a recital this evening.

— Haggerty's *Times* had a good report of Memorial Day decoration of the graves of soldiers.

— The church bell should always toll while the Veterans are marching from their halls to the cemeteries.

— It was pleasant to see T. Marvin Parker out with the old "Boys in Blue" at the Memorial ceremonies last week.

— The famous Marine Band of Washington, D. C. said "Our Naval Heroes" was the best piece they ever played.

— Representative Parker of Woburn and Senator Brown received the pens of Gov. Foss with which he signed the Boulevard Bill.

— Yesterday evening was G. A. R. Day at the Woburn Grange. The Veterans were handsomely entertained by the Grangers.

— Clarke's "Naval Heroes," Whitcher publisher, was played as a piano solo at Post 33 Memorial dinner by Miss Annie J. Connolly.

— Rev. Henry B. Williams, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist church of Woburn, is a capital postprandial orator on patriotic occasions.

— At the close of his academical course William H. Clewley, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Clewley of Pleasant street, will enter Yale University.

— Of course, Veteran Fort Staples of Post 161 was in line of march to decorate the graves on May 30. He wouldn't miss that duty for anything.

— As Chairman of the Hospital Field Day, June 17, Cattle Committee George F. Bean is to drive the same yoke of steers he did last year.

— The employees of the American Hide & Leather Co., in this city began their Saturday afternoon holiday on June 1, and are to continue 3 months.

— Hon. Chester W. Clarke, Lawyer, said that Horatio Clarke's "Our Naval Heroes," A. W. Whitcher publisher, is the best piece of musical composition of that character he ever heard.

— When completed this city will be well off for State highways. There is the West Side State Road built some years ago; and the Mystic Parkway; and the Woburn—Wilmington State Road to come.

— The first quill pen a 56 year old gent of this city ever laid his eyes on was that with which Gov. Foss signed the Woburn Boulevard Bill, then presented it to Rep. J. H. Parker, and Whitcher has mounted in fine shape.

— Independence Day, July 4, comes on Thursday this year, and Bunker Hill Day, June 17, on Monday. It is likely that the Choate Hospital Field Day will take the place of both of them so far as a public celebration is concerned.

— Please read the advertisement of Mrs. Helen C. Hanson in this paper. The property is well located and desirable.

— The address at the Woburn High School graduating exercises this month is to be delivered by President Lemuel H. Murlin of the Boston University.

— W. R. C. 161 borrow 3 days and are to hold their Flag Day exercises on Tuesday evening, June 11, instead of June 14, the date of the adoption by Congress in 1777 of the present Flag of our Union.

— Woburn H. S. pupils are to enter college as follows this fall: Harvard, Robert Johnson, J. E. Sheehan, J. J. McDonough, Harry Lindmark, Earl Greenleaf; those planning to enter M. I. T., W. H. Fowle, C. M. Dean, A. A. Carter, Charles Lyons.

— Last Sunday was the hottest June 2 in Boston and vicinity in the last 17 years. It was simply melting; Thompson's Spa in Boston reported 90 degrees at 3 30 P. M., with no wind stirring, and the sun doing its level best to make people unhappy and indifferent to mortal existence.

— In obedience to the order of the School Board the grammar and primary schools of this city started in last Monday to open at 8.15 A. M. and close at 1 30 P. M., the wisdom, or unwisdom of which is to be tested, as the practice has never before prevailed among the Woburn schools.

— The Sons of Veterans Camp always experience great pride in decorating the Soldiers Monument on Woburn Common for the Memorial Day exercises, and always perform the pleasing task splendidly. It was never decorated in better taste, or more profusely, than this year, thanks to the school children.

— Mrs. D W. Bond is Chairman of the Woburn Woman's Club Committee of the Choate Hospital Field Day, June 17, which is an assurance that good work may be expected from that popular organization in behalf of a worthy cause. Mrs. Bond is President of the Woman's Club, and a lady of rare executive ability.

— The St. Charles Alumnae have elected the following officers: Miss Alice T. O'Brien, President; Miss Anna E. Parker, Vice President; Miss Gertrude A. Lynch, Recording Secretary, and Miss Margaret E O'Connor, Treasurer. The installation of officers will be held June 24 in St. Charles' hall at the annual banquet of the Association.

— It wouldn't surprise us a mite to learn authoratively that Abijah Thompson of Woburn is the oldest member of G. A. R in Massachusetts and yet he was out bright and early with his G. A. R. Comrades on Memorial Day morning, accompanied them to the cemeteries and helped decorate the graves. He was 89 years old on May 22, 1912.

— The spring of 1912 departed last Friday, May 31, in a manner not altogether creditable to the Weather Bureau man. It was a cold, wet day, such as compels cows and calves and colts out at pasture to seek lea sides of sheltering hills, and clumps of pines, and alder thickets, to protect them from the icy rain and N. E winds. At 11 30 A. M. occurred one of the heaviest showers of the season.

— At a meeting of the members of the Swedish Evangelical Free church on Montvale avenue held last Saturday evening the debt on the meetinghouse was fully paid and a good time enjoyed over burning of the mortgage. It was founded in 1884 by Charles R. Rosenquist, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Swenson, Mr. and Mrs. L. Froberg and Gustaf Olson. It has flourished from the beginning and now has 100 members.

— Mrs Helen C. Hanson, for many years a resident of Woburn, where her husband, the late Mr. J. I. Hanson, was for a long period Master of the High School, was visiting friends and former neighbors in this city yesterday. She resides on the old Adams homestead at Uxbridge, a picture of which, with the church and Soldiers Monument nearby, she kindly presented to us.

— At the annual meeting of the Ladies' Charitable Reading Society, June 5, the following officers for 1912-13 were elected: President, Mrs. Clara A. Holland; Vice President, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Nichols; Secretary, Mrs. Marianna W Eaton; Treasurer, Mrs. Caroline G. Richardson; Directors for 3 years, Mrs. Clara I. Cottle, Mrs. Mary A. Heartz; Mite Box Collector, Mrs. Lucy T. Gott; Auditors, Mrs. Sophia Hovey, Mrs. M. L. Beggs, Miss Helen Jameson.

— Among other good things the Pop Concert at the County Fair on the Hospital Field Day, June 17, to be held in Lyceum Hall in the evening, for which the best home talent are engaged, is to be one of the very best. The artists who will take leading parts in it, or some of them and their contributions, are: vocal solos by Mrs Jennie Trecartin Fox, and Mr. Edward Hayden, solo dancing by Miss Helen Sylvester, violin selections by Miss Maude H. Littlefield, buck and wing dancing by Holland and Watt, miniature minstrel show by Ferd. Harkins, Charles G. Hill, Joseph Breslin and Thomas Hardy.

— The Woburn printers began last Saturday to take their Saturday half holiday, which will continue through June, July and August. They knock off work, stand their aprons up behind the door, and leave the printery at 1 o'clock P. M. for an afternoon of rest and pleasure, of which they stand greatly in need, seeing that their lot is so cast that they are obliged to do the hardest work and eat the poorest victuals through the week. It has been thus ever since "John Faust and the devil" invented the "Art preservative of all arts." So, the printing offices in this city, or the most of them, will be closed every Saturday afternoon from now on to next fall.

Famous Stage Beauties

look with horror on Skin Eruptions, Blotches, Sores or Pimples. They don't have them, nor will any one, who uses Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It glorifies the face. Eczema or Salt Rheum vanish before it. It cures sore lips, chapped hands, chilblains; heals burns, cuts and bruises. Unequalled for piles. Only 25c at All Druggists.

— In a month from now rich people will begin to pack their trunks and get things in shape for the summer vacation outing and a season of sweet rest. As early as July 10, after the celebrations and festivities of Independence Day have come and gone, and are nearly forgotten, seaside resorts will have received their campers for the hot weather season and arranged for a great influx of transients; hotels will get busy and grow fat; country boardinghouses will put on airs; and woodland scenes will get gay and musical with city visitors, and long and short vacationists. Northern forests will echo the tunes of happy summer outers; the brooks and streams give up their wealth of "speckled beauties;" and the lakes and ponds enlivened with the music of the canoemen's paddles and evening songs. And may we all be there to see.

— Mrs. Captain C. P. Jayne was visiting her former neighbors and old friends in this city last Week, from whom she always receives a cordial welcome. Capt Jayne was a Maine navigator who spent many years in command of ships engaged in the China and Japan trade and until the decline of American commerce compelled him, like thousands of other U S seamen, to abandon the business and return to his American home. He came to Woburn and engaged in shore occupations where he and Mrs. Jayne remained until he was appointed Superintendent of the Sailors Snug Harbor in Quincy, from whence, a few years later, he passed to a future existence. Upon the happening of this sorrowful event Mrs. Jane moved to and settled at North Weymouth, which is her present home. While she and Capt. Jayne were residents of Woburn she was prominent in church, temperance, charitable work, a leader and officer of the W. C. T. U., and a lady highly esteemed by everybody. She still retains a lively interest in these worthy objects in this city.

— Mr. William R Cutter, Librarian Emeritus of the Woburn Public Library, member of the N. E His. and Gene. Society in Boston, a historian and genealogist of high standing, delivered a historical address at the annual meeting of the Wyman Family Association held at the old Wyman Homestead in Burlington, the official headquarters of the Association, yesterday. Not having seen his address we are unable to give the readers of the JOURNAL what Mr. Cutter said about the object of the Massachusetts (Middlesex?) Rangers going to Fryeburg, Maine, in 1725 ostensibly to punish Chief Paugus and his Pequasit Tribe for the "Indian depredations" they had committed on the white settlements of the Province of Maine, about which there used to be told different stories. Mrs. Legg (Charlotte Wyman), Secretary of the Association, might throw light on the once vexed question. Seth Wyman, son of Seth Wyman of Woburn who shot and killed Chief Paugus at the Lovell Pond fight was an early settler and prominent citizen and official of the town in Somerset County, Maine, which has the honor of being the birthplace of the present Editor of the JOURNAL.

Drives Off A Terror.

The chief executioner of death in the winter and spring months is pneumonia. Its advance agents are colds and grip. In any attack by one of these maladies no time should be lost in taking the best medicine obtainable to drive it off. Countless thousands have found this to be Dr. King's New Discovery. "My husband believes it has kept him from having pneumonia three or four times," writes Mrs. George W. Place, Rawsonville, Vt., "and for coughs, colds and croup we have never found its equal." Guaranteed for all bronchial affections. Price 50c & $1.00. Trial bottle free at All Druggists.

Weinrich—Winn.

In the Congregational Church at Reading, Tuesday afternoon, Rev. D. A. Newton officiating, Morris Francis Weinrich, Ph. D., of New York, N. Y., and Friede Winn, daughter of the late Daniel D. Winn, formerly pastor of the First Baptist Church of Woburn, and E. Agnes (Ruediger) Winn, were were united in marriage. Mrs. Weinrich was born in Woburn, but at an early age removed with her parents to Forest Hills. For some years after the death of her parents she lived in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Frank E Hurd of Braintree, and Milton, and now of Reading. While finishing her college preparation at the Winchester High School she lived in the family of her cousin, Mrs. Maria Winn at Winchester. In the fall of 1906, Mrs. Weinrich entered Mt. Holyoke College, from which she was graduated in 1910. She then taught successfully in the Braintree High School, resigning in March of the present year. Dr. Weinrich is Assistant Professor of Physics in Columbia University.

Immediately after the ceremony the happy pair left for a short trip to the mountains, after which they will spend the summer in Europe, sailing from New York June 18. While abroad they expect to meet in Berlin Miss Mathilda Ruediger, Mrs. Weinrich's aunt and her friend Mrs. Anna Walker. At the opening of Columbia University in the fall, they will take up their residence in New York.

Among those present at the ceremony were Mr. and Mrs. Moriz Weinrich of Yonkers, N. Y., parents of the groom, Mrs. Winn and daughters of Winchester, cousins of the bride, Mrs Cummings of Winchester, Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Hurd, and Miss Marion Hurd of Reading, Mrs. Matilda Ward of Dorchester, Mr and Mrs. Charles Kohler of Braintree, Mrs. Charlotte Norton of Braintree, Mrs. Helen L. Gilman of Dorchester, Miss Webster of Boston, Mrs. E. N. Blake of Woburn and daughter, Mrs. Emma Parker, Miss Nellie Ellis of Woburn, and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Meadum and Clarke Meadum of Woburn. The organist was Miss Maybelle Webster of Reading.

Could Shout For Joy,

I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart," wrote C. R. Rader, of Lewisburg, W. Va., "for the wonderful double benefit I got from Electric Bitters, in curing me of both a severe case of stomach trouble and of rheumatism, from which I had been an almost helpless sufferer for ten years. It suited my case as though made just for me." For dyspepsia, indigestion, jaundice, and to rid the system of kidney poisons that cause rheumatism, Electric Bitters have no equal. Try them. Every bottle is guaranteed to satisfy. Only 50 cents at All Druggists.

Phases of Woburn History.

Politics and Church Incidents in Woburn in the early eighteen hundred and sixties.

The following letter inspired by my late series, entitled, "Phases of Woburn History," is so good, that we cannot refrain from printing it, with a slight suppression of names. Editor Allen, whom everybody in Woburn still remembers, was always "spoiling for trouble," and is fittingly rebuked. The hint about the Roundys and Mr. Clarke, the organist, who is still living here, much respected, will be appreciated by our older citizens. Our friend, Mr. B., is not a Roosevelt man, and in the earlier years of the Civil War was an ardent Democrat, when party spirit rankled in the breasts of many, but like many Democrats at that period, served his country in the field as a member of the cavalry. A word from the other side on any question is often worth while, in politics or civic affairs generally. By this means the atmosphere is cleared of unexplained difficulties.—C

MY DEAR MR CUTTER:

I am sorry that the writings of William the son of Benjamin "are ended." They have turned my thoughts backward to Woburn. I was a fierce Democrat in those days and have so been till the silver dishonesty cured me. Went as delegate to State Convention at Worcester.

One day I was making a speech in the public square at Woburn and happening to use the word "nigger" Editor Allen cried out "How do you spell nigger?" I yelled in reply, How do I spell nigger? "I'll tell you. A-l-l-e-n, nigger." At that the crowd roared and Allen subsided.

Another time I was marching in a big Democratic club bound for Winchester, and we halted to take in Roundy. His wife stood on the top steps as he descended and the crowd burst forth in song on the night air: "Who will care for Betsey now?" As Mrs. Roundy was exceedingly well able to care for self and husband, it was considered a most humorous stroke.

As we went through the willows, Roundy said to me: "This is a very dark neighborhood, Joseph!" Supposing he referred to the willows, I said, "Yes, there are so many trees," but Roundy corrected me with much solemnity. "It is a *black Republican* neighborhood."

I was upset one Communion Sunday in our family pew. My mother having received the elements was meditating with her eyes shut. Dea. S. suddenly stood in the aisle by her side and as she took no notice poked her with the plate. When aware of what he was at she waived him away with such dignity that I rolled about on the seat with laughter.

Well, I would like to see you and the old days again, but I never shall.

What a beautiful sight that church was when full of people. I sang tenor in the choir with your brother, Mrs. Bessie, Mary Wyman and Celinda Fox. Clarke wrote his own opening pieces, and was fond of running his tenor for bars on high "G" which was hard on the tenors.

—— —— was a S S. Supt. with a very large school. On concert nights he had a grand chance to make a telling address. Slimpsey stuff he peddled out. I remember one he gave on his travels somewhere: "And children, I partook of oysters for twenty-five cents, and they were very nice indeed!!!

A., "The Archer," who shot me, sends love to all beneath the rooftree.

Your affec. friend,
J. C. B.

Machiasport, Maine,
May 29, 1912.

Kinemacolor Shows Wonders Of The Durbar.

The gorgeous spectacle of the Durbar, as presented in Kinemacolor last Thursday night in Tremont Temple, proved a source of inspiration such as is seldom, if ever, provided by motion pictures. The results obtained by this new process are remarkable, representing as great an advance over the black and white films as these in their turn do over the old "stereopticon lecture." The colors of nature are reproduced with an accuracy which is astonishing; the hues are comparable to those obtained by the finest methods of three-color printing.

Much of the success of the pictures is doubtless due to the subject. The Durbar, woich took place under the open sky, in the strong tropical sunlight of India, offered a unique opportunity for the photographer, and the vivid pageantry of the celebration, together with its gorgeousness and infinite variety, produced a continuous series of effects that were kaleidoscopic in their richness and novelty.

This unique and comprehensive series is being presented daily at Tremont Temple, Boston, at prices ranging from twenty-five cents up.

Choate Hospital Aid Association

At the annual meeting of the C. H. A. A. held on May 31, 1912, the following officers were elected:

President, Mrs J. W. Fox.
First Vice President, Mrs. W. E. Blodgett.
Second Vice President, Mrs. T. E. Caulfield.
Secretary, Mrs. W. H. Keleher.
Treasurer, Mrs. H. Copeland.
Auditor, Miss H. M. Jameson.
Directors for three years: Mrs. E. D. Hart, Mrs F. W. Shattuck, Mrs. C. W Gilbert, Mrs. G. P. Russell.

Mrs. T. P. Callahan was elected a director for one year and Mrs. Robert Chalmers a director for two years.

Interesting reports of last year's work were read by the officers, from which it was made to appear that the Association are doing a large and prosperous work in behalf of the Choate Memorial Hospital of this city.

The May Party of 1912 yielded $372.

The Committees,

The list of Committees appointed to carry out the Choate Hospital Field Day plans on June 17, has very much the appearance of business. The Chairman of them and aids have been selected for their working ability from prominent classes of people and loyalty to the cause, who will give good reports of their work.

It is going to be a great day for Woburn.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

A number of splendid comedy features, with just a dash of novelty to spice the whole, will be offered at B. F. Keith's Theatre next week, the three principal features being new to Boston audiences. Sam Mann, the German comedian, will make his first appearance here in an original farce entitled "The New Leader." The scene is laid on the bare stage of a vaudeville theatre on a Monday morning, and all the characters of denizens of the world behind the scenes.

Cabaret At Paragon.

The tremendous success of the Cabaret Show at Paragon in the Palm Garden at Nantasket Beach has been fully demonstrated in the few days that it has been open for another season. The best test of this came on Thursday, Decoration Day, when the weather was anything else but propitious for the opening of a summer season at Paragon, but the magnet of the Cabaret in the Palm Garden was sufficient to overcome all rivalry of the elements. In spite of the dreary and rainy day—a day that prompted thoughts of staying at home rather than ever going to amusements that kept one safe and dry indoors—the Palm Garden was filled to its capacity all the evening for the Cabaret that night.

Foils A Foul Plot.

When a shameful plot exists between liver and bowels to cause distress by refusing to act, take Dr. King's New Life Pills, and end such abuse of your system. They gently compel right action of stomach, liver and bowels, and restore your health and all good feelings. 25 cents at All Druggists

Methodist Church.

The Philathea Class of young ladies will hold a Poverty Party in the gymnasium Monday evening.

Rev. and Mrs. F. M. Estes entertained the children of the church by a Garden Party Tuesday afternoon, June 4, on the parsonage lawn. Games were played and refreshments served A jolly good time was enjoyed by all.

— The Ladies Aid Society of the M. E church will hold a Salad Supper and Entertainment on Thursday evening, June 27, 1912. The entertainment will consist of a dialogue entitled "Six Kleptomaniacs." Supper at 6 30. Admission 25 cents to all.

Sunday, June 9, will be "Children's Day" at this church. In the morning the pastor, Rev. F. M. Estes, will preach a sermon appropriate to the occasion, and there will be baptism of infants. At six o'clock the annual "Children's Day Concert" will be held with exercises by the Sunday School and music by a children's choir. The Epworth League services will be omitted.

Resigns To Get Advancement

The Holyoke Municipal Electric Light Plant has just furnished the most striking illustration of why municipally owned and operated public utilities are not successful: they can't keep their men.

W. H Snow, who, for ten years, has been Manager of the Gas and Electric Department of the City of Holyoke has tendered his resignation, to take effect June 15. He has accepted the offer to become General Manager of the New Bedford Gas and Electric Company of New Bedford, Mass. The Holyoke Daily Transcript says: "Though Mr. Snow filled the highest salaried position in the Holyoke city government, the new position commands a considerably larger salary, and the opportunities for advancement are greater with the New Bedford Company, which is privately owned. Mayor White has only words of praise for the retiring Manager. 'He got results and good ones too. He has been a valuable man in a most responsible position.'"

WINCHESTER.

A great many cases of measles have been reported here lately among children. The Doctors have been busy.

Memorial Day was appropriately observed by the Civil War Veterans of this town. The customary programme was carried out. The G. A. R. ranks are rapidly thinning out here.

The Winchester *Star* nominates Hon. Samuel W. McMcCall of this town for Senator Crane's successor in the U. S. Senate. No better selection could be made by the Republican party.

Mr. Abijah Thompson, a former highly respected resident of Winchester a member of the well known Thompson family of Woburn, where he was born on July 29, 1827, died at his home in West Medford on May 29, 1912, aged 85 years. He was a prominent leather manufacturer.

The Lawson trophy race usually paddled on Mystic lake June 17th, will be held this year on the Saturday following, June 22nd, owing to the Eastern Division meet of the A. C. A. being held on the former date. The Winchester Boat Club will hold a regatta on the same afternoon and a dance in the evening

Married.

In this city, June 3, by Rev. Roy W. Magoun, Elmer W. Wharton of Somerville, Mass., and Laura M. Morrow of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, June 1, Luther D. Bemis, aged 64 years, 5 months, 25 days.
In this city, June 2, Franklin J. Perkins, aged 59 years, 5 months, 22 days.
In this city, June 4, Edward Bannon, aged 64 years, 8 months, 9 days.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Frederick P. Smith, late of Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

COURTLAND G. MORSE, Admr.
54 Equitable Bldg., Boston, Mass.

May 31, 1912.

S. FRANK SHERMAN,

118 High Street, Reading, Mass., twenty years' experience Making and Tuning Pianos. All orders will receive prompt attention.

LLOYD'S
EYEGLASSES AND SPECTACLES

Kryptok Bifocals Glasses

FAR AND NEAR GLASSES IN A SINGLE PAIR

Almost nobody wears separate Glasses for far and near nowadays. Kryptok DoubleVision Glasses are driving them out. Kyrptoks are more convenient, more agreeable, and far more stylish.

5 STORES, USE THE MOST CONVENIENT
315 Washington St., 310 Boylston St., 75 Summer St.
BOSTON
1252 Massachusetts Ave., CAMBRIDGE,
230 Essex St., SALEM,
ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.

I OFFER THE FOLLOWING PROPERTIES FOR SALE

At Exceptionally Low Prices

6 Eastern Avenue
15 - 17 Eastern Avenue (Double House)
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Also, vacant lot 6,000 square feet

Write for particulars and terms to

Mrs. HELEN C. HANSON,
Uxbridge, Mass.

MAKING A BASEBALL.

The Winding Process Is Done In Secret In a Locked Room.

In the center of the standard baseball, as used by the professional players, there is a globe of compressed cork covered with rubber. This globe is about an inch in diameter and around it are wound a few layers of coarse twine. It is then sent to the winding room, where machines first wind on thick four ply blue yarn. At frequent intervals the ball is soaked in a cement solution and put aside to dry.

Many different workers have to do with the winding of the ball. Each workman tests it for size and weight before he passes it along. The machines insure tight and even winding and there are different machines for different sizes of yarn. These machines are operated in secret in a locked room.

When the ball has been wound to the proper size with blue and white yarn and has been dipped in the solution, it is wound finally with smaller yarn. Thus the firm, rough center is overlaid with finer and finer material until at last it is smooth and perfect, ready for the cover.

The best horsehide obtainable is used for covers. The pieces are cut by hand and dampened and stretched. The ball is put into clamps and the cover sewed on with cotton thread, which has a greater frictional strength than linen or silk. Each ball is sewed by hand and then put into a machine that irons down the seams. The polishing is done by still another machine. Then, after being stamped and wrapped, the ball is ready for market.

A ball weighs five ounces and is nine inches in circumference. In the course of manufacture it is weighed and measured five times.—Harper's Weekly.

MAGNIFIED HER WEALTH.

A Five Dollar Bill That Seemed to Be a Small Fortune.

The woman handed her friend a five dollar bill. "See the number of small fives engraved on it?" she asked. "When I was in Denmark a few years ago such a bill as that caused me a great deal of amusement, and I had to surrender one before I could prove myself clear of a false belief regarding my finances.

"An aunt whom I was visiting saw in my purse one day a number of these bills, and she asked to examine one, as it was so different from any of the Danish money. She studied it attentively a few minutes and then asked me how much it was. I told her it was $5, and, to my surprise, I saw she did not believe me. 'If it is only that amount,' she said, 'why has it so many little figures on it?'

"I tried to explain, but I made little impression on her. Later I heard she had told our relatives that I was 'worth thousands and thousands of dollars' and was trying to conceal the fact from the family lest they should expect some things of me that they would not otherwise.

"When I heard that I was visiting in another part of the country and could not very well defend myself, so I hit on the expedient of sending my aunt a present of a five dollar bill. When she went to have it changed into the money of the country she was at last convinced, though at the price of having her dream of wealth rudely shattered."—New York Press.

Inevitable.

"Why, she used to be a theatrical star, but since she has grown fat she's just an ordinary actress."

"Nothing strange about that. Any astronomer will tell you that as stars increase in magnitude they decrease in brightness."—Chicago Tribune.

Mandatory.

Ethel—I'm awfully sorry, but I can't come to the party tonight, as I have a date. Gladys—Can't you break it? Ethel—Not this one, dear. It's a man date.—Lippincott's.

If you cannot be free, be as free as you can.—Emerson.

Next to excellence is the appreciation of it.—Thackeray.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
Men's Class at Noon.
12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45.
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday from 2.30 to 4.30.

Linnell's Market

Beech-Nut Brand
(Goods in Glass)

Sliced Beef,
Sliced Bacon,
Peanut Butter,
Red Current Jelly,
Grape Jelly,
Pineapple Preserves,
Raspberry Jam.

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Tel. 314 W.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Levi W. Cooper, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Griffin Place and Maurice J. Levy, the trustees under the will of said deceased have presented for allowance, the ninth and tenth accounts of their trust under said will:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the tenth day of June, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said trustees are ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate, fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of May in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

24-31-7 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

THE AMERICAN
Dress Cutting College
ROOM 5,
431 Main Street, Woburn
Knight Building (over Woolworth's)
Hours 2 to 4.30 and 7 to 9.30 P. M.

Tuesday and Thursday beginning June 11.

For information address
Miss E. I. KENNEY,
94 West St., Reading, Mass.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

New Grass

BUTTER

Cut from the Tub

32c. lb.

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has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—$20.

Whitcher's

PILL BOX

LET US SHOW YOU.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE

In effect June 25, 1911.

[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for MALDEN SQ. at 5.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.15 A. M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, *11.15 P. M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 3.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to †10.45, †11.15, †11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Centre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

* Melrose Highlands Only.
† To Stoneham Square Only,

GEO. H. GRAY, Supt.

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Made into handsome and durable

RUGS

For full particulars address

C. A. NICHOLS,

Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.

Caneseat Chairs Reseated.

Telephone 492 W

NOTICE.

Hair Mattresses Made Over. Ticks Washed and New Ticks furnished when required. New Hair added when needed.

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THERE IS NO CASE OF INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, BLOOD OR SKIN DISEASE arising from a disordered stomach, bowels, liver or kidneys which

"SEVEN BARKS"

will not materially benefit, or permanently cure; this has been proven for the past 42 years. Ask your parents, or neighbors, about SEVEN BARKS, as thousands have testified to its merits. Don't delay to get a 50 cent bottle at your druggist, and start yourself on the road to complete recovery.

LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York, N.Y.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY FOR COUGHS COLDS PRICE 50¢ & $1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES

GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

SHADOW PICTURES.

Photographs That Can Be Made by the Aid of a Magnet.

It is possible to produce, with the aid of a magnet, shadow photographs resembling those made by action of the X ray. Either an electromagnet or a permanent magnet will answer the purpose.

Place a key or other iron or steel object on the sensitive film of an ordinary photographic plate, then bring the poles of the magnet near the other side of the plate and keep them there for five minutes or more. Upon developing the plate a shadow picture of the key or other object, as sharp and well defined as any of the X ray pictures, will be found.

By this method only iron or steel or other paramagnetic substances may be photographed, but the sensitive side of the plate is turned toward the magnetic poles and a disk of iron nearly as large as the plate is placed on the other side then shadow pictures of any nonmagnetic objects, placed on the sensitive film facing the magnet, may be obtained. The operations are, of course, conducted in a dark room.

With an electromagnet capable of lifting a weight of 100 pounds one scientist has made such pictures through two inches of interposed wood. He has also obtained shadow pictures with a compound steel magnet weighing little more than a pound.—New York Tribune.

ORIGIN OF "BLACKLEG."

The Term Came From Race Track Men Who Wore Black Top Boots.

The term blackleg, which has come to mean one who systematically tries to win money by cheating in connection with races or with cards, billiards or other games of skill or chance and is used as synonymous with a swindler, a welsher, is of uncertain origin. Some authorities connect it with the black legs of a gamecock, so much used by the sporting fraternity for betting purposes.

According to another and more probable view, the expression had no disgraceful sense attached to it at first, but was applied to turf and sporting men because they were often in the habit of wearing black top boots. When blackleg had thus become a current phrase for professional sporting men it probably passed into use as applied more particularly to those who took an unfair advantage of their opportunities to cheat the unwary.

The derivation of this term was once solemnly argued before the full court of queen's bench upon a motion for a new trial for libel, but that learned tribunal was unable to decide its origin.—London Standard.

The Bitter End.

You have probably often heard a person say "I will follow it to the bitter end" or something to that effect, but very few persons know that this is a nautical term and is borrowed from a ship's cable. If you have ever been on a big ship you must have noticed two big pieces of wood sticking up out of the deck forward, alongside each other. They sometimes have a windlass between them, and they are used to secure the cable that goes to the anchor. These pieces of wood are called the bitts. When the ship comes to anchor and the cable is paid out all that part of it which is abaft or behind the bitts is called the bitter end of the cable. In a storm or in poor holding ground for anchors the more cable that is paid out the better the anchor will hold, and when the captain is at all doubtful he pays out his cable to the bitter end sooner than risk any harm to his ship.—New York Press.

Animal Ink.

Along the rocky shores of New England is much indelible ink. It is better than any that can be bought—a beautiful crimson in color and when applied to fabrics absolutely unchangeable. This ink is contained in little bottles put up by Nature herself, the receptacles in question being certain whelks, or sea snails, of the species known to science as Purpura lapillus If the shell of one of these whelks be broken there will be found just under the skin of the back a slender whitish vein containing a yellow liquor. The latter when applied to linen with a small brush and exposed to the sun turns first green, then blue, then purple and finally a brilliant crimson Nothing will wash it out.

Somewhat Mixed.

"Willie, can you tell me what a vegetarian is?"

"A vegetarian is a person who lives on vegetables," replied Willie.

"That is correct. Now I wonder who can tell what an octogenarian is."

"I know," replied Eddie.

"Well, what is an octogenarian?"

"An octogenarian is a person that knocks the other genarians."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Weddings In Barcelona.

The wedding invitation means much in Barcelona, Spain, for then every one who receives one must go and give a coin to the bride. That is for her dowry. The father is usually unable to furnish one. He has had to buy a house for her and fit it up, and that is usually expensive.

Very Extraordinary.

"Eh, doctor," said a gillie of a small Scotch town to a friend, "he maun hae been an extrao'nary man, that Shakespeare. There are things hae come into his head that never would hae come into mine at a'."—Christian Register.

Oblivion is the rule and fame the exception of humanity.—Rivarol.

Too Professional.

"I saw that man gazing into your eyes," said Maud.

"Yes," replied Mamie. "I felt complimented until I learned that he is studying to be an oculist. I had the same disappointing experience with a young dentist who was always anxious to make me smile."—Washington Star.

Seems So These Days.

Teacher—The right to have more than one wife is called polygamy. What is it when only one wife is allowed a man? Willy—Monotony, ma'am.—Lippincott's.

Frank.

Manager (to applying office boy)—Why did you leave your last place? Boy—Well, I couldn't git along wid de boss, an' he wouldn't git out.—Exchange.

His Suggestion.

Blobbs—Guzzler isn't very talkative, is he? I don't seem able to draw him out. Slobbs—Try a corkscrew.—Philadelphia Record.

BOARDED AN ICEBERG.

The Floating Island That Wrecked a Ship Saved Its Crew.

Curious indeed was the experience of the crew of the German ship Hansa with an iceberg. The Hansa struck an ice island in latitude 52 degrees a little before midnight in a freezing gale. The impact carried her bow far up on the berg and imbedded it firmly in the ice. Her back was broken by the force of the collision and before morning was wrenched away from the forward part by the battering seas and sank.

When the Hansa struck the boats were lowered, but only one escaped being swamped after pulling away from the doomed ship. It was soon found, however, that this boat was leaking and that no amount of bailing would keep it afloat more than a few hours, so the mate in command of it made for the berg and succeeded in climbing up on it to a place of temporary safety. From the broken timbers of the Hansa's bow the castaways built a rude shelter and snared sea birds to eke out the scanty supplies they had been able to save from the ship.

As the ice island drifted farther south into warmer waters and began perceptibly to shrink the shipwrecked men were a prey to constant fear that the melting mass might turn turtle any time and precipitate them all in the sea, from which it had so providentially saved them. Also they feared it might "calve" and the part breaking away from the main bulk might carry them with it to destruction. The constant grinding and groaning of the great ice raft filled their hearts with constant terror, and the deserted seas added to their despair.

But the berg held together for eight months, and the Hansa's men traveled 750 miles before they were finally picked up in latitude 41 degrees, suffering from frostbites and hunger, but otherwise no worse for their long exposure. —New York Press.

WEST POINT CADETS.

Their Education Costs the Government About $3,500 Each.

The selection of West Point as the place for the National Military academy was due to its advantages from a military viewpoint, for its rugged beauty and its severe climate were calculated to be beneficial in the foundation of that sort of character so essential to a successful officer.

The academy was formally opened on July 4, 1802, with ten cadets and five officers as instructors. Its success is said to be due to the administrative ability of General Sylvanus Thayer, who became its superintendent in 1817 and served as such for sixteen years. This officer is known as the "father of West Point."

A cadet's education costs the government about $3,500. All cadets are on the same footing. The pay of a cadet is $600 per year and one ration per day or commutation thereof at 30 cents per day. The total is about $709.50, to commence with his admission to the academy. Immediately after his admission the young man must spend $160 for uniforms.

After graduation the cadet is eligible to the rank of second lieutenant and is appointed to whatever branch of the service his record entitles him Those who are highest in class honors are generally appointed to the engineer corps.—Leslie's.

Polite and Tactful.

The mayor of a French town had, in accordance with the regulations, to make out a passport for a rich and highly respectable lady of his acquaintance, who, in spite of a slight disfigurement, was very vain of her personal appearance. His native politeness prompted him to gloss over the defect, and after a moment's reflection he wrote among the items of personal description, "Eyes dark, beautiful, tender, expressive, but one of them missing."

NEW YORK'S FIRST CHURCH.

And the Earliest Religious Services on Manhattan Island.

The first religious service on Manhattan Island was held in 1628. This resulted in the organization of a church, the services of which were held in the upper story of a mill which ground the grain of the colonists. The first minister was Jonas Michaelius and the first elder Peter Minuit, director general of New Netherland.

The first church building on Manhattan Island was situated on Pearl street, between Whitehall and Broad streets, facing the East river. This structure was a poor, plain building of wood and constructed in 1633 by the West India company. Its congregation was presided over by Dominie Bogardus, the second clergyman of New Amsterdam, and was regarded as a more fitting place than the loft of the mill for public worship.

William Kieth, director general of the West India company, caused to be erected a church outside of Fort Amsterdam, which contained three long, narrow windows on each side, fitted with small panes of glass set in lead, on which were burned the coats of arms of the chief parishioners. This building was erected in the meadow of Mrs. Dominie Drisius and fronted on a lane, now called Exchange place. In those days, however, it was known as "Garden alley." A large bowl of solid silver for bastismal services was made by the silver workers in Holland. In the belfry was the bell which had been removed from the old church in the fort.—Westchester County Magazine.

Mark Twain's Question.

Mark Twain when visiting Melbourne was the guest of the mayor on a picnic trip down the river Yarra, a stream renowned for its crookedness and for the odor from its banks. On account of the many turns in the river numerous signs reading "Dead Slow" are placed at the turnings to warn ship captains to slacken speed, and these attracted Twain's attention. Sniffing cautiously at the tainted breeze that came from the slimy banks, he turned to his host.

"Mr. Mayor," he asked, "what are these dead slows that smell so strong?"

Radium's Wonderful Power.

Suppose that the energy of a ton of radium could be utilized in thirty years, instead of being evolved at its invariable slow rate of 1,760 years for half disintegration, it would suffice to propel a ship of 15,000 tons, with engines of 15,000 horsepower, at the rate of fifteen knots an hour for thirty years—practically the lifetime of the ship. To do this actually requires 1,500,000 tons of coal.—Sir William Ramsay.

BALKED THE BULL.

Presence of Mind That Saved the Life of a Little Child.

A regiment of the German army resting in a country road was appalled to see a great bull madly pursuing a little child in a field near by and yet so far away that the child could not be reached in time to save it nor yet saved by the shooting of the animal.

The bull had his horns down, and all the soldiers were horrified to see that in another moment the child must be gored to death. For an instant no one seemed to know what to do, and then the drum major shouted to the buglers of the band, who stood near with their instruments in their hands, to sound a loud blast. They looked aghast.

"Sound, I say, for God's sake, to save the child!" repeated the drum major.

Then the buglers blew a blast at the top of their lungs. The drum major knew that animals of that species were so much affected by strange and high pitched musical sounds that they seemed compelled to imitate them. This bull proved to be no exception to the rule.

As soon as he heard the bugle blast he paused in his pursuit of the child, glanced toward the band, raised his head and began to bellow madly. The buglers kept up as high and discordant a tumult as they could, and meantime soldiers were running to the rescue of the child.

Before the bull had finished his attention to the bugles the child was in a place of safety.—New York Tribune.

STOCKINGS OF SILK.

The First Pair Queen Bess Wore Made a Hit With Her Majesty.

Up until the time of Henry VIII. stockings were made out of ordinary cloth. The king's own were made out of yard wide taffeta. It was only by chance that he might obtain a pair of silk hose from Spain. His son, Edward VI., received as a present from Sir Thomas Gresham "a pair of long silk stockings." For some years longer silk stockings continued to be a great rarity. Says Stow:

"In the second year of Queen Elizabeth her silk woman, Mistress Montague, presented her majesty with a pair of black knit stockings for a New Year's gift, which after a few days' wearing pleased her highness so well that she sent for Mistress Montague and asked her where she had had them and if she could help her to any more, who answered, saying, 'I made them very carefully, of purpose only for your majesty, and, seeing these please you so well, I will presently set more in hand.'

"'Do so,' quoth the queen, 'for indeed I like silk stockings so well, because they are pleasant, fine and delicate, that henceforth I will wear no more cloth stockings.'

"And from that day up to her death the queen never wore cloth, but only silk stockings."—New York Herald.

Ant Colonies.

An ant nest or colony arises from eggs laid by one or more "queens." The developing young are tended by the sexless neuters, or "workers." The maggots, or larval ants, are fed by them, often nourished out of the nurses' mouths, and are as carefully watched in respect of the temperature and other conditions of the nurseries as are infantile human beings. When full development occurs the pupae change into ants, which are either winged or wingless. The latter are the "neuters," or workers. They may develop big jaws and appear as the "soldiers" of the colony. Those which are winged are the founders of new colonies. They are of both sexes, and they produce the eggs whence the new generations will be evolved.

Doughnuts.

Light, tender doughnuts quite unlike the usual solid kind are made with a cupful of sugar, a teaspoonful of butter, two eggs and a cupful of milk. Mix a scant pint of flour that has been sifted with two rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder, making a paste that is soft. Stand the bowl containing it on the ice until it is very cold and then roll it out and fry before it loses its shape. The idea is to make the paste a little softer than can be rolled before it is stiff with cold and to use as little flour as possible. The doughnuts should be turned continually while they are frying.—Baltimore American.

A FAMOUS BEACON.

The Navesink Light, Near Sandy Hook, Is a Wonder.

The most powerful light in America is housed on a promontory near Sandy Hook, 250 feet above the beach, where it acts as a safeguard to all ships entering or leaving the harbor of New York. It is called Navesink light and is of 95,000,000 candle power. At fifteen or twenty miles its flash is as pointed and brilliant as a star. On a perfectly clear night its shaft of light can be seen 100 miles at sea. When it was erected it was operated at twice its present candle power. But ocean pilots objected to its strength, saying that so amazing an electric flash actually blinded them and interfered with their work. Uncle Sam heard the prayer of the pilots and turned down his pet lamp to 95,000,000 candle power.

The amount of oil consumed by the engine that provides the power for the light is only one gallon and seven-eighths an hour. That is the astonishing thing to the unscientific visitor—the comparatively small expense and effort required to maintain so great a light. There are two fair sized dynamos and two oil engines. One set is always kept in reserve. Of course the tremendous candle power is developed by means of a great lens, made in France. The lens weighs seven tons and a half, is seven inches thick and rests in mercury. It is revolved with ease.—Saturday Evening Post.

Purely Mental.

Mrs. Holden had been blessed with remarkable eyesight all her life. It was a great trial to her when at the age of seventy-two she was obliged to put on "reading glasses." "But they are really becoming to you, Aunt Hilda," said a gentle niece by way of consolation.

"No, they aren't," said Mrs. Holden, with her usual scorn for compliment. "Anybody's eyes look better without a glass in front of 'em, and you know it."

"But you couldn't read without them," ventured the niece, "and you love"—

"I could, too, read without 'em," said the old lady, refusing to be soothed. "I could read most as well as ever, but I couldn't sense it all—that's the only trouble."—Youth's Companion.

EARTHQUAKES.

Causes That Conspire to Rend the Earth's Crust Asunder.

Until recently all earthquake shocks were attributed to volcanic manifestations. But often the earth is agitated in regions where there are no volcanoes. Hence the belief has arisen that earthquakes may arise independently of volcanic action. Very often, again, when volcanoes are in eruption there are no earthquakes.

Subterranean cave-ins are often the cause of earthquakes. They are the consequence of the action of subterranean water. Which water runs through limestone it carves out grottoes and terraces or galleries. When in its underground run it comes in contact with gypsum or rock salt it dissolves these substances, and thus vacuums are formed in the depths of the earth. When the water has worn the earth thin the earth gives way, and the subterranean cave-in shakes the regions above it. In well worked coal mines great hollows are made which produce similar results.

The layers forming the solid envelope of the earth are neither homogeneous nor regularly distributed. Limestone hits granite, and relatively recent rocks overlie ancient masses. Limestone and schist lie together like folded cloth. Layers of the same age are separated by abrupt gaps and breaks by the debris cast out on either side.

The crust of the earth has been compared to marquetry composed of many parts which must have been joined, broken and joined again many times. Its component parts are unstable; their movements are still in progress; they shift, and possibly their sudden shifting causes the upper crust to tremble.

The best evidence in favor of this explanation is that the great earthquakes have devastated countries where the geological layers show traces of cave-ins and slips. In Japan an earthquake raised the ground about twenty-one feet, and the rise ran for a distance of 112 kilometers. An earthquake in Alaska occurring in 1899 raised the coast for a long distance. Earthquakes are limited to two zones. One embraces Himalaya, Asia Minor, the coasts of the Adriatic, Italy, the Alps, the Pyrenees, Algeria, Andalusia and southern Portugal; the other zone comprises the two coasts of the Pacific ocean. The majority of earthquakes have been produced in the first zone.—Harper's Weekly.

Bartholdi's Egotism.

An old friend of Mme. Steinheil's husband was Bartholdi, the sculptor of the colossal "Liberty Enlightening the World." Although a man of keen intellect and much originality of thought, Bartholdi's egotism was as colossal as his statue. Once Mme. Steinheil met him at the "institut." He wore the green uniform and sword of a member, and his breast glittered with orders. "You see this little thing here?" he said. "There are but three Europeans who have the right to wear it—one emperor, one king and myself. I don't attach the slightest importance to it." Of the statue in New York harbor he said, "The Americans believe that it is Liberty that illuminates the world, but in reality it is my genius."—Bookman.

Scared and Knew It.

A soldier under his first fire was charging with the rest of his regiment up the heights of Vicksburg, but so scared he looked like a ghost. A comrade next to him was unafraid and even smiled at the torrents of grape shot that swept the ranks. The comrade, noticing his friend's plight, turned to him and said with a sneer:

"Coward!"

"Coward yourself," retorted the frightened soldier. "Old man, if you were one-tenth as scared as I am you'd have broken ranks and run long ago." —Kansas City Journal.

The One He Caught.

One day many years ago the telephone in the office of the chief of police rang. Chief Speers answered. The call was from a new policeman on the Union avenue beat. He said, "A man has been robbed down here, and I've got one of thim."

"Which one have you?" asked the chief.

The reply came back, "The man that was robbed!"—Argonaut.

Solid Ivory.

"Yes," confessed Mr. Dorkins, "It serves me right. I engaged the man to move our goods, and I forgot to ask him how much he was going to charge me for the job. If ever I do such a thing again, Maria, you can have my head for a football."

"It would be a good deal more profitable, John," said Mrs. Dorkins, "to cut it up into billiard balls."—Chicago Tribune.

Preached Into Generosity.

A preacher pawned his watch and the following Sunday preached four hours because he had no timepiece. At the conclusion of the sermon there was a special collection raised and sent to the pawnbroker.—New Orleans Picayune.

Corrected.

Gentleman (engaging groom)—Are you married? Groom—No, sir. I was thrown agin a barbed wire fence and got my face scratched.—London Tatler.

Three Proofs.

Teacher—Willie, give three proofs that the world actually is round. Willie—The book says so, you say so, and ma says so.—Puck.

A Household Hint.

Young Wife (sobbing)—George treated me awful mean. He—he promised to give me a machine for my birthday, and it—it—came home today. Her Mother—Then what are you crying about? Young Wife—It's a—it's a washing machine.—Baltimore American.

Getting Square.

The Doctor—Hark! Whence those cries of agony? The Lawyer—They come from the office of the dentist. Last week the chiropodist operated on the dentist, agreeing to take his bill out in trade, and now the dentist is taking it out.—Satire.

A Good Tonic.

Have you noticed what a tonic a good laugh is? The next time you are angry instead of frowning make yourself smile, then laugh. You'll feel better.

On the Street.

Mrs. Spruce—That man you just nodded to looks familiar. Do you see him often? Mrs. Walnut—Not very; he's my husband.—Philadelphia Record.

READING IN BED.

Not Injurious to the Eyes if a Few Simple Rules Are Observed.

To those addicted to the practice of reading in bed the remarks of Dr. Carl Seiler will be of interest. He states that there is no valid reason to be urged against using the eyes in a proper manner in a recumbent position—such use is the least tiresome and can be persisted in for longer periods without damage than any other position.

We all know that grave damage is often done by reading in a recumbent posture, but therein possibly some oculists are at fault. Had it been the universal practice during the last twenty or thirty years to give careful directions how to read lying down instead of saying to one and all, "You must not read lying down," there would be less near sight and better eyes in the community than now exist.

Three easily avoided errors cause all the harm possible from reading lying down, the first often leading to the other two. They are insufficient or wrongly directed light, short reading distance and tipping the book out of the plane at right angles to the line of vision.

If, however, every one reading lying down will so arrange his lounge or bed that the light comes over the head without striking the eyes and falls well upon the page, if he will hold his book at a long reading distance and take care that the line of letters shall be at right angles to the line of vision, he can be sure of doing his eyes no more harm than if he were sitting up.

More than this, there is much positively in favor of reading lying down. Dr. Seiler concludes, "The recumbent posture allows more rest of the bodily structures than the sitting posture, and there is greater possibility of resting and repair in that position."—London Globe.

AN ICEBERG'S SECRET.

One of the Mysteries of the Sea That Will Never Be Solved.

The age of an iceberg is problematic. The berg that sank the Titanic may have been forming on the coast of Greenland when Columbus crossed the sea or even before that. Then again it may have been reared by the elements since Peary's first expedition to the pole, but probably it antedated steamships by many years.

In 1841 a great berg appeared off St. John's, N. F. Its pinnacle was fully a hundred feet above the sea, and its base formed a glittering island in the middle of which, imbedded between two hills of ice, were two ships side by side. The masts were gone, but otherwise the upper works seemed to be intact. Scattered about the decks were various objects that might have been the frozen bodies of the crews. All were covered with snow.

Several old sailors approached the berg as near as they dared to and scanned the ships through powerful glasses, but could not see any name or anything to indicate their nationality or business on the seas. There were no signs of life aboard them, nothing but the motionless masses under their white coverings.

They were believed to be part of Sir John Franklin's expedition and were seen at the mouth of the harbor almost stationary for several days. Then one morning the berg was gone, and the ultimate fate of the derelicts it carried is still one of the mysteries of the sea. —Minna Irving in New York Press.

The Pillars of Hercules.

The "Pillars of Hercules" was the name anciently given to the mountains of Calpe and Abyla, standing opposite to each other, the one on the European and the other on the African shore of the strait which connects the Mediterranean sea with the Atlantic ocean. The mountains are now called the Rock of Gibraltar and Jebel Zatant. The word Gibraltar, which is at present also applied to the strait, was originally "Jebel Taric," or "Mountain of Taric," Taric being the name of the leader of the first Mohammedan band which crossed at that point over into Spain in the year A. D. 710.

Power of St. Francis.

The power of St. Francis of Assisi, son of the practical Peter Bernardone and the tender Madonna Pica, over the western world of his time and over our hearts in our time has been explained in many ways. But it has only one source, and that is love. Love made him a poet, love made him a saint, love gave him life and fire and understanding and all the things that were added to him.—Century Magazine.

His Sole Regret.

"You are not afraid to die, are you?" asked the weeping watcher by the bedside.

"No," whispered the chronic kicker, "but it does worry me to think that I shall soon be with the silent majority when all my life I have so enjoyed being in the noisy minority."

Too Small a Ring.

"What you need," said the wordy medic in his ponderous way, "is an enlargement of your daily round, a wider circle of activity."

"Mebby that's right," said the patient. "I'm a bareback rider in a one ring circus."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Making Headway.

"Have you a spare cigar about you, old chap?"

"Certainly! But I thought you were going to stop smoking."

"So I am, but not too abruptly. I've already quit smoking my own cigars." —Boston Transcript.

A Story of Malibran.

Among the stories told by Arthur Pougin of Malibran, the great singer, is one of her stay in Venice. She was to give six performances at one theater there when Gallo, the director of the Teatro Emeronito, being on the eve of bankruptcy, begged her to give two at his theater, promising her £120 for each. She consented, but when Gallo went to take her the second payment he entered, saying, "Here is the sum we agreed on." "What sum?" she replied, with an air of surprise. "Oh, the £120 for yesterday's performance." "I don't want your money. Take it all away and spend it on your children. You shall kiss me and we'll be quits." Did the good fellow believe his ears? His two performances had brought him in £400 in round figures, had saved him from bankruptcy, and, to crown his joy, he kissed Mme. Malibran. This magnanimity to a poor Venetian was received publicly by a frantic ovation and crystalized in verse, while the theater was renamed Malibran.—Argonaut.

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A Broken Scent Bottle

And Its Concealed Romance.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"Now, Arthur," said Miss Emeline Gray to her nephew, "it is your turn to recite some adventure."

Arthur Clayton lifted a protesting hand. "But I entered into your story of the crystal ball, Aunt Em."

"That doesn't matter. You must have had some adventure of your very own. What became of you that last day in Cadiz?"

"It really isn't a story—that is, there was the beginning of one, but I'm afraid there won't be any end to it."

"Let us judge of that!" cried Mrs. Hanford. "Now, Mr. Clayton, you cannot escape this time. Each one of us has related a tale of adventure that has befallen us during this Mediterranean tour on the Neptune, and it remains for you to tell the last story while we are homeward bound."

"Fire ahead, Clayton," urged Alexander Felton.

"Please do," added Felton's betrothed, lovely Madeline Trayle, who, with her father, Professor Trayle, belonged to the little party.

"Perhaps the story has something to do with the little glass stopper that dangles from Clayton's watch chain," grinned Mr. Fenton.

There was a general laugh at young Clayton's expense when he snatched hastily at the telltale stopper and hid it in his palm. Then he suddenly detached it from the chain and passed it from hand to hand.

"Murder will out," he admitted coolly. "Exhibit 1!"

It was a very tiny bit of Bohemian glass, rich red in color, perhaps the size of a small, flattened pen, with a small needle-like stopper about a half inch long.

When it came back to his own hand he attached it to his chain by a bit of



TO MY AMAZEMENT, SHE BEGAN TO LAUGH.

twisted gold wire and leaned back in his chair.

"It is the stopper to a scent bottle," he began, "and I did find it on that last day in Cadiz, the very day the steamer sailed, so I had no time to follow up any clews. If you remember, we separated after luncheon, each of us taking a different route and mine led me along the Alameda and then up one of those pretty terraces, where the balconies are overhung with flowers and er—er"—

"And where romance fairly shrieks from every jasmine draped pillar and rose arbor," interrupted his aunt grimly, and Clayton joined in the hearty laugh that followed.

"It was mighty pretty, just the same," he went on, "and I had forgotten that my time was limited and that the Neptune would sail at 8 o'clock that evening. I was just thinking that it would complete the charm of the place if a fair senorita should thrust a mantilla draped head from some balcony and drop a rose in my path when all of a sudden something did drop directly in front of me and shattered to bits on the stone sidewalk.

"I looked up quickly just in time to see the very face I had dreamed about leaning from a balcony. I had just time to note that she was a glorious dark eyed beauty with the coloring of a jack rose, when she vanished.

"Then I looked down at the sidewalk and discovered the object that had fallen at my feet. It had been a scent bottle of Bohemian glass of long and slender shape, but now it was scattered into fragments. This stopper was the only part unbroken.

"I gathered up the pieces in my handkerchief and discovered them to be rich with the precious fragrance of attar of roses. I thrust the handkerchief in my pocket and walked on. It was not until I reached the corner of an intersecting street that it occurred to me that perhaps the senorita might wish the fragments of the scent bottle. Possibly it was a memento of an admirer.

"When I retraced my steps I found to my dismay that these little Cadiz houses were so much alike that I could not identify the one from which the senorita had leaned for the instant after dropping her scent bottle.

"At last I ventured to mount the white marble steps of the prettiest one, only to be driven away as a suspicious character by a wrinkled old maidservant. I daresay she took me for a peddler or something of that sort, for she was quite civil at first, although she did not seem to understand my attempts at Spanish. When I displayed the handkerchief containing the broken bits of the scent bottle she grew quite angry and closed the door in my face. I believe she thought I wanted to sell them to her.

"I tucked away the pieces, resolving that this incident must satisfy my desire for an adventure of some sort, romantic or otherwise, if you please, Aunt Emeline! I was making my way back along the Alameda when a carriage passed me driving rapidly toward the city. I glanced curiously at it, only to glimpse the beautiful face of the girl who had dropped the scent bottle.

"Of course I haunted the shops the rest of the afternoon hoping for a glimpse of the Jack rose beauty. My patience was rewarded at length, for as I lingered in a silk shop the door opened and in she came. She was surely the most beautiful girl I ever saw of that dark type."

A significant smile ran around the friendly little group, but Clayton, whose eyes were fixed on the sunlit water over the ship's rail, did not see it. It was several moments before he resumed his narrative, and then he pulled himself together as if withdrawing his thoughts reluctantly from some pleasant recollection.

"I was standing near the door when the senorita entered the shop, and when she saw me I was gratified to notice that she recognized me at once. She hesitated, smiled and then addressed me rather haltingly in her own tongue.

"My guide book Spanish vanished from my mind as snow before the sun, but I clung desperately to one phrase that I was positive meant 'Permit me to apologize,' and I repeated it as I held out the handkerchief full of broken glass.

"To my amazement she began to laugh deliciously and could scarcely articulate a few sentences in reply. Of course I could not make head or tail of what she meant to say, so I only nodded and grinned and held out the handkerchief while she continued to laugh.

"Do tell us what you were saying all the time, Mr. Clayton," broke in Mrs. Hanford curiously. "Did you find out what the sentence really meant?"

"Why, yes," returned Arthur Clayton, with visible chagrin mingled with amusement at his own expense; "I looked it up after I returned to the ship. And what do you suppose I was saying to her all the time?"

"We cannot imagine."

"'Bring me a cup of coffee.' No wonder she laughed. As I held out the broken scent bottle so persistently she brought forth her silver meshed purse and opened it wide. Moved by impulse, I picked out the glass stopper and tucked it away in my vest pocket and emptied the remainder of the broken glass into her purse.

"She thanked me prettily in Spanish that I could understand, and as I went out of the door I heard her remark to the mystified shopkeeper in perfect English:

"'Poor fellow. He is quite demented.'

"Mortified and quite angry at my own idiocy in not inquiring whether the senorita could speak English or not, I hastened back to the ship and hunted out my Spanish dictionary only to discover that I had been pleading with her to 'bring me some coffee.'"

"Well, do go on with your story, Arthur!" cried his aunt.

"That is all, Aunt Emeline. My story is ended."

"It is too tame an ending. Perhaps there may be a sequel," suggested Mrs. Hanford.

"I am afraid it must wait until I return to Spain," sighed Arthur Clayton. "But she certainly was the loveliest girl I ever saw."

"Where is Madeline?" asked Professor Trayle, looking around for his daughter.

"She went below to speak to Miss Drake. What a pity Miss Drake has been ill ever since we sailed from Cadiz," remarked Mrs. Hanford.

"Emily Drake's a beauty if you want to see one, Mr. Clayton," said Professor Trayle, with enthusiasm—"pure American and perfectly bewitching. She's been abroad for several months and ran across Madeline by the merest chance in Cadiz. She made arrangements to return with us on the Neptune, took leave of her friends and came aboard, only to suffer from seasickness for a day or so. Now she is quite recovered, and I am hoping she will come on deck with Madeline and make your acquaintance. Ah, there they come now!"

He arose and went to meet his daughter, who was accompanied by a tall, graceful girl with an exquisitely beautiful face, lighted by glorious dark eyes.

Arthur Clayton uttered a startled exclamation and stumbled to his feet, and as his eyes met those of Emily Drake they exchanged glances of delighted surprise.

Emily Drake, the American girl, was none other than the beautiful senorita who had accidentally dropped her scent bottle at his feet.

When the voyage was over and the tourists caught the first glimpse of the statue of Liberty in New York bay Mrs. Hanford nodded her head toward Emily Drake and Arthur Clayton, standing together at the rail.

"Mr. Clayton said his story was finished," she said, with a smile, "but I am quite sure there will be an interesting sequel to that romance."

"And it was all brought about by a broken scent bottle," declared Miss Emeline Gray.

A Chinese Printing Office.

The difficulties of making up a font of Chinese types are very great. Kang Hsi's dictionary, the standard and most comprehensive work of its kind, contains 40,890 characters, but it has been found that for all practical purposes a font need contain only about 7,600. With a font of this size the Chinese printer, in the course of setting up a book, will frequently find that he lacks a dozen or so unusual characters, a difficulty which he meets by having these missing symbols hand cut on blank type by skilled engravers. Although practically all Chinese newspapers and books on modern topics are now printed from movable metal type, books pertaining to old China, such as the Confucian classics and the commentaries on them, are still produced by the time honored method of printing from wooden blocks.

Press Enterprise In the Early Fifties.

A bit of up to date enterprise on the part of the Picayune in 1853 was the early publication of the president's message. Printers were sent on a steamboat to Mobile by the paper to secure the message. As soon as they arrived there they boarded the Northern steamer, which, of course, reached Mobile before New Orleans, and put the message in type on their way home aboard ship, so that on arriving at the office of the Picayune it was all ready to be printed.—From B. F. Zeller's "Recollections of the Early Fifties," in New Orleans Picayune.

A Philosopher.

"My! You wanted fried potatoes, didn't you?" said the careless waitress as the customer in the restaurant finished his meal and rose to leave.

"That's all right," answered the patient man. "I've wanted so many things all my life that I didn't get that I'm used to it."—Newark News.

Wonderful Man.

"Where is he from?"

"I don't know, but I think he was raised on a desert island."

"What in the world makes you think that?"

THE PHONOGRAPH.

Its Invention Was the Result of a Cut on the Finger.

An accident—a cut on the finger—caused Edison to invent the phonograph or talking machine.

Mr. Edison told the story of this invention to a reporter. At the time, he said, he was singing into a telephone, and in the telephone's mouthpiece he had placed, for safe keeping, a fine steel point. Suddenly this point cut his finger. He found, to his surprise, that it had been moving here and there and roundabout, guided by the vibrations of his voice.

He placed a strip of yellow paper under the steel point, replaced it in the mouthpiece and said the alphabet. The steel while he spoke ran over the paper, and for each letter of the alphabet it made a different mark or scratch.

This was what Mr. Edison had hoped for. He now held the steel point still and drew the paper scratches slowly over it. There was given forth, very faintly, the alphabet as he had repeated it.

Thus the principle of the phonograph—the registering and the reproduction of the voice's vibrations—was discovered through the cutting of a finger. It was Edison's finger, though, that was cut. Smith's or Brown's might have been quite hacked off and no phonograph would have resulted.

ARTIFICE OF AN ARTIST.

The Secret of the Color In One of Turner's Pictures.

The late Mr. Horsley, R. A., has recorded that at one time he studied almost daily one of Turner's finest water colors, called "The Snowdon Range," admiring especially the tender warmth of the light clouds encircling the moon. He tried all sorts of glasses to see if he could discover how the particular glow was gained, but without success.

Chance revealed the secret. The picture began to buckle from its mount, and its owner, Sir Seymour Haden, put it into the hands of a noted expert to be remounted. When he had successfully removed it from its old mount the expert sent for the owner to show him what he had discovered. A circle of orange vermilion had been plastered on the back with an ivory palette knife where the artist wanted the effect and then worked off sufficiently far through the pores of the previously wetted paper to give the show of color, while retaining the smooth surface, without a trace of workmanship on the right side.

This may have led Mr. Horsley himself to use, as he did, brilliant orange as the foundation for a white muslin dress.

Walking Canes.

From the time when man wandered through the pathless forests bearing on his shoulder a murderous bludgeon with which to strike down his enemies the cane has never entirely gone out of fashion. The modern exquisite would feel as much at sea without it as did the beau of whom Steele's Tatler spoke in 1709, when it said that the cane had "become as indispensable as any other of his limbs" and that with "the knocking of it upon his shoe, leaning one leg upon it or whistling upon with his mouth he does not know how he should be good company without it." It may be flattering to the vanity of such a one to know that the grotesque and arabesque heads that he delights in displaying on his walking stick are lineal descendants of the carved baton that the fools and jesters of the middle ages wielded.

A Cheerful Reason.

A French governor of the south Pacific colony of New Caledonia assumed his authority while the natives of New Caledonia were still cannibals. There had been rumors of an insurrection, and the admiral called before him a native chief, who was faithful to the French cause, and questioned him as to their truth.

"You may be sure," said the native, "that there will be no war at present, because the yams are yet far from being ripe."

"The yams, you say?"

"Yes. Our people never make war except when the yams are ripe."

"Why is that?"

"Because baked yams go so very well with the captives."

Belgium Marriages.

In Belgium it is the custom to give certificates of marriages in the form of little books, which also contain a summary of the marriage laws and among a mass of other miscellaneous information directions for the feeding and care of infants. There are also places for entering the names and birthdays of the children of the marriage, the authorities considerately affording space for twelve such entries.

Explained.

"I hear that Miss Grumby is a wonderfully correct person."

"That's because of her occupation. She is a dressmaker's designer."

"What has that to do with it?"

"It makes her naturally lead a pass'ee life."—Baltimore American.

An Emperor's Strange Fancy.

Strange fancies have taken hold of some men regarding the manner in which their bodies were to be disposed of after death and the ceremonies to be observed at their funerals. The great Emperor Charles V. had the curious idea of celebrating his own funeral. Shortly before his death he caused a tomb to be made in the chapel of the monastery of Estremadura, to which he had retired after his abdication, and on its completion he was carried to it as though dead. Placed in a coffin and accompanied by a procession, he was borne along, while chants were sung, prayers said and tears shed. After the solemn farce was over he was left alone in the chapel, where he remained a short time before rising out of the coffin.

Why Bother About the Rest?

"Does you husband carry any life insurance?"

"I don't know."

"I should think you would want to be informed about a matter that would be so serious to you."

"How could it be serious to me?"

"Why, if he died you would wish to know whether he had left you anything or not, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, if he died he would leave me a widow, and I should know that right away."—Chicago Record-Herald.

What Interested Him.

"What interested me most in my travels," said Henpeck, "was the mummy of a queen I saw in Egypt."

"Wonderful, eh?" asked his friend.

"Yes, it's wonderful how they could make a woman dry up and stay that way."—Philadelphia Press.

THE HALIFAX GIBBET.

A Sort of Guillotine That Was Once Used In England.

An ancient law of Hardwick forest, a tract coextensive with Halifax parish, is sung by Taylor, the water poet:

At Halifax the law so sharpe doth deale
That whoso more than thirteen pence doth steale
They have a jin that wondrous quick and well
Sends thieves all headless into heaven or helle.

This "jin" resembled the guillotine in construction and stood on a stone scaffold, unearthed when Gibbet hill was leveled. The ax is preserved. This, the only guillotine used in England, was the forerunner of the "maiden," introduced into Scotland by Regent Morton and now in the Edinburgh Antiquarian museum. The "Halifax gibbet" was last used in 1650 and the "maiden" for Lord Argyll in 1661 and his son in 1685, who spoke of it as the sweetest maiden he ever kissed.

Dr. Guillotine did not invent the machine. Dr. Louis constructed one in 1791, the "Louison," but the name "guillotine" became general from the burst of surgical enthusiasm, in which Dr. Guillotine in 1789, after deploring the tedious torture of hanging, exclaimed, "With my machine I strike off your head in the twinkling of an eye, and you never feel it!"—London Globe.

MEERSCHAUM MINING.

The Pits at Nemlau Have Been Worked For Twenty Centuries.

Meerschaum mines at Nemlau have been worked for 2,000 years, it is claimed, and the process is quite simple. The mines, which at one time reached from Kahe to Mihalitch, on the sea of Marmora, are concentrated around the city of Eski-Shehr and give employment to some 5,000 miners.

The mines are worked in the most primitive manner by a foreman and two to five workmen with picks. The depths of the pits vary greatly and depend upon the depth at which a reddish brown earth is met, which is the first indication of the existence of magnesite.

Sometimes this red earth is found only a few yards beneath the surface, but ordinarily at a depth of twenty yards, often forty and even sixty. In this layer of red earth meerschaum is found, disseminated in nuggets of irregular shape. The size of these rarely exceeds twelve to sixteen cubic inches. The greater part are of the size of a walnut. No explosives are used, the ground being soft.

Almost the entire output of this article is exported to Vienna and thence distributed to the various European countries and to the United States, the latter buying only the finest selections.

Well and Truly Laid.

The laying of the British royal table is attended with considerable ceremony. First come the "upholsterers," whose duty it is to see that the table is in its proper place and in good condition to bear its precious burden of gold and silver plate. The weight of the famous Flaxman service designed for George IV. is so tremendous as to justify fully this precaution. The upholsterers give place to the "table deckers," who arrange the snowy napery worked with the royal arms and the plainly folded serviettes. Fanciful shapes are inadmissible on the royal table. This accomplished, there enter the "yeomen of the silver pantry," whose task it is to place the silver in position. The "deckers" then arrange the flowers, after which the royal table is considered "well and truly laid."

The Deep Sea Lead.

In order to find a ship's position when approaching the land in a fog soundings are taken with the "deep sea lead." This lead weighs twenty-eight pounds and is attached to a line which is marked off in fathoms by bunting of various colors, pieces of leather and knots. Bored in the base of the lead is a hole about two inches deep, and this is filled with tallow, so that the gravel or shells at the bottom will adhere to it, and the nature of the bed may be thus ascertained. When the lead is thrown overboard the water's depth is noted on the line, and this and the adherence to the tallow when compared with the description given on the chart will give the ship's position with tolerable accuracy.

Sibilant Praise.

One of the ushers approached a man who appeared to be annoying those about him.

"Don't you like the show?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Then why do you persist in hissing the performers?"

"Why, m-man alive, I w-wasn't h-hissing. I w-was s-ssimply s-s-s-saying to S-s-s-sammie that the s-s-s-singing is s-s-s-superb."—Judge.

Hadn't Seen Him.

The Vicar—Did you see a pedestrian pass this way a few minutes ago? Farm Hand—No, sir. I've been workin' on this tater patch more'n a nower, an' notter thing has passed 'cept a solitary man, an' he was trampin' on foot.—London Telegraph.

Good Reason.

Mrs. Wright (to vicar's wife)—Why is your husband always asking for money, money, money? Vicar's Wife (wearily)—I presume it's because he never gets any.

Unkind.

"Mighty mean man I's wukin' fer." "Wat's de mattah?" "Took de laigs off de wheelbarrah so's I kain't set down an' rest."—New York World.

Handy Shakespeare.

"Can you loan me four volumes of your Shakespeare set?"

"Certainly. Which volumes do you wish?"

"It makes no particular difference. We're to play bridge tonight, and our card table isn't quite high enough."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Irresistible.

"However did you reconcile Adele and Mary?"

"I gave them a choice bit of gossip and asked them not to repeat it to each other."—Fliegende Blatter.

Only One Exception.

Teacher—How is it that you don't know your lesson? Boy—I can't learn it. Teacher (angrily)—If it were not for me you'd be the biggest blockhead on earth.—Exchange.

Money In Her Own Name.

Hewitt — He married a girl with money in her own name. Jewett—Is that so? Hewitt—Yes; her name was Cash.—New York Press.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson X.—Second Quarter, For June 9, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Luke vi, 39-49. Memory Verses, 47-49—Golden Text, Jas. i, 22—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

This seems to be our last study for the present from the sermons on the mount and on the plain and reminds us of one of our Lord's sayings on the night of His betrayal, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them" (John xiii, 17). See also His words in Luke viii, 21, "My mother and my brethren are these which hear the word of God and do it." In verse 46 of our lesson His words, "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" are very similar to Matt. vii, 21, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." There is no conflict between all similar sayings and such words as these: "Being justified freely by His grace." "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." "By grace are ye saved through faith, * * * not of works." "Not by works of righteousness which we have done" (Rom. iii, 24; iv, 5; Eph. ii, 8, 9; Tit. iii, 5). The former texts refer to the life and works of saved people as an evidence before men of their salvation by the finished work of Christ, with an awful warning that no mere "say so" on our part will suffice. There will be many who profess to be the Lord's, but who are not sincere, not born from above, to whom He will say in that day, "I never knew you; depart from me ye that work iniquity" (Matt. vii, 23). Members of churches who are satisfied to be such and rest on the fact of their baptism in infancy or confirmation or standing in the church or the community, but do not know the forgiveness of sins, having never been redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, and while in their place in church once a week are wholly in the world and live only for this present world, how fearful their future in the outer darkness, where there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth (Matt. viii, 12; xiii, 42, 50; xxii, 13; xxiv, 51; xxv, 30, 41).

While this will be the doom of many, it is not for us to judge any one, but to see to it that we ourselves are truly the Lord's and live to help others to be truly His and to let Him work in us to will and to do of His good pleasure (verses 37, 38; Phil. ii, 13). If we do not see clearly ourselves we cannot lead others, and in Matt. vii, 15, we are told of false prophets who outwardly seem to be sheep, but inwardly are ravening wolves, not living to help the sheep, but to devour them. These are more fully described in Jer. xxiii, 14-26, as speaking a vision of their own heart, prophesying deceit, making people vain, encouraging evildoers and telling them that no evil would come upon them, perverting the words of the living God. Such people wanted to kill Jeremiah because he spoke only what the Lord told him (Jer. xxvi, 7-11). The word of the Lord is not acceptable to the world and especially to the worldly part of the church, which cannot endure sound doctrine. Our Lord so taught his disciples and talked with His Father about it (John xv, 18, 19; xvii, 14). The margin of lesson, verse 40, says that every disciple shall be perfected as his Master, and Heb. ii, 10, says that the captain of our salvation was made perfect through sufferings. He was always absolutely perfect, but as our High Priest, able to sympathize, He had to be tried (Heb. ii, 17, 18) and to learn obedience by the things which He suffered (Heb. v, 8, 9).

According to our Lord's heart searching teaching when we think that we see failings in others we must remember that, while there may be a trifle wrong with the other party, the probability is that the greatest trouble is at our own end. We are not therefore to judge one another any more, but endeavor not to be a stumbling block in another's way (Rom. xiv, 13). Ambitious to be quiet and to mind one's own business (1 Thess. iv, 11, R. V., margin, and Weymouth) and so to abide as branches that the vine may bear the desired fruit unhindered. The last clause of lesson, verse 45, says, "Of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Compare Matt. xii, 34, "The mouth of fools poureth out foolishness; a wholesome tongue is a tree of life" (Prov. xv, 2, 4). I have just received a letter concerning one who was filled with pity for two others behind whom she walked whose conversation was wholly concerning dress and the fashions. Soon she found herself in the shopping district and somewhat fascinated by the very things she had condemned in others. As she passed on the words held her, "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he" (Prov. xxiii, 7). Being ashamed, she determined to fill herself with the words of Jesus that her thoughts might be controlled and that she might be more like Him. She found it a splendid remedy and has since been greatly blessed in the use of His words thus laid up in her heart. This is a practical illustration of Prov. xxii, 18, 21, which I, too, have for many years proved in my life and teaching. It is possible to be a well of living water springing up for the benefit of others.

A Businesslike Precaution

The Difficulty of Discovering One's Faults.

By EMILY RICKER

A long while before Marjorie Sterling and Frank Kenyon became engaged they had one of those highly philosophic conversations on love and marriage that persons of the mating age are fond of indulging in. Why they are constantly talking on the subject they don't know themselves. Doubtless they drop on to it just as the birds twitter to each other during the mating season. The man and the maid are not always making love to each other when they chat about such matters, but they are thinking of love and marriage, all the same.

Frank, with all the gravity and appearance of wisdom of a man of forty—he was twenty-two—remarked that to marry was very dangerous owing to the fact that a man could not really know the woman he would marry until after he had lived with her, whereupon Marjorie remarked that the girl was under the same disadvantage. He had not thought of that part of the problem.

"For my part," he said, "I would rather take the risk with a girl who is liked by her own sex than popular with mine. I don't mean one who is sought after by other girls, for popularity is no index of intrinsic worth. I refer to a girl who has a fair number of intimate friends who look upon her with respect."

"And I," replied Marjorie, "would not risk marrying a popular man. I have known a young man to appear in a place and take everything by storm."

"Socially?"

"Yes, socially and with those not in the social swim. I have known such a man, I say, who was the rage for a while, then dropped to a very low level."

"Nevertheless when one is about to take a life partner it would be well



"INDEED!" REPLIED FRANK WITH A YAWN. "PRETTY, ISN'T SHE?"

to take a business precaution in the premises."

"What do you mean by a business precaution?"

"When a merchant thinks of selling a man a bill of goods on credit he looks him up through a commercial agency."

"I see. Marriage is far more important than selling goods on credit."

"Indeed, it is."

This ended the dialogue. At the time it took place neither of the two thought of marrying the other, but they saw a great deal of each other and were very companionable. From being companionable Frank began to act in a way indicating to Marjorie that he was thinking of something more than companionship. He was a desirable parti, and Marjorie did not discourage him.

Frank made up his mind that he would like to settle down to married life with Marjorie, and Marjorie thought that she would like to settle down to married life with Frank. They had known each other for several years, and neither knew anything detrimental of the other. A marriage between them seemed to both a very natural thing—that is, their inclinations being for each other.

It was then that Frank concluded to take that "business precaution" he had said should be taken in such cases. Thus far he had not by any means committed himself, and no one but himself had the slightest intimation that he was thinking of marrying any one. He and Marjorie moved in the same social set, but each had a number of friends, and it was not known that the two were especially intimate. There was nothing to prevent the one gathering opinions of the other except that guardedness which persons of experience usually acquire.

One afternoon at a lawn party, Frank was sitting with a Miss Markland when Marjorie passed in company with a young man recently arrived and introduced.

"How tastefully Miss Sterling is dressed," remarked the lady. "That costume was made at Lafont's."

"Indeed?" replied Frank, with a yawn. "Pretty, isn't she?"

"Do you think so?"

"Don't you?"

"Not pretty; she's very nice."

"You're one of her friends, I believe."

"Yes, Marjorie and I are very friendly."

"And you consider her faultless?"

"Oh, no; not faultless. Marjorie has her good points and her faults, like the rest of us. There's just one trouble about her that I know—she is a bit selfish."

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing unless she is not as particular as she might be about what she says concerning her friends."

"How? Who does she say things about?"

The dialogue was interrupted at this juncture by the hostess, who brought up a man to introduce to Miss Markland.

Kenyon pursued his inquiries for a month, by the end of which time he discovered that his opinion of Marjorie was entirely erroneous. One of her companions admitted that she was selfish and traduced her friends; another that she was not always truthful; another that she was not reliable, whatever that means; another that she was intellectually of very light caliber, and so on, each giving her some one blemish and each averring that for the rest she was perfectly lovely. But unfortunately there different blemishes, taken together, made up a very disagreeable character.

Frank, to use a forcible but inelegant expression, sheered off from Marjorie.

Meanwhile Marjorie, unknown to Frank, had been pursuing a similar course toward him. She knew his intimate friends among men and while conversing with them endeavored to draw from them his faults. After making inquiries of her friends she pursued her investigations among some to whom she was indifferent, finally taking up those whom she suspected he did not like—not that he had ever given her any intimation of that dislike; we cannot be as cordial or enthusiastic toward some as toward others, nor can we always avoid showing antagonism in our manner.

However, before Marjorie had finished her investigations she noticed that Frank had discontinued certain loverlike looks and actions and had resumed treating her merely as a friend. Why he had changed she did not know, having no suspicion that he had been making inquiries about her and of the result of those inquiries. Her investigation of him had not elicited a single fault. Every one she had talked with about him spoke well of him, some very highly. A few had seemed indifferent toward him, but had not accused him of any fault. Naturally this gave her a high opinion of him and caused her the more to regret the change in him, to say nothing of the wounding of her amour propre.

One day she was berating her brother for some delinquency and in the heat of the argument said to him:

"I wish you were as fine a fellow as Frank Kenyon."

"What makes you think him a fine fellow?"

"Why, I have talked to his men friends, those who are indifferent to him and some who dislike him. They all speak in the highest terms of him."

"Of course they do to you."

"What do you mean by to me?"

"Don't you know that it's a principle with men always to speak well of other men to women."

"No," said Marjorie, surprised.

"Well, they do. I was talking with Tom Hartwell about Frank Kenyon the other day and Tom called Kenyon a cad."

"Why, Mr. Hartwell told me that he regarded Mr. Kenyon as a splendid fellow."

"Of course he did. I'd tell any girl that about my worst enemy."

"Oh, my goodness gracious! That isn't speaking the truth."

"If Frank should ask the girls about you they would speak the truth or at least what they consider the truth. They would say some very nice things about you, but"—

"I know what you mean."

"I don't mean anything disrespectful of girls or claim any advantage for men. The one acts in a feminine way, the other in a masculine way. The business lives men lead make them wary of getting into trouble by telling the truth. It isn't because they are so awfully nice about it, though everybody knows that men's and women's standard of honor are different. If you want adverse opinions of Frank Kenyon I can get them for you by the cart load, but they wouldn't be worth anything."

This conversation opened Marjorie's eyes to the cause of Frank Kenyon's change toward her. What could she do about it? Maidenly modesty forbade her asking if he had made inquiries about her, as he once intimated he would do when contemplating matrimony. She decided on an entirely different course. The next time they met she was very cool toward him.

This changed the situation. Frank asked her what he had done to offend her. She replied that he had done nothing. He pressed her for a reason for her coolness, and she told him that she had learned that he was regarded as a cad by his friends.

This brought about a turning point. Frank confessed that he had learned she had all the faults in the dictionary, admitting that he had made the inquiries necessary to elicit the information. Marjorie confessed that she, too, had sought the truth and had only got it from one man—her brother.

Then they laughed, and Frank felt for Marjorie's hand, drew her toward him and said:

"The only way we can find out each other's faults is to get married."

"But we'll love each other despite them, won't we?"

"Indeed we will!"

IT IS NOT TOO LATE

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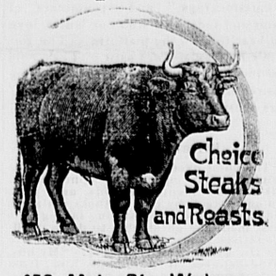
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BRUNONIA

How a Town Took Its Name From a Mystery

By ELIZA B. TREAT

Names often fasten themselves upon things or places from some incident connected with them in their beginning.

There is a town in what is now the middle west, but half a century ago was the far west, called Brunonia. Singularly enough, the town took its name when it was in the rough from a man whose name no one knew. He came to the place a stranger, without introduction, and when asked his name said:

"Call me Brown; that's as good a name as any."

This man Brown turned out to be the embodiment of a mystery which set the inhabitants agog. When this mystery reached its climax the town showed signs of permanence, and a name was sought for. Some one suggested that they call it Brown. The proposition was laughed at till a young college graduate who had recently settled there suggested the Latin for Brown, or Brunonia. This euphonious word pleased the people, and the town was thenceforth known by that name.

Brown was a spare man, who wore his hair quite long and dressed in buckskin, his head covering being a sombrero. One looking at him would remark:

"What a strange looking man that fellow is!"

But he would not be able to determine wherein the strangeness lay. It was not in his costume, for a number of men thereabout wore buckskin, and long hair was a "plains" fashion. If it lay in any one thing it was in a sphinx-like expression the man always wore on his face. The strangeness of appearance was enhanced by a peculiar reticence, for Brown never told whence or why he came to the town or anything of his past or what he might hope for in the future.



JUMPED INTO BROWN'S ARMS.

Brown had not been long in his adopted home when it was noticed that he seemed either to be looking for some one or was conscious that some one was looking for him. A boy one day walking behind him down the main street noticed that at every corner he would turn his head to the right, then to the left, or vice versa, before crossing. The boy saw him cross half a dozen streets, and he never failed to look in both directions.

Brown was a handsome man, and this, taken in connection with the mystery attending him, attracted the young women of the place to him. A number of them at different times endeavored to secure some notice from him, but they all failed. He seemed insensible to feminine charms. This added to the wonder the man excited in every one and led to the theory among the younger persons that he had been crossed in love and among the older ones that he feared some woman he had wronged who was looking for him. There were men of the town who believed that a woman was looking for Brown; but, as to Brown having injured her, they thought it more likely that she had got him in her toils and made it hot for him.

Be that as it may, the attention Brown attracted grew instead of declining. He was pointed out to strangers as the town curiosity, and they carried the story of the mystery to other places. It is quite possible, even probable, that this had some effect in fastening the name of Brown on the town.

With every month that passed the [illegible] increased. He was seen at times to start, but so adept was he in concealing the cause that those who noticed the starting either thought that they were mistaken or that it was merely a nervous twitching.

One girl in the town, and one only, refused to put up with Brown's indifference. That was Ellen Wykoff. It was apparent that she was trying to penetrate the armor which protected him from those who sought to gain an inside view of him, and her efforts were watched with a keen interest. For awhile he paid no more attention to Miss Wykoff than to any of the other girls. When in the morning he sauntered down the street she would waylay him at her gate and attempt to engage him in conversation. The only adornment in the town was a flower bed she cultivated in the front yard of her home. One morning she was seen to offer Brown a posy. He accepted it, but without fervor, and after having passed a few blocks away from the donor, where she would not see him, he dropped it.

All these incidents were observed by the watchful citizens, and some of them did a little spying. But that was after Miss Wykoff had seemed to make some headway with Brown. If they wished for information they must get it from another source than Ellen, for she proved to be very close mouthed. She had not been considered so before she sought Brown's attentions, and every one was surprised at her reticence. "Can it be," they said, "that this impenetrable man makes any one with whom he comes in contact impenetrable?"

Ellen Wykoff's efforts to break through Brown's shell continued, increasing the while up to a certain point, when it seemed that she had succeeded. At any rate, her efforts ceased and apparently from the fact that Brown seemed to have yielded. After that the two were often seen together, even to taking walks in each other's company, and Brown no longer threw away any posy the girl gave him.

But here arose another cause for tongue clatter. Was the condition between Brown and Ellen Wykoff that of lovers or of friends? There were those who held to the former and those who held to the latter opinion. All efforts to draw an admission of any kind from Ellen failed, and, as to Brown, no one ever thought of asking him any question whatever.

One day something occurred which led Brown's fellow townsmen to think that the mystery was solved. He was not seen on the street as usual nor the next day nor the next. Then came a woman, a coarse, disagreeable looking creature, who made inquiries about a man, giving a description resembling Brown.

If Mr. Brown was the man she wanted he had doubtless heard of her and taken a timely departure. She left, and the next day Brown reappeared. Brown was told that a woman had come into town and looked for a man answering his description, but the news didn't seem to trouble him. He said he'd been called away to look out for a legacy he had received, and it was not long before there were indications that he had really had a windfall.

The woman who was looking for him or some one like him did not return, but Brown kept up his watchfulness. Indeed, her appearance evidently had not changed the situation. He was the same mystery as before, and as time wore on many came to believe that she had been looking for another person.

Then came a man worse looking—if that could be—than the woman who had been there who was hunting for one whose description fitted her exactly. He did not seem to know Brown, and it was at once inferred that Brown had nothing to do either with the ill favored man or woman He said he hadn't, and there were good reasons why he should be believed.

Every evening at 5 o'clock the stage drew up at the tavern on its way through the town. One evening while the crowd was awaiting the usual daily excitement the coach appeared at the other end of the street, and Brown, who was present, was seen to change color. Several persons who noticed him looked knowingly at each other as much as to say: "His enemy is coming. Look out." The coach came on, and sitting on the seat beside the driver was a comely woman of twenty. Seeing Brown, her face broke into a beautiful smile, and when the coach stopped she stepped down on to the wheel and jumped into Brown's arms.

The news spread throughout the town that the Brown mystery was solved. But the curious citizens were doomed to disappointment. Neither Brown nor the new arrival gave any explanation. Since they went to housekeeping together without any marriage ceremony it was inferred that they were man and wife. But Brown was a new man. He became a permanent resident of the place, and he and his wife—especially the latter—grew in the affections of their fellow townsmen. But neither ever lisped a word as to the story that every one believed was connected with them.

This much came from Ellen Wykoff. She averred that she had formed a resolution to get Brown's secret. For the purpose she pretended to have fallen in love with him. She found him a very honorable man, who felt it his duty to shut off a love that could not be returned. On her promise not to reveal what he said he informed her that he was a married man. But the rest of the mystery she could not get out of him.

Miss Wykoff learned, however, the cause of his looking up and down a street before crossing it. He was blind in one eye and to avoid accident had formed this habit. His starting came from the same cause, a shadow on his blind side being the most frequent cause.

It was soon after Mrs. Brown's arrival when the interest in their story—a story doubly interesting from remaining untold—that the town was named. Brown's legacy proved to be a bona fide one and sufficiently large to enable him to do a great deal for his adopted town. And doubtless this was another reason for its being called Brunonia.

DEATH BY PRESSING.

One of the Horrible Modes of Torture In the Middle Ages.

One of the judicial penalties in the middle ages was death by pressing. Strictly speaking, this manner of death was not a penalty, but an avoidance of penalty. In the penal practice of the time it was not enough that the person accused of crime for which capital punishment was provided should be convicted by the testimony of witnesses. His own acknowledgment of guilt was necessary. If the crime was fastened upon the accused by witnesses and he confessed then only was a true conviction obtained In this case the goods of the criminal as well as his life were forfeit to the law. The pressing, the "peine forte et dure" of the old penal law, was designed as a means of extorting a confession. The sufferer of this exercise administered by the sworn tormentors was stripped and laid upon the dungeon floor with a jagged stone under him. Over him was laid a door, and upon this platform was laid a mass of stones up to and past the weight which the human frame could endure. On the first day he was fed with three morsels of moldy bread, on the second with three sips of water and thus in alternation so long as life remained. During all this suffering the tormentors awaited his confession.

It is of record that as late as 1650 in England a Mrs. Clitheroe died silent under the pressure rather than allow her property to be taken from her family.

In the older accounts of the Salem witchcraft it is said that Giles Corey in 1692 was pressed to death, but that whole episode is involved in obscurities.—New York Sun.

SNAKES ARE STUPID.

The Reptiles May Be Tamed, but They Cannot Be Trained.

One cannot train or teach snakes to do anything whatever. Their brain power is so limited that the marvel is how they have ever managed to survive in the great competition, especially when one finds that they are still on the "ascending curve" of evolution Most of them can be tamed to some extent by constant human companionship and judicious handling (some species very much more readily than others). When they have learned to trust, to appreciate the fact that there is no necessity for self defense, then they may be trusted, a principle which applies to most animals, and there the scope and possibility of their education come to an end.

After that the most that a skillful exhibitor can do with them is to adapt himself and his actions to their movements, which by familiarity he can pretty nearly anticipate, so that these may appear purposive and intelligent. He may affect to listen to the serpent's counsels, or receive its kiss on his lips if its head inclines in an upward direction, or to lure it from one hand to the other, or to guide it to some given spot, should it by chance glide horizontally or downward, just as the Indian snake charmer takes deceptive advantage of the natural defiant attitude of the well nigh untamable cobra de capello.—Chambers' Journal.

Men's Evening Clothes.

Many severe things have been said of the inartistic qualities of man's dress in modern times, so that it comes as a pleasing surprise to hear a word spoken in its defense by no less an authority than Antonio de la Gandara, the portrait painter. "In the first place," he says, "people dress very well in these days. Thus, as regards the men, think of their evening dress clothes! Admire the sober lines, the perfect harmony! One dazzling point alone in the whole costume, the white surface of the shirt front, and all else is black—nothing but black. Do you know anything more beautiful? Never, possibly, has man's dress been nobler. In a century's time it will be said, 'With what perfect art men of that time used to dress!'"—New York World.

The Old Tableboard.

Perhaps no great difference exists between any mode of the olden times and that of today than can be seen in the manner of serving the meals of the family. In the first place the very dining table of the colonists was not like our present ones. It was a long and narrow board, sometimes but three feet wide, with no legs attached to it. It was laid on supports or trestles, shaped something like a sawhorse. Thus it was literally a board and was called a tableboard, and the linen cover used at meals was not called a tablecloth, but a boardcloth or board clothes.

Cause of the Row.

Mrs. Popley—For goodness' sake, what's the matter with Willie? Mr. Popley (from the bathroom)—Oh, he wants the earth. Mrs. Popley—Wants the earth? Mr. Popley—Yes; at least that portion of it that I'm trying to wash off his hands and face.—Philadelphia Press.

Sidestepped.

"You can't sit up with my daughter after 11 o'clock."

"Would you mind telling her that, sir? I have been trying to get home early for six months."—Life.

Very Much Married.

Waitress—Have another glass, sir? Husband (to his wife)—Shall I have another glass, Friedrike? Wife (to her mother)—Shall he have another, mother?—Fliegende Blatter.

Humility hath depressed many a genius to a hermit, but never raised one to fame.—Shenstone.

Their Happiness.

"How about that newly married deaf mute couple next door to you? Do they seem happy?"

"Unspeakably."—Boston Transcript.

In a Department Store.

Floorwalker—Something I can do for you, sir? Nervous Gentleman—I have lost my wife. Floorwalker—Mourning goods on third floor.—Life.

BRIDGE OF THE SEAS.

The Isthmus From Which Every Other Isthmus Has Been Named.

The "Bridge of the Seas" is the striking name which Pindar gives to the narrow isthmus which connects the gulf of Corinth with the Aegean sea. It is one of the most interesting strips of soil on the five continents. It is the isthmus par excellence of all the world, for from its Greek name, Isthmia, every other isthmus has been named.

The ancients were not good sailors. They never went by sea where they could conveniently go by land, and to cross this narrow neck of land, only four miles wide, saved them many a weary league of sailing around a stormy coast in going from the Peloponnesus to Attica and indeed from Europe to Asia.

The southeastern point of Attica was especially dangerous, and an old proverb used to run, "When you are rounding Cape Malia forget all you have at home." Indeed, navigation in these seas was almost wholly abandoned in the winter months, and we remember that in the graphic account of St. Paul's shipwreck he advised the captain to winter in the Cretan harbor of Fair Havens. Through disregarding this advice disaster came to ship and crew and prisoners alike.

No wonder, then, that the isthmus, which the ancient city of Corinth dominated, became at one time the busiest and perhaps the most notable strip of land which the world knew. More battles have been fought, more dynasties established or dethroned, just here in all probability than in any other spot on the earth's surface.—Christian Herald.

A ROYAL FEATHER CLOAK.

Kalakaua Couldn't Wear It, and His Groom Disgraced It.

When King Kalakaua of Hawaii visited Japan many years ago he was very anxious to exhibit to the Japanese his famous royal feather cloak. It did not look well draped over the regular costume of the king, which was based on European military models. It was out of the question to wear it draped over brown cuticle, as was the ancient fashion. Finally it was decided to let Robert, one of his attendants, wear it.

William N. Armstrong, the king's attorney general, said: "This additional service delighted Robert, who now, according to a confidential statement made to his Japanese attendant, was 'keeper of the royal standard,' 'groom of the feather cloak' and 'valet in ordinary.' While in the imperial car, on the way to Tokyo, the king's suit had suddenly seen Robert sitting in state in the luggage car dressed in a silk hat, white gloves and with the gorgeous royal cloak hanging over his shoulders, the tableau being completed by a group of Japanese attendants who were standing before him lost in admiration.

"But Robert was scarcely equal to the dignity that was his. In his capacity of valet he preceded the party to the palace assigned to them and discovered there abundance of wines and spirits, which he consumed until they arrived. He was found asleep in the king's bedchamber with the silk hat far down over his head and the gorgeous cloak askew on his shoulders. He was at once deposed from his office of 'groom of the feather cloak.'"

At Least He Hesitated.

A group of St. Louis men were discussing a banker in that city who has the reputation of hard bargaining, close fistedness and who invariably gets his pound of flesh.

"Oh, well," said a man present who hadn't taken part in the general hammerfest, "he isn't so bad. I went in to see him the other day to get a loan of $10,000, and he treated me very courteously."

"Did he lend you the money?"

"No, he didn't lend it to me, but he hesitated before he refused."—Saturday Evening Post.

New Management.

"What's come over Wombat? I saw him scooting up Penn avenue a little while ago, and he couldn't stop for a word."

"Yes; he's working like a horse these days."

"But he used to be rather lazy. Why the change?"

"He's under a new management. His latest wife needs a lot of expensive things."—Pittsburgh Post.

Usually.

Jack—Hello, Fred! Had your hair cut? Fred—Yes, old fellow. I found a place where they cut your hair while you wait. Jack—That's good. A barber's shop is usually a place where they cut some other man's hair while you wait.

The Likeness.

Mrs. Newed—I suppose now we have disagreed you are comparing this to your old home. Mr. Newed—Exactly. [illegible] the rows mother used

Glassy.

"I suppose," said the man in the yellow coat, trying to be chummy, "it doesn't hurt your glass eye when you get anything in it?"

"Does it look as if it would ever be likely to have a pane in it?" responded the other frigidly. And he gave him a glassy stare.

The Limit.

"Miss Pry is the most inquisitive sort of girl. There is nothing doing but she manages to have her finger in it?"

"I notice she hasn't got the finger in an engagement ring yet."—Baltimore American.

Intemperate.

Tambo—They tell me that the Stock Exchange is a most intemperate place. Bones—I should say so. Money gets tight, and the certificates often take a drop.—Satire.

If you wish to appear agreeable in society you must consent to be taught many things which you know already. —Talleyrand.

STUDIED THE BIRDS

And Louis Mouillard Pointed the Way to the Aeroplane.

THE FATHER OF AVIATION.

Pathetic Career of the Man Who Originated the Theory of the Conquest of the Air With Machines That Would Imitate the Soaring of Vultures.

The French—themselves masters of the air—call Louis Mouillard the father of aviation, although he never flew. Mouillard was a theorist. It is admitted today that his theories were sound, although he never put them into achieving form. Mouillard wrote two books, "The Empire of the Air" and "Flight With Fixed Wings." Only the first of these works appeared during his lifetime, and that had a small circulation. But he pointed the way to fly, and ten years after his death the Wright brothers, following principles he set down, proved that he had solved the problem.

Mouillard explained that to seek to fly by imitating the beating of a bird's wings was error; that, instead of trying this impossible feat, man should imitate those birds which soar with steady wings and avail themselves of air currents. If Mouillard had possessed money there is little doubt that he would have demonstrated his theory, as it has been successfuly proved. The life of this remarkable man seems, on superficial view, to have been a failure. But his compatriots, recognizing his real worth, set up a monument to his memory at Hellopolis, Egypt. He died in 1897. The story of his life is pathetic.

Mouillard was the son of a dyer of Lyons. From boyhood he was fascinated by the flight of birds. He managed to buy an eagle, which he secreted in the family garret and studied with an avid interest whenever he could escape from his books or work. He watched the bird's movements, measured its wings and studied it with infinite pains. And when he had mastered the secret, with the aid of his admiring sisters, he built an aeroplane with cotton and corset bones and determined himself to fly.

Going to a hill crowned with a church, with a sheer cliff on one side, the young inventor was about to trust himself to his contrivance when the beadle rushed at him, boxed his ears, confiscated his machine and sent him home in disgrace. This was the only attempt Mouillard ever made to fly, but his studies on the subject never ceased.

He showed such aptitude at drawing that it was decided he should make his living by this talent. He won a scholarship and, going to Paris, studied under Ingres. Yet while he drew and painted his mind was always on flight. He would climb the towers of Notre Dame, watch the startled birds take flight and study their movements.

Mouillard's father died, and his artistic career suddenly closed. He went to Algeria as a colonist and made a failure in that, but the birds again were his teachers. He noted that the sea birds rose, turned and flew against the wind without a movement of their wings. He weighed the bodies of the strongest, calculated wing space and advanced in his theories toward the truth.

Casting about for a vocation, for he was poor, Mouillard secured a place to teach drawing at the Polytechnic school of Cairo. Here he had another opportunity. He would study the vultures of the desert, and almost daily he sought them inland. He finally called the vulture "the master of flight," adding: "In the perfection of the result and the simplicity of the movement their flight is so splendid that it overcomes the watcher. Every time you look at it you are amazed that none has tried to reproduce it. It is so simple, so exactly what we want. What could we ask more than that steady flight and those immense circles which carry the bird into the heavens? They are all our desires realized." By degrees he formulated his theories of air currents. He observed that birds rose and hung motionless and moved without beating their wings. He ruminated on the air forces caused by the rising of hot air from the desert and their effect on the flight of the birds. He had solved the mystery.

Stricken with illness, Mouillard could no longer teach drawing. He managed to publish his "Empire of the Air," knowing its scientific value, and to reach Paris, where his theories were well received. The Society For Aerial Navigation made him a member, but no one was ready to advance him money for a practical demonstration of his theories.

Discouraged, Mouillard returned to Cairo, where he acted as cashier in a shop, his wife being employed in another place. They together earned but little. By degrees he finished his work on "Flight With Fixed Wings." Just before his death Chanute, the American, corresponded with Mouillard on the subject of aviation. It is said that from Chanute the knowledge gained from Mouillard passed to the Wrights. But ten years before they had conquered the air Mouillard died.—Leslie's.

Mother's Privilege.

"Don't talk back to your pa!"

"Aw, gee whiz, ma, you want all the fun there is in this house."—Detroit Free Press.

God abandons those who abandon themselves.—George Sand.

Still Life.

They were looking at the canvases on exhibition in the artist's studio.

"Does this one represent a real landscape?" inquired the portly gentleman with the double chin.

"Yes, sir," answered the artist. "That rude shack in the foreground is a moonshiner's cabin in the mountains."

"Oh, yes. This must be the painting called 'Still Life' in the catalogue."—Chicago Tribune.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, JUNE 14, 1912

FLAG DAY.

This is the 135th anniversary of the birth of the present American Flag, and is named "Flag Day." It is not a legal holiday in Massachusetts, hence no official notice is taken of it.

Today, June 14, all over this fair land of ours patriotic people, especially G. A. R. Posts, W. R. C., Flag Associations, "Red, White and Blue" clubs, and others are engaged in the duty and pleasure of presenting the American Flag, the emblem of political Liberty, to the public schools, to classes in schools, individuals, and for use on public buildings. Such is the order of exercises here in Woburn today, if we have been rightly informed. In some cases exercises are held by the pupils and teachers which are generally well attended by interested men and women.

On June 14, 1777, the American Congress adopted the present Flag of our Union which has remained unchanged from that day to this with the exception of placing on it additional stars, as new States were admitted into the Union. It was made by Betsey Ross at her home on Arch street in Philadelphia under the direction of a committee of which Washington, Jefferson, Adams, and other distinguished statesmen, were members.

Probably Mr. George Buchanan of this city is the shortest link in the historical chain, now living, that connects Betsy Ross and her work on the Flag with the present time. He is 88 years old and when a boy his home was in Amesbury, this State. It was likewise the home of "Grandsir Ross," a cousin of Betsey's, with whom young George was acquainted. Buchanan told the story of the Flag, the chief points of which are distinctly remembered by him, as he got it from Grandsir Ross.

Grandsir Ross was proud, of the work of his kinswoman, but always insisted that less credit for it than she deserved was accorded her. She not only made the Flag but in planning it several of her suggestions were accepted by the Committee and adopted by Congress. For example Betsey's idea of the arrangement of the 13 stars.

Besides being her cousin, Grandsir Ross was Adjutant of a Regiment in the Revolutionary War, and took more than ordinary interest in Betsey's progress on the new Flag.

Ross took an English Flag, stripped it of its British Emblems, set it up on a pikepole in the boat and is the same Flag seen in the famous painting of "Washington Crossing the Delaware." Sergt. Ross was on that great historical occasion Washington's Color Bearer.

FARMER'S BULLETINS.

The great interest shown by many of Congressman McCall's constituents in the so-called Farmers' Bulletins issued by the Department of Agriculture has led him to think that they would appeal still more widely to the people of the District, if the matter were brought to their attention. These Bulletins are intended not only for the farmer or gardener but for the citizen and householder in general. They are in fact a series of popular treatises and are of equal value to the dweller in the city and in the suburbs. They cover a wide range of subjects, but the titles of a few will serve to illustrate their scope:

The Home Fruit Garden, Fish as Food, Economic Use of Meat in the Home. Bread and Bread Making, Beautifying the Home Grounds, Habit-Forming Agents, Harmfulness of Headache Mixtures, The School Garden, Some Common Birds, Poultry Management, House Flies, How a city Family Managed a Farm.

Mr. McCall will take pleasure in sending to anyone who will apply to him a list of the Bulletins from which a selection may be made. Requests should be addressed to Hon. S. W. McCall, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

FOR SENATOR.

According to newspaper reports it is not improbable that Hon. Samuel W. McCall, Representative in Congress of the Eighth Massachusetts District of which Woburn is a part, may be elected U. S. Senator to succeed U. S. Senator Crane who will not be a candidate for reelection next winter.

It appears by a perusal of said newspapers that Mr. McCall has been requested by prominent Republicans to become a candidate for the honor; that he promised to take the matter under advisement, and report soon after the adjournment of the Republican National convention which is to assemble in Chicago on next Tuesday, June 18.

Many leaders of his party, as well as the rank and file, hope Representative McCall will conclude to enter the list of competitors for the place.

HOSPITAL FIELD DAY.

Thanks to the well directed efforts of Chairman Linscott and his numerous committees the arrangements for the opening of the Choate Memorial Hospital Field Day, and its successful prosecution next Monday, June 17, Bunker Hill Day, are completed, or very near it. The Committees have worked with heart and hand, and the result is in the highest degree gratifying to the originators and promoters of the grand charitable celebration.

The people of this city and neighborhood are well posted on the scheme to be executed, or programme of exercises, for the JOURNAL has been instant in season and out of season furnishing information concerning it from its inception to the present hour.

That next Monday is to be a great day for Woburn and the Choate Hospital is the general belief of our own people as well as those of Winchester, Burlington, Stoneham, Wilmington, Reading and Wakefield, large delegations from which towns are expected to come here and enjoy the pleasures of the great day.

Each stand will be a complete show of itself and should not be missed by the visitor, if he would get his money's worth and right change back. To obtain accurate and useful information respecting the multitude of the stands or departments, the shows, sports, exhibits, etc., reference to recent announcements in the JOURNAL will enable the reader to do so easily.

The grand event will end with an evening pop concert and dance.

THE CONVENTION.

The Republican National Convention for the nomination of candidates for President and Vice-President, to construct a Platform, elect a National Committee, and transact any other business that may properly come before the meeting, is to be held at Chicago on Tuesday, June 18, and is expected to run until the Friday evening following.

The opinion prevails quite generally, we believe, that President Taft will encounter no serious opposition in the convention, but will be nominated on the first ballot. When last heard from no candidate for Vice-President had been settled on although several had been mentioned.

The Taft wing of the party had the National Committee with them, and handled the convention about as they pleased.

The Democratic convention is to be held June 25.

☞ In its Crop Report for May recently issued, the State Board of Agriculture includes a paper on "Pork Making For Massachusetts Farmers" by Dr. Geo. M. Twitchell, Auburn, Me. This Crop Report, the first one for the present year, can be obtained free by applying to J. Lewis Ellsworth, Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, 136 State House, Boston, and those desiring to have their names placed on the permanent mailing list to receive the Crop Report regularly will be accommodated. The Report also contains summaries of weather conditions for the first five months of 1912, conditions of crops for the country and State, notes of correspondents and other announcements and items of interest including measures to be taken against cutworms.

☞ Here is another opportunity for the promoters of a "Bigger and Busier Woburn" to get a move on and show what they can do: A map showing route of proposed Grand Trunk Railroad line in Massachusetts does not include Woburn or Winchester, although it comes down almost straight from Billerica to Lexington, but leaves Burlington on the left. To correct this and give Woburn a square deal is the duty of its promoters.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

Advertiser—Piano.
Hospital—Field Day.
Albert Boyden—Citation.
F. P. Shumway Co.—Provincetown.
J. W. & E. F. Johnson—Citation.

— If nothing happens to prevent we are to have a new moon tomorrow.

— Everybody who has the least spark of interest in the Hospital Field Day hopes it won't rain next Monday.

— Here's hoping that the weather next Monday will be clear, cool and balmy for the Hospital Field Day.

— Mrs. Rev. Henry B. Williams is a member of an important Choate Hospital Field Day Committee next Monday.

— Not much is heard about Bunker Hill Day. Perhaps Charlestown is coming to Woburn on June 17 en masse.

— The Choate Hospital graduated 7 nurses last Wednesday evening in Lyceum Hall. There was a good attendance.

— June 17, or Bunker Hill Day is not a legal holiday in this State; so, we poor fellows must work, and not play, next Monday.

— On account of the strike of the "L" employees in Boston and suburbs the B. & M. Railroad did a big business on the Woburn Loop last Sunday.

— With the mercury only 60 above, as it was here last Saturday morning, the Poet Lowell's "how rare is a day in June" seems rather out of place.

— Woburn has had its customary variety and usual changes of weather this week. People ought to be able to find the kind that suits them best this spring.

— Mrs. Arthur Wyer of Pleasant street has rented her North Conway, N. H., summer home and will pass her vacation season this year nearer the seaside.

— They tell us that the pear crop is going to be very light this season. But, all the same, Crovo will have a plenty of that delicious fruit for home consumption.

— The W. H. S. ball team are forging ahead and winning honors on the diamond like all possessed. They are taking games from the other chaps right and left.

— Now that the vacation season is close by a long term of dull business may be looked for. But little trade and manufacturing is carried on here in the summer time.

— Mr. Charles S. Lowell, a former respected resident of Woburn, brother of Mr. Fred F. Lowell, died last Saturday in Fall River, and the funeral was held there June 11.

— Alderman C. H. Cadwell has added to his Spring Water business the necessary outfit whereby he is prepared to furnish the people of Woburn and vicinity all kinds of tonics.

— Judge Edward F. Johnson and wife returned last week from a delightful journey to and tour through California. Drs. Buss, Chalmers and other wanderers have also got back.

— As Chairman of the Choate Hospital Field Day Publicity Committee Haggerty of the *Times* is a phenominal success. He keeps his presses red hot all the time issuing Hospital bulletins.

— Next Sunday, June 16, Children's Day and anniversary of the founding of their Sunday School will be observed at First church in this city by special exercises at the morning services. The pastor will give an address.

— The second recital of Maude Littlefield's piano and violin pupils last week drew a large audience. It was one of the best her classes have ever given and highly enjoyed. Miss Littlefield's recitals have become real musical treats.

— Woburn Lodge of B. P. O. Elks are to celebrate Flag Day in Lyceum Hall this evening by appropriate and entertaining exercises. Announcement of this meeting was the reason for W. R. C. 161 holding theirs on Tuesday evening, June 11.

— What Smith & Varney, jewelers, don't know about clocks, watches, and things of that kind isn't worth trying to find out. At repairing time pieces they are experts; and when it comes to selecting school graduating jewelry those gentlemen can't be beat.

— "Good wine needs no bush." Neither does Fred Stanley's Boston Branch need any blowing and puffing, for it is right there on the spot doing business at the old stand, the leading grocery in Woburn, with a royal good fellow at the helm.

— Fire at 12.30 Monday destroyed the home of George W. Morton, Holton street, Woburn. Two alarms from Box 34, Winchester were sounded and the fire was fought by the Winchester department. The damage will total at least $3,000.

— Mrs. Emeline L. Holdon, widow of the late Stoughton B. Holden of Woburn, died Sunday, June 9, at the home of her son, Dr. N. Holden, at Whately, Mass., aged 79 years. Besides her son she left a daughter, Mrs. C. F. Hills, of Haverhill. Interment took place at Woodbrook Cemetery, Tuesday, June 11.

— Charles D. Onion, 116 Green street, died Sunday at the Choate Memorial hospital as the result of injuries sustained while painting a house in Montvale last week. He fell 15 feet. His spine was fractured and three ribs broken. He was sixty years of age. The funeral was held Wednesday from his late home. Burial was at Needham.

— It fell to the JOURNAL'S pleasing lot last Monday to be officially informed of the betrothal of Louise Belle Merrill and Percival Jerauld Holmes. Miss Merrill is a Woburn girl, grand daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah ("Cy") C. Chase, and a great favorite with all of her many acquaintances. We extend our congratulations to Miss Lou and her intended.

— The Woman's Christian Temperance Union extend a cordial invitation to the Mothers' Association to be present at an open air meeting and social at the home of Mrs. M. A. Burnes, 40 Mt. Pleasant street, Monday, June 24, 1912, from three to five o'clock. The meeting will be addressed by Mrs. Katherine Lent Stevenson, State President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

— The following ladies graduated as trained nurses from the Choate Hospital last Wednesday evening: Misses Isabel Wilson White of Maynard, Mass., Ethel Eleanor Kellough, Melrose, Mass., Freda Maude Yates, Woburn; Alice Teresa Keating, Burlington; Edna Corine Hinckley, Rockland, Me.; Margaret Jane McClellan, Prince Edward Island; and Harriet Mabel Parker, Concord, Mass.

— We thankfully acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to the JOURNAL and all persons connected with it from the Trustees of the Woburn Charitable Association to attend the graduating exercises, Class 1912, Training School for Nurses, Charles Choate Memorial Hospital, which were held in Lyceum Hall on Wednesday evening, June 12; and also to the reception of the Nurses at their Home, 29 Warren avenue, from 5 to 7 o'clock on the same evening.

— When the Woburn Law Enforcement League get after an illegal rum seller he might just as well, like Col. Scott's coon, come down first as last and plead guilty. When Coleman was sentenced by Judge Johnson in the District Court last Saturday to pay a fine of $50 and three months in jail he began to think that Blodgett, Mendum, Williams et al, are in dead earnest in their good work of ridding the city of all violators of the laws of this Commonwealth.

— As a member of the Massachusetts City Clerks' Association Bernard McHugh enjoyed their annual outing last week.

— Chairman Blodgett's Hospital Field Day parade, June 17, will open at 8 30 A. M. and close at 9.30. No tickets necessary to insure admittance.

— The alarm from Box 66 at 8 o'clock Wednesday evening, was for a slight fire at the home of Martin Flaherty, 9 Jones Court. Damage small.

— Miss Margaret Muikeen, a gifted and popular young lady of this city, is to be the reader at the Flag Day celebration by the Elks in Lyceum Hall this evening. She is a good one.

— Judge John G. Maguire is to be one of the two principal speakers at the Woburn Elks this evening. His theme is to be "History of the Flag," an exceedingly interesting one, and one that cannot be too generally and thoroughly learned. The Judge will give valuable information respecting our National Emblem.

— In points of numbers and character the audience at the graduation of the 1512 Class of Trained Nurses of the Nurses' Home in Lyceum Hall last Wednesday evening, were all the most exacting could have asked for. The exercises were conducted a la mode and highly interesting. The graduates made a pretty appearance.

— Woburn visitors to Paragon Park Nantasket, declared that the large crowds there, with the Palm Garden filled to its capacity every evening from late in the afternoon, through the dinner hours and right up to and through the Cabaret Show which is on in the Palm Garden from 9 to 11 o'clock, so far in advance of the customary opening of this resort for the season on Saturday, June 15th, furnishes ample proof of the great popularity of the Cabaret.

— There will be a Garden Party at the residence of W. W. Hill, Main street, North Woburn, for the benefit of the Parish House of the North Congregational Church on Saturday afternoon and evening, June 22. Lunches, ice cream and punch, will be served. There will be two entertainments in the barn with seats in the loft. Automobileists will be served with tea during the afternoon. Preparations are in progress to make this an elaborate affair and no one should miss it.

— At Norton the new Dormitory just completed for the Seminary will be dedicated Tuesday, June 18, and named the Cragin Dormitory in remembrance of Miss Mary Jane Cragin who was a teacher there for several years, afterward going to St. Louis to teach where she died 40 years ago. She was the daughter of Deacon Francis K. Cragin of this city, and sister of Mrs. Chase Cole, Pleasant street. Mrs. Cole expects to be present as the guest of Dr. Cole of the Seminary.

— Flag Day was patriotically kept by W. R. C. 161, at Post 161 G. A. R. Hall last Tuesday evening June 11, at which Hon. Alfred S. Roe of Worcester was the orator. A fine entertainment was given under the auspices of the Sons of Veterans Camp and auxiliary. The Corps had for Guests of Honor several distinguished lady members of the Order, and the exercises were also enjoyed by a large audience. It is safe to say that Capt. Edwin F. Wyer, Commander of G. A. R. Post 161 was there for whenever any honoring of "Old Glory" is going on he is sure to be present.

— When at the breakfast table on last Saturday morning the market gardeners of Woburn read in the Boston papers all about the heavy frost in Maine the night previous, May 31, it put them into a happy frame of mind; but when, 30 minutes later, they went out and found that Jack had also given them a nocturnal visit and nipped their tomato vines they changed their tune into one not nearly so hilarious as the one whistled at the breakfast table. There was quite a heavy frost here that Friday night and a West Side man kept a fire burning in his tomato patch until midnight to save his crop.

— A small, neatly printed pamphlet entitled "Pianoforte Recitals by pupils of Mrs. Annie Soule Lewis: season of 1911—1912," was received at the JOURNAL office a few days ago and carefully examined. It contained a long list of Mrs. Lewis's Woburn and Winchester pupils and their 5 recitals during her prosperous season. Also, the names of the pupils who took part in the successful rehearsals, their homes the music rendered by them and other information. Mrs. Lewis has been a popular piano teacher here for several years. She and her son Percyval were formerly students in a famous German conservatory, and she is thoroughly educated in her profession.

— At their annual meeting held at the Wyman Homestead in Burlington on June 6 the Wyman Family Association elected the following officers: President, B. F. Wyman, Lancaster, Pa., Vice President, O. C. Wyman, Minneapolis; Louis A. Wyman, Swampscott; James T. Wyman, Minneapolis; A. V. Wyman, Omaha; Frank Wyman, St. Louis; Horace Wyman, Worcester; W. D. Wyman, Pittsfield; Secretary and Treasurer, Arthur M. Wyman, Swampscott; Executive Committee, Morrill Wyman, Cambridge; Henry A. Wyman, Boston; Louis A. Wyman, Swampscott; Gerald Wyman, Boston; Albert L. Wyman, Boston; W. Wyman Crosby and Edward F. Johnson, Woburn.

Serpentina Carnival.

These festivities will be in the center of the city, from 8 30 to 9 30, participated in by all sorts of vehicles and patterned after the annual Spring Carnival at Havana.

A cordial invitation is extended to all who can get a rig of any kind to enter into this Carnival.

The line will form on Pleasant street at the railroad crossing and extend back through Arlington Road. No decorations are required. The start will be promptly at 8 30, June 17th.

W. E BLODGETT,
Chairman Serpentina Carnival Committee.

If you seek to make one rich study not to increase his stores, but to diminish his desires.—Seneca.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

With Wish Wynne, the famous English comedienne, and five other big novelties new to Boston audiences, included on the list, next week's bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre will be one of the best programmes offered at that popular playhouse this summer. Wish Wynne is the prettiest, daintiest, and most charming entertainer England ever sent to the shores of the United States. She is the pet of London, and her appearances in New York City have shown that American audiences quite agree with the verdict of their cousins across the seas. Miss Wynne does not sing her songs. She talks them.

THE TREMONT.

ALICE LLOYD IN "LITTLE MISS FIX-IT"

There can be no doubt of the instant and enthusiastic success of the dainty English singing comedienne, Alice Lloyd, in "Little Miss Fix-It" at the Tremont Theatre. The welcome extended this charming British visitor was indeed a warm one on Tuesday evening and has been duplicated at every performance since. Alice Lloyd's exquisite art as a singer of typical London music hall songs, together with her delightful good humor and clean comedy left no doubt as to the friendly place she immediately won in the hearts of Boston theatregoers. Her summer engagement here was started off with a flourish and the demands for seats for a fortnight or more ahead has been extremely brisk.

A Delightful Sale For 1 Cent a Mile.

Rich in historic interest, famous for its fish industries, quaint old buildings, savory fish dinners, Provincetown, situated at the apex of Cape Cod, is ever a delightful place to visit. Situated by road 120 miles from Boston, the trip by boat is only 50 miles.

Commencing Saturday, June 15, and running daily at 9 A. M., Sundays and holidays at 9 30 A. M., the iron steamshipship "Dorothy Bradford" carries hundreds of passengers to the shrine of the first landing place of the Pilgrims. Stanch, speedy, cleanly, equipped with every modern device for the comfort, convenience and safety of its passengers, the trip across Massachusetts Bay is certainly exhilarating. Passing here a fort, there an island, skirting the coast of the Pilgrims on the right and viewing the broad expause of the grand old Atlantic on the left, the invigorating sea breezes whistling a welcome from the city's noise and dust and confusion and heat and hard pavements and sultry streets, a trip on the "Dorothy Bradford" to Provincetown is one which should often be taken. It should be a family affair, the joy of the children, rest for the tired mother, the overworked father, the clerks of sendentary habits: in fact for all who need the diversion of a pleasant sail on the usually placid waters of Massachusetts Bay. One dollar covers the round trip.

Could Shout For Joy.

I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart," wrote C. R. Rader, of Lewisburg, W. Va., "for the wonderful double benefit I got from Electric Bitters, in curing me of both a severe case of stomach trouble and of rheumatism, from which I had been an almost helpless sufferer for ten years. It suited my case as though made just for me." For dyspepsia, indigestion, jaundice, and to rid the system of kidney poisons that cause rheumatism, Electric Bitters have no equal. Try them. Every bottle is guaranteed to satisfy. Only 50 cents at All Druggists.

Children's Day Exercises.

First Baptist Church,
Sunday, June 16, 4 P. M.

PROGRAM.

Processional Hymn

Class Exercise
Ralph Mitchell, Norman Northrup, solo, Wilfred Smith, Paul Williams, Herbert Smith, George Swift, Lincoln Biye.

Scripture Reading. Superintendent

Prayer. Pastor

Hymn 576. Congregation Standing

Class Exercise
Ruth Lord, Charlotte Smith, Anna Matson, solo, Viola Cole, solo, Helen Flagg.

Recitation Helen Hammond

Chorus. "Suffer the Children"

Recitation Ethel Andrews

Scripture Exercises
Conducted by Primary Teacher

Recitation Catherine Jahnke

Chorus. "How to Grow Like Jesus."

Recitation Grace Dean

Offering.

The Story Told by the Children
Elizabeth Burnes, Muriel Leavitt, Etheiyn Loud, Beatrice Flagg, Mildred Olson, Robert Peterson, Russell Stokes Ruth Williams, Hope Blodgett, Henry Hamilton.

Solo Ruth Williams

Recitation
Eleanor Johnson, Emily Bromley

Address. Rev. H. B. Williams

Bible Acrostic
Ethel Coleman, Vera Dockham, Aerial Buckman, Alice Tobin, Edna Hamilton.

Chorus. "Praise God for the Bible"

Benediction.

Board's Oldest Missionary.

Rev. Wilson A. Farnsworth, D. D., who has died at Hanover, N. H., was in his ninetieth year. His death removes from the American Board its oldest missionary. Born in Greene, Chenango County, N. Y., Aug. 29, 1822, Dr. Farnsworth was graduated from Middlebury College in 1848 and from Andover Theological Seminary in 1852. He was to begin his missionary career in Turkey in 1853. Practically all his missionary service was at the station of Cesarea. He was married Oct. 21, 1852, to Miss Caroline Elizabeth Palmer, who with two daughters and one son, survive him.

Rev. Dr. Farnsworth was the father of the wife of Rev. James L. Fowle, a native of Woburn, brother of Mr. Luke Warren Fowle of this city, and has been the missionary in Turkey of the First church of Woburn many years. He is now on a furlough in this country.

Famous Stage Beauties

look with horror on Skin Eruptions, Blotches, Sores or Pimples. They don't have them, nor will any one, who uses Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It glorifies the face. Eczema or Salt Rheum vanish before it. It cures sore lips, chapped hands, chilblains; heals burns, cuts and bruises. Unequalled for piles. Only 25c at All Druggists.

WINCHESTER.

Lawyer Elder has been in Chicago a couple of weeks helping the Republican National Committee settle the question of delegates in the National Convention to be held there on June 18.

The Republicans of this town will have a candidate for State Senator this fall who, they claim, can beat Brown of Medford with both hands tied behind his back. His name has not been made public.

It would be a big feather in Winchester's cap if we should capture the U. S Senatorship that Murray Crane has become disgusted with and thrown up. Sam McCall may in due time speak for it, and if he does he will be more than likely to get it. He is a leader in the House and the Senatorial toga would fit his shoulders neatly.

The advocates of Female Suffrage are numerous and active in this town. Whether or not they are making many converts is more than I can tell. They are materially aided by a certain College Professor, a lecturer of renown on ethics, politics, metaphysics, and other deep subjects, who is cutting a wide swath among the Winchester gentry, "bluestockings," and promoters of isms and fads, and who our ladies love to hear talk on the platform. The Female Suffragists are astir. They hold frequent meetings at which the "long haired men and short haired women" are conspicuous.

Drives Off A Terror.

The chief executioner of death in the winter and spring months is pneumonia. Its advance agents are colds and grip. In any attack by one of these maladies no time should be lost in taking the best medicine obtainable to drive it off. Countless thousands have found this to be Dr. King's New Discovery. "My husband believes it has kept him from having pneumonia three or four times," writes Mrs. George W. Place, Rawsonville, Vt., "and for coughs, colds and croup we have never found its equal." Guaranteed for all bronchial affections. Price 50c & $1.00. Trial bottle free at All Druggists.

TESTED HER TEMPER.

And She Took Her Medicine With Thanks and a Laugh.

"What was the coolest act of self possession you ever witnessed?" a friend asked of a noted animal trainer.

"Well, I guess you're looking for yarns about lions and tigers," replied he. "I've seen all the best tricks and some mighty quick stunts that weren't in the regular program, but I saw something that hit me harder than any of these. It was at dinner at a palatial hotel in Palm Beach. Opposite me sat a young lady with her dowager mamma and a swell that I took to be the fiance. The girl was beautiful, dressed like a princess and a lot more human looking than her two companions. By some blunder a very awkward waiter served her, and in one of his flourishes he managed to pour the contents of a full finger bowl squarely on the girl's head. The water trickled over the elaborate coiffure, reached her face and dripped on her bare arms and neck. Mamma positively snarled; my lord fiance began to bluster, but that thoroughbred American beauty glanced at the waiter's crimson face and gave a clear, sweet laugh.

"'I'm so thankful it wasn't coffee or soup,' she said, and not another word.

"That was the coolest act of self possession I ever saw."—New York Press

THE ELEPHANT'S TRUNK.

It May Justly Be Called One of the Miracles of Nature.

The trunk of the elephant may justly be considered as one of the miracles of nature, being at once the organ of respiration, as well as the instrument by which the animal supplies itself with food. Nearly eight feet in length, endowed with exquisite sensibility and stout in proportion to the massive size of the animal, this organ will uproot trees or gather grass—raise a piece of artillery or take up a nut, kill a man or brush off a fly.

It conveys the food to the mouth and pumps up enormous draughts of water, which, by its recurvature, are turned into and driven down the capacious throat or showered over the body. Its length supplies the place of a long neck, which would have been incompatible with the support of the large head and weighty tusks. A glance at the head of an elephant will show the thickness and strength of the trunk at its insertion; and the massy arched bones of the face and thick, muscular neck are admirably adapted for supporting and working this powerful and wonderful instrument.

Men blush less for their crimes than for their weaknesses and vanity.—La Bruyere.

Foils A Foul Plot.

When a shameful plot exists between liver and bowels to cause distress by refusing to act, take Dr. King's New Life Pills, and end such abuse of your system. They gently compel right action of stomach, liver and bowels, and restore your health and all good feelings. 25 cents at All Druggists

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
Men's Class at Noon.
12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street
Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45.
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday from 2.30 to 4.30.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, June 5, Henry A. Taylor, aged 61 years, 8 months, 3 days.

In this city, June 6, Herbert E. Lord, Jr., aged 4 years, 7 months, 28 days.

In this city, June 4, Charles D. Onion, aged 59 years, 10 months, 28 days.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Frederick P. Smith, late of Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

COURTLAND G. MORSE, Admr.
54 Equitable Bldg., Boston, Mass.
May 31, 1912.

Hospital Field Day in WOBURN MONDAY, JUNE 17

8 to 10 o'clock A. M.
Band Concert and Serpentina Carnival

ALL DAY ATTRACTIONS AT FOREST PARK

at 8 o'clock P. M.

POP CONCERT in LYCEUM HALL

Buy your tickets NOW for Reserved Seats and Tables. The demand is large. First comers get the first choice of seats.

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'Phone Main 1578



Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT,

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons, interested in the estate of Charles D. Onion, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Mary F. Onion, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of July A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

14-21-28 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the trusts under the will of Augustus Roundy, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Charles F. Anderson of Everett, in the State of Washington, praying to be appointed trustee under the will of said deceased, which has been proven in said Court.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of July, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventh day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

14-21-28 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

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for beautiful mahogany upright piano with view of purchase later on if satisfactory Terms to suit. Address "Piano" JOURNAL Office.

Linnell's Market

Beech-Nut Brand
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118 High Street, Reading, Mass., twenty years' experience Making and Tuning Pianos. All orders will receive prompt attention.



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32c. lb.

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Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242-3.

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has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—$20.

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PILL BOX
LET US SHOW YOU.

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TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1911.
[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for MALDEN SQ. at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.15 A. M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, *11.15 P. M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 3.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to †10.45, †11.15, †11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Centre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

* Melrose Highlands Only.
† To Stoneham Square Only.
GEO. H. GRAY, Supt.

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NOTICE.

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arising from a disordered stomach, bowels, liver or kidneys which
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will not materially benefit, or permanently cure; this has been proven for the past 42 years. Ask your parents, or neighbors, about SEVEN BARKS, as thousands have testified to its merits. Don't delay to get a 50 cent bottle at your druggist, and start yourself on the road to complete recovery.
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For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

SENATORSHIP POSSIBILITIES

Congressional Districts Also Afford Interesting Prospects

GOVERNOR AND LEGISLATURE

Sharp Criticism of Threats and Attempted Intimidation by Mr. Foss to Get His Bill Enacted

The United States senatorship is not unlikely to be complicated with the congressional situation in this state. At least two of the present Republican congressmen are likely to be candidates to succeed Senator Crane. These are Congressman John W. Weeks of the new Thirteenth district and Congressman Samuel W. McCall of the Eighth. While Congressman Weeks has not yet announced his candidacy his friends believe he intends to be in the field if the outlook seems favorable, they are inclined to think he will not be certain what his course of action is to be until after the national convention is held in Chicago. His course will not depend upon any other person's candidacy. Probably he will then announce his position. Mr. McCall is possibly in a similar frame of mind; he has not concealed his appreciation of the hope expressed by some of his friends that he would be a candidate for the senate. Congressman Gardner is also understood to be in the field for the senate if former Governor Guild is not. It is stated that he would be unwilling to run against Mr. Guild but that otherwise he would be in the field. 6-10

The position of Governor Guild at present is that he would be willing to stand as a candidate should there be a unanimous demand that he do so. So far as one may judge at the present time there is no probability of any unanimous call for anybody in this canvass. It has been thought to be within the possibilities that Mr. Guild might modify the statement of his position and not insist upon a unanimous demand.

Congressional Districts In the State

There are likely to be sharp contests for election in several of the congressional districts this fall. The redistricting of the state by the present legislature has formed many new alliances of cities and towns and districts and somewhat complicates the situation.

The Third district as now made up has lost the city of Worcester. Congressman Wilder, now serving in the Fourth district, is in the new Third. So far there is no probability of Republican opposition to Mr. Wilder, but Representative Frank H. Pope of Leominster is in the field for the Democratic nomination. The district is normally Republican by at least one or two thousand, and, while the Republicans will probably carry it, Representative Pope has been an unusual vote getter and the contest is likely to be extremely interesting.

The Worcester district is no longer the Third but the Fourth; some towns have been taken from it and others added to it, but it is still strongly Republican. Congressman John A. Thayer, the Democrat who now represents it, will be a candidate for re-election and there is no probability at present that he will be opposed at the primaries. Colonel Samuel E. Winslow and Representative Robert M. Washburn of Worcester are both mentioned as candidates. Either one of these should be able to hold the district in line for the Republican party. Congressman Thayer has not made a conspicuous record in Washington, however good his intentions may have been. He is not considered to be in the same class with former Congressman John R. Thayer who was popular with his party.

The new Seventh includes the two cities of Lynn and Lawrence. Senator Frank P. Bennett of Saugus is spoken of as a candidate for the Republican nomination in this district and Representative Cogswell of Lynn is also in the field. On the Democratic end W. H. Creamer of Lynn is willing to make a fight, and so far has no opposition for the nomination. It is believed that the district as made up is Republican by a small margin. The Democrats profess to believe they will be able to carry it this fall.

Of course the Boston districts are considered solidly Democratic. In the Tenth Congressman Murray is a candidate for renomination by the Democrats but he has an opponent in councilman Timothy J. Buckley, who has the support of Martin M. Lomasney, the Ward 8 Democrat.

In the new Thirteenth district Congressman Weeks will be a candidate for re-election. The Republican majority here is sufficient to insure his re-election.

In the Fourteenth district Congressman Harris will probably be renominated, although several men have been mentioned as candidates. He is serving his first term and it is almost unheard of to retire a man without giving him a renomination. The name of Richard Olney, 2nd, of Dedham has been mentioned in connection with the Democratic nomination, as well as that of Thomas Thatcher of Yarmouth, who was a candidate against Mr. Harris two years ago.

Promoting Agriculture In Mass.

The legislature did not hesitate very long over Governor Foss' veto of the bill appropriating $250,000 for the Massachusetts agricultural college at Amherst. This bill appropriated annually for general college administration, $30,000; for teaching, equipment and general college maintenance, $80,000; for agricultural investigation and experiments, including maintenance of Massachusetts agricultural experiment station, $15,000; for providing theoretical and practical instruction required by the charter of the college and laws of the United States, $75,000; for short courses and extension work in agriculture, $50,000. The legislature by passing this bill annually appropriated $250,000 to the agricultural college. Last year the governor's objection to a similar appropriation for this college was that it was not a state institution; since then the trustees have met this objection by transferring to the commonwealth full control of the institution. The governor's real objection to it was undoubtedly that, with many other measures of a similar kind, it was likely to swell the state tax to a total of something like $6,000,000, when he wished to keep it down to last year's figure of $5,000,000. The money, however, is needed by the college to develop in this state a system of education which will turn out practical, scientific farmers. In these days of high cost of farm products the farmers seem to be very much interested in everything that will increase the productiveness of the soil and reduce the cost of producing crops. They seem to believe that this is one of the necessary steps in the reduction of the cost of living. The governor seems to think otherwise.

Condemning Attempted Intimidation

The governor called down upon his head the sharp criticism of nearly all the Boston newspapers, of Mayor Fitzgerald, and of many others by his threat to veto the Grand Trunk bill and the trolley merger bill and other big legislation, if he could not have his public utilities bill to which the legislature was opposed. The Boston Post declared that "If Governor Foss vetoes other legislation because he could not successfully intimidate the general court he will give himself a task of explanation that will employ his time for a year at least." The American, which has always been a Foss organ, declared that "If the governor should do aught to prevent the coming of the regulation and control of the present railroad monopoly by the competition of the Grand Trunk, he would make it clear that his whole fight for greater railroad legislation and control was a tremendous farce and his recent controversy with Vice President Byrnes a piece of vulgar horse-play." Mayor Fitzgerald said that "The governor should consider each bill before him on its merits and not hold up every other piece of legislation unless he gets his bill."

UREY WOODSON'S SUCCESSOR

J. C. C. Mayo Is New Democratic National Committeeman From Kentucky.

John C. Calhoun Mayo, the new member of the Democratic national committee from Kentucky, succeeds Urey Woodson, who has been on the committee for many years. Mayo is one of the powers behind Governor McCreary and is one of the most influential men in the state.

Twenty-five years ago Mayo, now forty-eight, was a schoolteacher in the Kentucky mountains. Today he is worth from $5,000,000 to $25,000,000.

Mayo now has a $250,000 home in Paintsville, Johnson county, Ky., his native town. He and his companies control hundreds of thousands of acres of coal land. They are pushing the railroads into the mountains and building towns of 5,000 and 10,000 population.

In politics Mayo has always been a Democrat, and for several years he has been active. Only in the past two years, however, has he become a factor. He is one of the delegates at large from the state to the Baltimore convention.

PENSION FOR MRS. SCHLEY.

Senate Votes $150 a Month to Hero of Santiago's Widow.

Mrs. Annie R. Schley, widow of Rear Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, will receive a pension of $150 a month if the house concurs in a bill passed by the senate. The committee on pensions opposed the naming of such a large amount, but was finally overruled.

The bill passed was introduced by Senator Rayner, who served as chief counsel for Admiral Schley before the court of inquiry that passed on his action at the battle of Santiago. He made an eloquent plea for the dead naval hero. It developed during the discussion that Mrs. Schley has an income of but $450 a year in addition to the pension of $12 per month allowed under existing laws.

A brief but rousing speech was made by Senator Rayner, who asserted that Admiral Schley was in command of the American naval forces at Santiago and entitled to all the credit for the destruction of the Spanish fleet.

Europe's First Railway.

The first railway in Europe ran its first train on May 5, 1833. It went from Brussels to Mechlin.

Irving Would Have to Hustle.

When Henry Irving was making one of his last tours of the country he found himself with an open date in Michigan. His manager wired the manager of a small opera house in a nearby place, asking if he could use Irving on the night in question. The following message came back:

"What does Irving do?"

The manager used up much expensive space on the wire explaining the leading points about Irving and for his pains received the following reply:

"Cannot use Irving in this town unless Irving can parade."—Judge.

Amended.

When a Scotch schoolmaster entered the temple of learning one morning he read on the blackboard, "Our teacher is a donkey."

The pupils expected there would be a cyclone, but the philosophic pedagogue contented himself with adding the word "driver" and opened the school as usual.

Afraid of Him?

"You are not afraid of me, are you?" yelled the lawyer at the witness who had been scared speechless by his cross examination.

"N-o, n-o," muttered the witness, and the lawyer had saved the point in the record.—Green Bag.

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.—Carlyle.

Making Perfectly Sure.

Jack—Are you sure that I am the only man you ever really and truly loved? Ethel—Perfectly sure, dear. I went over the whole list only yesterday.—Boston Transcript.

Changing Fashions.

Father (meditating on time's changes)—Ah, yes, the fashion of this world passeth away! Daughter—Indeed it does, papa. I shall want a new hat next week.

Life is the jailer, death the angel sent to draw the unwilling bolts and set us free.—Lowell.

THE SOFT ANSWER.

General Scott's Retort to His Whist Partner's Apology.

After his retirement General Scott passed the summer of 1862 at Cozzen's hotel, West Point, where every evening a party of gentlemen adjourned to the general's sitting room for their game. Being a good player, the host was usually victorious, but if he and his partner were ever beaten Scott's ire was made manifest.

One night it happened that the usual party was missing. What was to be done? The general must have his whist. There happened to be staying at the hotel a judge, who was asked to do the favor of taking the fourth hand. With some protest on his part he agreed to do it. By cutting for partners the general and the judge played together and were beaten—horribly beaten.

Knowing how it irritated the general to lose the game, the judge as he rose from the table said in his most dignified and courtly way: "I formerly played a fairly good game of whist, but have been out of practice so long that I am somewhat rusty. I hope that fact may be taken as an excuse for my mistakes."

Whereupon the general arose with equal dignity and retorted, "I am glad to learn that I have been playing with latent talent and not with a natural born fool!"

MISSED THE MARK.

It Was Not the Minister's Fault That His Shafts Went Astray.

Mr. McDougall was a Scotsman, and of him a good story is told. He was a large, pompous man, intolerably self conceited and arrogant—in fact, his conduct toward his neighbors was so offensive that the good people successfully requested their minister to preach a sermon directed at their vain neighbor.

The day came. The little kirk was packed, though a few tender hearted ones stayed at home, not wishing to witness their neighbor's humiliation.

The sermon began, and Mr. McDougall disposed himself to listen. The man's infirmity was sketched with bold, severe strokes. He smiled with lofty superiority. As the denunciation grew more scathing his smile deepened with a touch of complacent pity. At the conclusion of the service he swaggered down the aisle. One of the elders joined him.

"Weel, what did ye think of the sermon?" the latter ventured to ask.

"A great effort, sir," was the answer, "but personal. The meenister aimed his shots too directly. Poor MacTavish! I felt sorry for him, but the man's conceit is enormous, sir!"

A Sheer Waste of Money.

"When I played politics and little else," observed "Indian Jim" Finlay, "I was delegated to raise a subscription to buy a solid brass chandelier for a well known politician who first saw the light of day in the Emerald Isle. It was to be a present to him to be installed in the parlor of a new house he was about to move into. Among those I tackled for a contribution was an Irishman who had been born in the same town and came across the pond about the same time as the politician. I told him what was to be bought with the money, and as he put his name down for a fiver, he blurted out:

"I was born and brought up with Blank, and it is like throwing money in the river buying the likes of him a chandelier, as the divil of a note can he play on it."—Kansas City Journal.

Boston's Spinning School.

Comparatively few people know that there was once a "spinning school" on Boston common. Winsor's "Memorial History of Boston" records that upon the arrival in Boston of some Irish spinners and weavers a spinning craze took possession of the town, "and the women, young and old, high and low, rich and poor, flocked into the spinning school, which for want of better quarters was set up in the common, in the open air. Here the whir of their wheels was heard from morning to night." Thirty-five years later the Society For Encouraging Industry and Employing the Poor again used the common as a spinning school, about 300 young women appearing there, seated at their wheels, as a sort of examine and advertisement.

An Unruffled Statesman.

In the early days, when the people sent their wisest men to make the public laws, a man of peculiar traits, but of sterling worth, was sent to the Massachusetts legislature from the town of Douglas. He wore an old fashioned farmer's frock, which was sadly out of place in the legislative hall, where some of the fastidious statesmen from Boston and other cities vied with each other in the correctness of their attire.

Soon after the arrival of the Douglas man one of the Boston representatives, seeking an opportunity to have fun at his expense, called out to him, "Have they no smarter men than you to send to the legislature from your district?"

The man from Douglas smiled innocently as he replied, "There's a heap of smarter men up my way, but the mischief of it is they hain't got no clothes good enough to wear down here!"—Boston Herald.

Geometry.

Geometry, so called from its original application to measuring the earth, is generally believed to have had its origin among the Egyptians. It probably sprang from the surveyor's art. The annual inundation of the Nile carried away all landmarks and boundaries, and some scientific means of settling the disputes incidental thereto had to be devised; hence surveying, the undoubted fountainhead of geometry. Geometry is said to have been introduced into Greece by the philosopher Thales about the year 600 B. C. The science was cultivated by Pythagoras, through whom it was made popular in Greece, from which country it spread over the then known world.—New York American.

Bears One Crop and Dies.

The sago palm tree bears but one crop of fruit. Its load of nuts is its first and final effort in the way of fruit bearing. The nuts become ripe and are strewn in thousands around the tree until the great stem stands up by itself, empty and bare. The branches turn brown and drop one by one to the ground. Inside the trunk the work of decay is going on until what at one time was a mass of white sago and pith becomes nothing but a collection of rotten brown fibers. One day the trade wind blows more strongly than usual, and the leafless column of the trunk falls with a crash, destroying in its fall many of the young palms that are already springing from the nuts scattered some months before.

A DUEL IN BALLOONS.

Curious Aerial Battle Fought by Two Frenchmen In 1808.

In this day of the development in aeronautics it may be interesting to recall the first duel that was ever fought in the air. It took place in 1808, and, as might have been expected, occurred in France. M. de Grandpre and M. le Pique had a quarrel growing out of jealousy concerning a lady engaged in the Imperial Opera.

They agreed to fight a duel to settle their claims, and in order that interference with the polished elements of the proceeding they postponed the duel for a month, the lady agreeing to bestow her smiles on the survivor. The duelists were to fight in balloons.

Two balloons were constructed exactly alike. On the day of the duel M. de Grandpre and his second entered the car of one balloon, Le Pique and his second the other. This was in the garden of the Tuileries, amid a big crowd of spectators. The men were to fire, not at each other, but at each other's balloon, in order to bring them down by the escape of gas. As pistols would hardly have served for this purpose, each aeronaut took a blunderbuss in his car.

At a given signal the ropes holding the balloons were cut, and up they went into the air. The wind was nearly moderate and kept the balloons in their respective positions, about eighty yards apart. When about half a mile up in the air the preconcerted signal for firing was given. M. le Pique fired, but missed. M. de Grandpre fired and sent a ball through Le Pique's balloon. The balloon collapsed, the car descended with frightful rapidity, and Le Pique and his second were dashed to pieces.

De Grandpre continued his ascent and terminated his aerial voyage at a distance of seven leagues from Paris. History does not state whether he was rewarded by the hand of the lady for whose sake the duel had been fought.—New York Herald.

SPOKE HIS OWN DOOM.

In Spite of His Caution an Innocent Remark Condemned Him.

The father of Gueau de Reverseaux had been a distinguished lawyer, and through his influence he held important offices under the government. When the revolution began he gave up his office at La Rochelle and retired to Chartres.

From the time that the revolution began Gueau de Reverseaux devoted his attention exclusively to preserving his own safety. He wrote no letters. He would receive no letters. He saw no visitors and paid no visits. He spoke to no person and allowed no one to come near him. It would have been impossible to be more prudent than he was.

However, he wanted some sheds built on his farm near Chartres and ventured to consult a carpenter. The carpenter told him that he could not undertake the work immediately, as Gueau de Reverseaux wished, because most of his workmen were drafted to join the army at once.

Gueau de Reverseaux replied: "The workmen need not go. They can send substitutes."

This remark was heard by the workmen, but only the first phrase made any impression on them. They reported everywhere that M. Gueau de Reverseaux, who must be good authority, had said that they need not go. The news went to headquarters that Gueau de Reverseaux declared that the drafted workmen need not obey the government. This was considered to be conspiracy, and he was condemned to death and executed.

Who He Was.

A traveler saw a woman take a man by the collar, yank him up the steps into a railroad car, jam him down into a seat, pile up a valise and two big brown baskets with loose covers and long handles at his feet and say:

"Now, sit there until I help Mary Jane on the car, and don't move till I come back."

When the woman reached the door the traveler said to her:

"Is that man your husband?"

"Naw!" roared the woman. "He's my daughter's husband, and she hasn't spirit enough to say her soul is her own."

Wouldn't Work Nowadays.

The Egyptians had a very remarkable ordinance to prevent persons from borrowing imprudently. An Egyptian was not permitted to borrow without giving to his creditors in pledge the body of his father. It was deemed both an impiety and an infamy not to redeem so sacred a pledge. A person who died without discharging that duty was deprived of the customary honors paid to the dead.

Not In the Contract.

"Have you anything to say for yourself?"

"Not unless I can get a rebate from my lawyer, judge; I have paid him good money to talk for me, and I won't do his work for nothing."—New York Press.

When Women Vote.

Fair Suffragette—Isn't she a fright! Why does she do it? Her Chum—Principle. She swore she wouldn't wear a rat or a corset until Mame Smith is elected president.—Puck.

HAWKER WAS ECCENTRIC.

An English Poet and Clergyman Who Married His Godmother.

Robert Steven Hawker, poet and vicar of Norwenstow, England, was an eccentric person. In his younger days he used to daub the village physician's horse with stripes of paint until the animal looked like a zebra and then summon the physician hastily to an urgent case miles away in the country. Two elderly women whom he disliked he is said to have driven out of the town by sending all the undertakers in Plymouth to measure them for their coffins.

His marriage, too, was out of the ordinary. It happened while he was at Oxford. His father told him that he could not afford to keep him there any longer. Hawker at once set out to the home of his godmother, Miss Charlotte Fans, twenty-one years his senior and the possessor of an annuity of $1,000. He is said to have "run from Stratton to Bude, arriving hot and blown," and proposed to her. She accepted him. He returned to Oxford a married man and won a fellowship. The marriage was a happy one.

When his wife died Hawker wore at her funeral a pink hat without a brim. But this was in no disrespect to her memory. It so happened that it was his usual headgear at that time.

POTTED GHOSTS.

An African Tribe's Method of Driving Away Sickness.

One of the most curious and interesting of African tribes are the Banyoro, or cow people, of Uganda, who are powerful clansmen and whose wealth, religion and health are all connected with cows. It is degrading for any member of the tribe to dig, so milk and flesh are their staple food. Their bravery is very great. The only beast they fear is the leopard. Their chief weapon is a long stick, and, armed with this, they go out to meet a lion that is trying to get at their precious cattle and drive him away by the simple process of thrashing him.

Though they are brave, they are inveterate thieves and very subtle in their methods of carrying out their thefts and concealing their guilt by lies. Indeed, one of their favorite mottoes is, "Keep a grave face even though you laugh behind your hand."

When sickness comes to these people they believe that it is one of their enemies, the ghosts, that is attacking them, so they proceed to capture him. Ghosts like hot cooked meat, so meat is cooked in a large pot near the dwelling where the ghost is at work. As soon as the savor of the food reaches the dwelling the evil spirit greedily enters the pot and is at once sealed up. This potted ghost is then taken away from the village and buried, the spot being marked by a ghost shrine.

The position of rest for these people is a half sitting posture, and when they are holding a council they will remain in this posture as long as ten hours. When they die it is in this resting position that they are buried. If it should be the king who dies his successor is generally selected by the drastic process of civil war.

PLUCK OF A DEER.

A Big Buck That Was More Than a Match For a Cougar.

It seems to be generally assumed that wild animals of different species keep the peace, but now and then the experience of some woodsman strikingly disproves this peaceful view of forest life.

Two sportsmen made a trip to the Kettle river region, in the state of Washington, and in the course of the shooting witnessed a rare occurrence.

They had been on the trail of a large buck for some time and, as it chanced, came in sight of him at the very moment when a cougar launched himself upon the buck from the limb of a tree. The cougar landed squarely on the buck's shoulders, almost throwing him to the ground.

The buck quickly recovered and, throwing back his head, drove two prongs of his antlers into the cougar's body and with a swing forward threw him to the ground. Leaping backward, he then waited with lowered head for a second attack.

With a yell of rage and pain the cougar sprang upon him. He might as well have leaped against an array of bayonets, for he was caught on the buck's antlers and hurled several feet into the air.

The instant he struck the ground the buck was upon him, striking savagely with his forefeet, which cut like knife blades, and driving his antlers again and again into his body.

Finally they separated, and the cougar crawled forward for the final struggle. The deer was wounded, but still in excellent fighting trim. The hunters interfered. One of them walked up to the cougar and shot it through the heart.—Exchange.

Sea Level and Tides at Panama.

The average sea level of the Pacific ocean and the Caribbean sea, at opposite sides of the isthmus of Panama, is the same. This is the mean or average levels of the two waters during all days of the year. But there is a great difference in tides. The Caribbean tides are faint, rarely exceeding two feet, while the tides in the Pacific at Panama are not pacific, for they at times rise ten feet and sink ten feet below normal undisturbed sea level. Without tide locks, currents would alternately rush in the canal from south to north entering, and from north to south escaping.—New York American.

A Political Pointer.

"A president has to eat a good deal these times."

"What do you mean?"

"The chief executive has to attend a great many banquets and the like."

"Seems so. What about it?"

"I was just thinking that the next president ought to recognize the growing importance of this social side of the job and appoint an addition to the cabinet in the shape of a toastmaster general."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Young America.

"You may be president some day, my boy," said the patronizing old gentleman.

"Great Scott!" replied the sadly flippant youth. "You're not trying to pick dark horses that far ahead, are you?"—Washington Star.

Knows Better Now.

Teacher—Tommy, you should have known better than to fight with that Williams boy. Tommy—I know, ma'am, but I thought I could lick him.—Hearth and Home.

Real Progress.

"How is father getting on with his riding lessons?"

"Very well. We children are allowed to watch him now."—Fliegende Blatter.

The safest way of not being very miserable is not to expect to be very happy.—Schopenhauer.

The Way Spaniards Smoke.

The Spaniards are the most expert smokers in the world. A native takes a heavy pull at his cigarette, inhales the smoke, takes up a wine skin or bottle, pours half a pint down his throat, holding the vessel a foot from his mouth, without spilling a drop, and then, with a sigh of satisfaction, closes his eyes and exhales the smoke from his nose and mouth in clouds. He will also inhale the smoke, converse for a few minutes in a natural manner and then blow out the smoke.

A Serious Moment.

"Yes," said the married man meditatively, "when you see a woman hanging out a line of clothes and the line slips and lets the blessed lot down in the mud, that, my boy, is the psychological moment in which to leave that woman alone."

So It Was.

Magistrate—Your wife says you grabbed her by the throat. Teutonic Prisoner—Chadge, dot vos choost a leedle choke.—Philadelphia Record.

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THE NEW FOURTH OF JULY

There Are Worse Inflictions Than Mere Noise

By EDWARD B. DOUGLAS

"How glad I am," said Mrs. Brewer, "that firecrackers, pistols, guns and all explosives by which the Fourth of July has been celebrated are going out. They used to commence the racket a day or two before the Fourth and keep it up till the day after. This year, I am happy to say, the sale of such articles for celebration is prohibited, and we will have a peaceful day. The children have been given the money usually burned up to spend in other ways, and I shall not be tortured with the expectation that Tommy has had his eyes blown out with his little cannon or that Alec has been poisoned by a toy pistol."

These words the good lady said to me the evening before Independence day, I having been invited to spend the anniversary with her at her country place. Notwithstanding the laws against a fiery celebration in the city



SHE CAUGHT AN OVERHANGING BRANCH AND ESCAPED.

there is still a great deal of noise. I am inclined to be nervous, and noises trouble me exceedingly.

The Brewer family consists of Margaret, aged twenty-two—and I may as well admit here that she was the principal inducement for my visit; Helen, commonly called Nell, aged seventeen; Gus, a boy of twelve, and Alec, ten.

I closed my eyes on the night of the 3d thinking how much pleasanter would be my awakening than it had been on other Fourths, when from 4 o'clock in the morning there had been a succession of explosions. Breakfast was to be at 9 o'clock, and I need not arise till after 8. I slept soundly till half past 4, when I awoke, thought how delightful it was to hear no sound, turned over for another nap, when a bright light was flashed in my eyes.

Surprised, I sat up and looked toward the window from which direction it seemed to come. The only light was the morning dawn beginning to glimmer through the casement. Not a sound broke the stillness. Thinking that I had been disturbed by a meteorite or a huge firefly—possibly a flash of lightning, though I could see stars through the window—I closed my eyes again. I was sinking into a delicious slumber when another flash awakened me. This time it was of longer duration, and a vivid point of light just above the window sill blinded me to everything else. It lasted for perhaps ten seconds, then went out suddenly.

I had suffered so much of Fourth of July mornings from small boys or girls arousing me by means of firecrackers that I was long in divining the cause of this altered method of torture. Some youngster had flashed an electric hand lamp in my eyes. Probably Gus or Alice, who, deprived of the pleasure of annoying persons on this Fourth of July morning with explosions, had invented a method of achieving the same end. My hopes of a quiet Fourth "fell thick in the blast." I realized that while we may pass laws against youthful armaments, while we may bribe the youth to discontinue harmful and annoying practices, we simply jump out of the frying pan into the fire, or, rather, in this case I had jumped out of the fire into the frying pan. I had simply got rid of the hammering of the cracker on the drum of my ear to receive the flash of the electric hand lamp on the retina of my eye.

I lay tossing in bed till 7 o'clock, then arose, dressed myself and went out on the porch. The morning was beautiful, though the day promised to be hot. An hour and a half must elapse before breakfast, and I experienced the pangs of hunger. Sitting down in a wicker chair, I threw my hat on the porch, for my brow was perspiring, and waited. Happily I fell asleep.

I dreamed of pastures green and cool streams. But presently there came in my dream a great winged insect and perched on a little bald spot on the top of my head just where the Indian wore his scalp lock. He tickled the skin, and I put my hand up to scare him away. He flew away for about six inches and, returning, lit again in the same place. A second time I drove him away, but he flitted about my hand, biting it and bounding from it as though angry at being disturbed.

I awoke, and, true enough, there was the monster just settling again on my bald spot. I fought him, and he fought me, till, becoming thoroughly awake, I got a better view of him and saw he was composed of yellow and blue paper. Moreover, one end of a string was attached to his body and the other to a stick which protruded from a window just above my head. Suddenly my tormenter was jerked up into the window, and I heard a confusion of giggles.

"Wherein," I asked myself, "is the new Fourth of July superior to the old? Formerly there was but one point of attack on a man's sensibilities—the ears. When youngsters were permitted to make noises their attention was fixed on the articles with which they caused the torture. Now that they are not permitted to make noises, their attention is fixed on the tortured, and where their firing of

kind of suffering their inventive genius now causes a multiplicity. Would that the great republic had never been born—or I."

I left the house to the young scamps and went off into the grounds, sitting on a rustic seat under a tree. But here real insects—mosquitoes—were evidently celebrating an anniversary of their own, for they bit my face, my hands and my neck, and I was forced to keep in constant motion to drive them away. So I got up and walked. Yes, I was forced to walk for an hour treadmill fashion, when I was relieved by a call to breakfast.

"How nice it was this morning," remarked Mrs. Brewer, "not to be awakened by those horrid crackers! I don't remember ever before sleeping on a Fourth of July morning after daylight. Did you enjoy it, Mr. Collamore?"

"Very much," I replied. I cast my eyes about the table to detect who had annoyed me, my gaze lighting on the boys. To my surprise, they showed no consciousness of guilt. But by the way Nell poked her nose down near her plate in an effort to conceal her features I knew that she had been my torturer.

And here I will remark that, despite the reputation of the small boy for waywardness, for causing his mother distress by climbing trees and getting into mudholes while dressed in his best suit, for smashing things without reason or provocation, he is not to be compared for pure cussedness with certain girls from fifteen to eighteen. I refer to the kind of girl commonly called hoyden and in some cases tomboy. And I will further remark that Nell Brewer was the quintessence of this kind of girl. Such girls always have what we call an innocent way with them. They can look purer, sweeter, more pious, than any other girl. But when Satan comes out in them he dances a highland fling.

I was sitting after breakfast with Margaret on the porch near the door of the conservatory. Margaret was discoursing on the changed Independence day—how much more restful, more quiet than the old Fourth. Everybody seemed to be harping continually on the subject. They didn't harp so much before it had ended. I was sitting with my back to the conservatory when I felt cold water sprinkled against the back of my neck run down my spine.

"Oh, Mr. Collamore," cried Nell, "I'm so sorry! I was watering the plants, and the sprayer slipped."

"Nell," said Margaret, "you should be more careful."

"It's of no consequence, I assure you," I said, with the politeness expected of a guest.

"I hope I didn't wet you," said Nell.

"Not at all, only a few drops; they feel deliciously cool," and I rubbed my neck and ruined shirt collar with my handkerchief.

But as the day wore on I had my revenge on this family who delighted in the new Fourth. Tommy fell off the roof of the barn and broke his arm. Alec, not having any firecrackers to set off, set fire to the dry grass and came near burning up all the buildings on the premises. For Nell's annoyances to me I resolved to punish her, so I invited her to go rowing with me on the river, intending to give her a ducking if I could. I was willing to suffer myself from the water if I could put her into it, and I wouldn't have minded drowning her. I upset the boat, but so agile was she that she caught an overhanging branch and escaped with no more serious damage than a pair of wet feet, while I was obliged to swim for dear life.

When I got into dry clothes I asked Margaret to go for a drive with me in the auto. While we were driving she said:

"Isn't it nice to ride on the Fourth of July not fearing the horses will be frightened by a cracker? We neither have horses now nor crackers." She had hardly spoken the words before one of the forward wheels struck a stone, wrenching the steering wheel out of my hands, and before I could recover it the auto had swerved, struck a telegraph pole and thrown both Margaret and myself into a ditch. It was a miracle that we were not both hurled against the pole and killed. We were black as your hat with mud.

Such was the finale of the new explosionless Fourth. I have endured many a cracker anniversary, but never have I suffered as on this regenerated Independence day, when all was still. The ending was worse even than I have depicted it, for Margaret was so mad at having a new and costly dress spoiled in the ditch that she never has forgiven me for putting her there. She says it was all due to my carelessness.

HE HAD TO HURRY.

On the Dead Rush Because He Had No Time to Spare.

In Chicago there is a man whom his friends know as Inahurry Jones. One morning about 10 o'clock a man with southern blood in his veins saw Jones, whose energy he had often admired, tearing down State street as if propelled by the winds of heaven. It came over the southerner to follow Jones just to see where he was going and how tremendous a matter was dependent on his getting there.

Jones rushed into the Palmer House, rushed up to the cigar stand, grabbed a cigar, yelled back, "Puteronmyaccount," without stopping to sort the words, and dashed out, with the southerner panting hard behind. After tearing down Washington street for half a block he dived into the Field office building and just missed being jammed by the elevator doors in his determination not to lose a car.

The southerner took the next car up and entered Jones' office timidly, certain that he was about to come upon a conference of at least four of the most important men in Chicago's financial world. Inside he found Jones smoking his cigar behind the morning paper, his feet on his desk and his swivel chair tilted back comfortably.—New York Post.

The Doomed Shepherd Dog.

The shepherd's dog that kills a sheep is doomed. The penalty is death. Stevenson in one of his essays tells a story of how John Todd, "the oldest herd on the Pentlands," once saw a dog he knew maneuvering toward a pool behind Kirk Yetton.

"John lay the closer under the bush and presently saw the dog come forth upon the margin, look all about him to see if he were anywhere observed, plunge in and repeatedly wash himself over head and ears and then (but now openly with tail in air) strike homeward over the hills." But the dog's high intelligence did not save him. John reported his doings, and he "was had out to a dykeside and promptly shot." He was a sheep eater; he had betrayed his trust.—London Standard.

TIPPING IS ANCIENT.

In Shakespeare's Time It Used to Be Called Vailsgiving.

The word tip is of compartively modern origin, as it used to be vails, a shortened form of avails or profits. We speak now of the avails of an estate or of a business transaction. A hundred years ago they called gratuities to servants or waiters vails. Dr. Johnson's dictionary, published in 1755, defines vails as "money given to servants as a perquisite or present rather than in the way of wages." Dean Swift mentions a person "whose revenues, besides vails, amounted to £13." Shakespeare uses the word in the same sense where he makes one of the fishermen in "Pericles" say, "But hark you, my friend, 'twas we that made up this garment and there are certain condoiments, certain vails." He wanted to be condoled with a tip.

The practice probably continued to grow after Shakespeare's time, for late in the eighteenth century a philanthropist and reformer of the period published a tract against indiscriminate almsgiving, and denouncing the vails practice as demoralizing both to those who gave and to those who accepted the gratuities. This early reformer was Jonas Hanway (1712-1786), who, after writing a book of eastern travel, undertook to reform some of the social vices of his day. He denounced vailsgiving and practiced what he preached by refusing to pay more than the stipulated price for refreshments or for any kind of service or to give gratuities to servants who received wages. But his crusade died with him, and vails still survive under the odious name of tips.—Indianapolis News.

ANTS HAVE FIVE NOSES.

The Sense of Smell Is Very Important to These Insects.

In their antennae, or feelers, ants have five noses, each of which has its own duties to perform.

One nose tells the ant whether it is in its own nest or that of an enemy; another nose discriminates between odors of ants of the same species, but of different colonies; a third nasal organ serves the purpose of discerning the scent laid down by the ant's own feet, so that it may be able to retrace the way quite easily; a fourth nose smells the larvae and pupae, and the fifth nose detects the presence of an enemy.

If an ant be deprived of a certain nose, it will live peaceably with enemies, but if it retains its fifth nose it will fight the alien to the death. There is a difference in the functions of nose one and nose five, although they appear to be somewhat alike.

This sense of smell does not come till the ants are three days old. If, therefore, ants only twelve hours old are placed among others belonging to different colonies, they will grow up quite amicably and not understand that they are a mixed lot, because they will have grown up with ideas of scent in accordance with their surroundings. The sense of smell to them is as important as the sense of sight to human beings.

Placid Hindu Servants.

Hindoo servants are the most imperturable people in the world. You may throw one downstairs or pat him on the back. He accepts both with exactly the same expression of countenance. The Indian's religion is at the bottom of all his acts, all his feelings. He eats, sleeps, moves and has his being according to religious formula, and his doctrine of reincarnation forms his whole philosophy of life. The fact that you are the master now is due to the fact that you have been the servant in some previous reincarnation. He is the servant now, and the only chance for him to be reborn in the master's position is to learn all the lessons of his present incarnation. He takes everything philosophically. It is all a part of the day's work.

Kept a Watch on His Men.

Sir Edward Harland was the founder of the great Belfast firm of shipbuilders. His lynx eyed vigilance was a legend at the works. It was said that he used to survey the workmen through a telescope from the windows of his residence, Ormiston. All the men felt that his eye was on them. A riveter who has a spite against a fellow worker on a ship can let a riveting hammer fall, apparently by accident, upon his victim. It was gravely alleged that Harland once by his telescope caught a riveter in this act and, as soon as he arrived at the works, walked up to the man and sacked him.

A FORTRESS OF THORNS.

Curious Nest of the Little Brown Wren of Central America.

The little brown wren of Central America builds a nest that should belong to a bird five or six times as large as it is, and, to prevent other birds from disturbing its home while it is away it builds as a protection a fence of thorns leading to it.

When Madam Wren looks for a home site, says a writer in the Ave Maria, she selects a tree where two branches lie parallel about two feet apart. Across these two branches she and her mate lay a little platform about five feet in length. Near the trunk of the tree is built a dome shaped nest about a foot in height. The sides of this nest are all interwoven with thorns.

Next a covered passageway is built from the nest to the end of the platform in as crooked a manner as possible. Thorns stick out in all directions just as in the nest itself, and every few inches on the inside of the tunnel little fences of thorns are placed in such a way that any creature not familiar with the passageway will get badly pricked. Finally across the outer end of the tunnel is a movable gateway of thorns.

Bothered by Plurals.

The Norwegian waitress who was learning English had more trouble with her plurals than with any other one thing. It seemed impossible for her to acquire the trick of putting on the letter "s" at the right time and leaving it off at others. She would invariably inquire on seeing a first helping disposed of, "Will you have more lambs?" or "Will you eat more chickens?" When corrected for this she would take pains to ask, "Will you have one bean?" and "Will you eat one huckleberry?" Finally the constant explanations of an overzealous mistress confused her past straightening out. There were guests staying over the week end, and Inga took the lady's order for a soft boiled egg, then the husband's for another. The girl, after a moment's hesitation, walked to the dumb waiter and said to the kitchen below, "One soft boiled egg for two!"—New York Press.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XI.—Second Quarter, For June 16, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. xi, 2-19. Memory Verses, 5, 6—Golden Text, Luke vii, 28, R. V.—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

According to the harmony of the gospels, the Sermon on the Mount was followed by His using Simon Peter's boat as a pulpit and then filling their net with fishes after a night of fruitless toil. After that came the healing of the leper and the palsied man, the call of Matthew and the feast he prepared in his own house, the healing of the impotent man at Bethesda, the man in the synagogue with the withered hand, the night of prayer, the choosing of the twelve, the sermon on the plain, the healing of the centurion's servant, the raising to life of the widow's son and much teaching day by day. Whether this is quite correct as to the order of events or not is not all important if we can by faith see ourselves day by day with Him who, being anointed with the Holy Ghost and with power, went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed of the devil, God being with Him and doing through Him the miracles and signs and wonders (Acts x, 38; ii, 22).

There was one great and good man who did not see these wonders of His power from day to day, for he was shut up in a prison for the truth's sake, but he heard of them and evidently wondered why the one upon whom he had seen the Spirit descend like a dove and remain upon Him, who, he had been told by God, was the Messiah and whom he had pointed out as the Lamb of God (John i, 31-36), did not deliver him from prison, for it had been predicted concerning Him that He would proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound (Isa. lxi, 1). As far as we know Jesus never visited John in prison nor sent him any message up to this time, and the father of lies was no doubt very busy with John questioning the way of God and the love of God and insinuating that after all, John must have been mistaken in pointing out Jesus as the Messiah. If John had not been in some way and in some measure offended with Jesus would He have sent him the message He did, "Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in Me?" (Verse 6.) To the question of John through the two disciples whom he sent, "Art thou he that should, or do we look for another?" (verse 3) Jesus in that same hour wrought many miracles and said, "Go your way and tell John what things ye have seen and heard," and then He added the word about not being offended (Luke vii, 20-23). At one time Jesus said to the Jews, "If I do not the works of my Father believe Me not, but if I do, though ye believe not Me, believe the works that ye may know and believe that the Father is in Me and I in Him" (John x, 37, 38). All this is in accord with last week's lesson on the necessity of works as an evidence, and doing always precedes teaching (Matt. v, 19; Mark vi, 30; Acts i, 1; iv, 20; Luke xxiv, 19). Notwithstanding all His mighty works on behalf of Israel when and after He had brought them out of Egypt, they were constantly being offended with Him and murmuring against Him. They spake against Him, they believed not in Him, they provoked him, they forgot Him, and many a time He, being full of compassion, turned His anger away from them, for He remembered that they were but flesh (Ps. lxxviii). What a picture of ourselves and how much we need that absolute confidence in Him and obedience to Him at all times which will keep us from ever being offended (John xvi, 1-4).

The disciples of John having departed, Jesus said to the multitudes that John was no reed shaken with the wind nor was he such as live in kings' houses, gorgeously appareled and living delicately, but he was indeed the messenger predicted by Isaiah, and no greater prophet was ever born of woman, and if they had received him he would have been to them Elijah. Compare Matt. xvii, 12, 13, but do not fail to notice in the preceding verses that the real Elijah is yet to come. The saying, "He that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he" (verse 11), has perplexed many because they have not noticed the meaning of "in the kingdom" and have not understood that the kingdom cannot come until the king comes back again. Then the least in his resurrection glory will be greater than John was, and John himself will be greater than he ever was before. The kingdom was at hand when Jesus was on earth. It was in their midst in His person, as He said in Luke xvii, 21, margin, but they did not recognize Him or it, but by force resisted it, ill treating John and later Himself and doing to both as their rebellious, wicked hearts prompted them. He therefore told them plainly that the kingdom would not come at that time and not until His return (Luke xix, 11-13). I am continually perplexed by statements from men who ought to understand about the extension and the advancement of a kingdom that is not yet begun. Neither John nor Jesus Christ can please some people, and the number of those whom the Bible does not suit seems to be increasing, but the word of the Lord stands, and "wisdom is vindicated by her actions" (verse 19, Weymouth).

How to Walk.

There is no virtue in a dawdling saunter. The slow and languid dragging of one foot after the other which some people call walking would tire an athlete. It utterly exhausts a weak person, and that is the reason why many delicate persons think they cannot walk. To derive any benefit from the exercise it is necessary to walk with a light, elastic step which swings the weight of the body so easily from one leg to the other that its weight is not felt and which produces a healthy glow, showing that the sluggish blood is stirred to action in the most remote veins.

Doubtful Meaning.

He—So you lost that handsome little dog you had? She—Yes, in a railroad accident. I was saved, but the dog was killed. He—What a pity!—Boston Transcript.

The most delicate, the most sensible, of all pleasures consists in promoting the pleasures of others.—Bruyere.

An Entrancing Portal

It Is Entered on the Wings of Fancy

By F. A. MITCHEL

"Why don't you marry, John? It seems to me that a man twenty-eight years old, with a good business and money to burn, should be following the natural law."

"Marry! What do you take me for? Do you know what matrimony means?"

The two friends, John Marston and Edward Taylor, had walked home together from business and had stopped in at Taylor's home. The brief dialogue took place while they were standing before the sideboard, where they were partaking of a little refreshment. After Marston's last assertion he went on to his room to dress for the evening. On a table lay a letter bearing the address of Virginia Marston. It had evidently passed through the hands of a number of carriers, each one of whom recommended a new "try."

Marston had no sisters, aunts or cousins who were named Virginia, and there was no reason why he should not send the letter on for another "try." He threw it back on the table, put on his evening clothes and was going out to his club to dine when he noticed the letter and, taking it up, looked at it again. If it were handed back to the carrier it would eventually find its way to the dead letter office to be opened by a clerk. If it were for any relative of his, why wouldn't it be better that its contents should be exposed to Marston than to a stranger? In any event, he could write on it "Opened by mistake by John D. Marston." He felt of it, and there was something stiff like pasteboard in it. Taking out his penknife, he slit the envelope and withdrew a letter and a photograph.

The likeness was that of a very pleasant looking old lady tastefully dressed and with a couple of puffs of



MARSTON WAS USHERED INTO THE DRAWING ROOM.

grizzly gray hair on each temple. Marston felt at liberty to gaze on it, but not to read the letter, so from the picture he turned to the subscription. The letter was signed "Your grateful friend, Sarah Sherwood."

Marston was satisfied to have opened the letter. There was something so pleasing in the lady's face that he felt assured she would not blame him for doing so. Virginia had evidently been kind to her. He wondered what Virginia looked like. In fact, he wondered whether she was young and fair or a skinny old maid. He would have liked to know what the old lady had to feel grateful for. But none of these things could be known because to read a private letter was not to be thought of.

He replaced the missive and the photograph in the envelope and, after ordering his dinner at his club, sat down at a table in the writing room and wrote a brief note to Sarah Sherwood stating that he had taken the liberty of making a dead letter office of himself that her letter might the sooner reach its destination. This was all that was required in the premises, and had he stopped here there would have been no story. But he was impelled to say that he could not have helped seeing the photograph which he presumed to be a likeness of the sender of the letter. If so, judging by the character as expressed in the features, he had no fear of being blamed for the course he had taken with regard to its return.

Now, in the first place, a letter from a stranger written from a prominent club has a standing. Club members must pass the ordeal of an election and are supposed to have some social position. In the second place, a letter from a man to a woman including a compliment is not likely to pass unnoticed. In the third place, a brief note of thanks from the recipient of a favor to the person who has conferred it is always in order. The lady, who signed herself Mrs. Sherwood, expressed warm appreciation of Mr. Marston's act, which she referred to as a kindness. But this was not all. Within a few days he received a brief note from Miss Virginia Martin (not Marston) thanking him for the return of the letter to the sender. As Mr. Marston had stepped out of his way to commend Mrs. Sherwood's features, so did Miss Martin express pleasure at Mr. Marston's appreciation of the "dearest old lady in the world."

Here were two paths leading to an acquaintance with an elderly lady of pleasing appearance and a young lady upon whom Mr. Marston's imagination had already begun to play like heat lightning in a summer night. That she was young was apparent in her note; as to her appearance—well, she might be as homely as a lighted pumpkin face, but such a supposition did not accord with the fancy excited in Mr. Marston's brain.

Letters of thanks having been received from both the sender and the recipient of the letter, they being perfect strangers to Marston, it would seem that there was no occasion for any further correspondence. But, if love cannot feed on fancy, fancy may be called the germ of love. It is questionable if love can be born without being warmed by imagination, and once born he usually becomes vigorous. He will not only catch at a straw, but it is remarkable how he will pull himself along by means of this slender assistance. Marston spent several days hunting for some slight excuse for following the matter further. He finally decided that there was less risk of being considered presuming in laying his net through the older lady.

Be it understood that he was not looking for a sweetheart or a wife. Surely the latter was especially just what he did not wish. The truth is he didn't know what he wished. Perhaps it was the instinct of the huntsman that was influencing him. At any rate, he finally took the risk of breaking the conventional bonds that separate strangers and wrote another note to Mrs. Sherwood. Stepping clear over the line, he expressed a curiosity to know why in her letter to Miss Martin she had signed herself "your grateful friend." He was aware that this request was trespassing on ground forbidden to him, a stranger. But this interest had been excited in him by seeing Mrs. Sherwood's picture, which gave the impression that kindliness was to be expected from her rather than that she should receive kindness.

This letter of Marston's placed the matter in the position of an episode, an adventure—call it what you will—and its development depended upon the future course of the woman concerned. Mrs. Sherwood wrote in a responsive vein that she had received so many acts of kindness from "Virginia" that it would be impossible for her to single out any one for especial mention. Indeed, she gave Mr. Marston the impression that Miss Martin was an angel.

To this Marston replied that young ladies who could elicit such encomiums from elderly persons were rare and their acquaintance was desirable. He regretted that he had no better claim to make Miss Martin's acquaintance than the return of a misdirected letter. He didn't under the circumstances feel warranted in asking permission to call upon Miss Martin, but he would feel grateful to Mrs. Sherwood if she would permit him to pay his respects to her since he was desirous of meeting one of whom Miss Martin had referred to as the "dearest old lady in the world."

When Mr. Marston opened the reply to this note he took out a photograph of a girl whose expression was delightfully feminine. One would know upon looking on her features that any nice old lady would speak kindly of her. Mrs. Sherwood wrote that unbeknown to "Virginia" she had sent this photograph that he might the better determine whether it was worth his while to make the young lady's acquaintance, requesting him to return it, she having perfect confidence from his being a member of the W. club and from the few words he had written her that she ran no risk whatever in doing so.

Mr. Marston's condition was like that of a grate fire in which kindling wood has been snapping. Now a bright flame shot from the coal. He began at once to make excuses for retaining the picture. In a few days he wrote expressing his thanks for the loan and his admiration of the picture and asked how long he might be permitted to retain it. Mrs. Sherwood waited a week before replying, then said that she would leave the time of its return to his own inclination. To this he replied that on the following Wednesday evening he would do himself the honor to pay his respects to Mrs. Sherwood and would bring the photograph with him.

The call was made, and the outer wall of the citadel was taken. During the visit he made an appointment, through Mrs. Sherwood, to call on Miss Martin and the following evening was ushered into a drawing room dimly lighted by rose and violet lamps and saw for the first time, dressed in her most becoming costume, Virginia.

Thus the citadel itself was captured, or, rather, was the citadel captured or was John Marston made a prisoner?

One afternoon a month after Marston had stood before his friend's sideboard he stood there again.

"I hear, John," said Taylor, "that you are going to marry."

"I am about to enter into paradise."

"I thought you considered marriage more like the other place."

"It may be, but the doors are jeweled and the interior is concealed by a profusion of flowers. The entering is worth a century of matrimonial misery."

"It's a dream, isn't it?"

"You bet."

Same Thing.

"What is a den?"

"A den, my son, is a place where wild beasts make their homes."

"No, I mean a den in a man's house."

"Eddie," interjected the mother, "your father's definition applies to that also."—London Express.

Used to Deception.

"Did your husband ever try his hand at sustained fiction?"

"Did he? For at least ten years he's been trying to make me believe he likes my cooking."—Chicago Tribune.

What He Won't Tell.

"Does you husband tell you everything?"

"Yes, everything except how much pocket money he spends himself every week."—Detroit Free Press.

A Curious Will.

By the terms of the will of one Dr. Wilde of St. Ives parish, Huntingdonshire, England, his trustees were directed to spend £50 in the purchase of a piece of land in St Ives, the annual rent of which was to be set aside for the purchase of six Bibles at a cost of 7 shillings each. To decide who shall have them he requested his trustees to "prepare a saucer with three dise upon the altar table of the parish church and let the Bibles be raffled for."

A Worse Stage.

Mrs. Crawford—Now that the honeymoon is over I suppose you find your husband has grown economical with his kisses? Mrs. Crabshaw—He has reached a worse stage than that, my dear. He has grown economical with his money.—Illustrated Bits.

Solitude and the Crowd.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion, it is easy in solitude to live after our own, but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not.—Colton.

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TALE OF A ROYAL RELIC.

Window Panes Upon Which Henry of Navarre Had Not Written.

Mrs. Andrew Lang, writing in Blackwood's, tells of a Frenchman in whose chateau was a window on which Henry IV. had once scratched the inscription: "Dieu garde de mal ma mie; Ce 22 de Septembre, 1589.—Henry." The inscription when M. Eudel first saw it was in two lines of big, clumsy letters. Two years later, being again in the neighborhood, he revisited the chateau, when he was astonished to find that the inscription was now in three lines, with the letters much more nearly uniform. After some effort he got hold of the secret. For forty years the inscription on the window had been the guide's pride and pleasure till, in one fatal moment of inattention on his part, an Englishman had cut the pane of glass out of its setting and walked away with it in his pocket.

The poor guide hurried to tell his master what had befallen him. The owner of the chateau assured him that the accident was of no consequence and could soon be put right. And so it was! A piece of glass of the same tone as the other panes was procured and fastened lightly in its place. The guide received orders to turn his back so as to allow visitors to read the inscription—or, if they wished, to steal it.

But it was necessary for the man to perceive in the nick of time what was going on and only consent to shut his eyes on the receipt of a handsome tip (the amount fixed beforehand), two-thirds of which was to go to his master.

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

Strenuous Career of William Walker, the Noted Filibuster.

William Walker, the noted filibuster and soldier of fortune, was born in Nashville, Tenn., on May 8, 1824. For a time he was an editor in New Orleans and in 1850 went to California. In the summer of 1853 he organized an expedition for the conquest of the Mixican state of Sonora. He captured several small towns; but, his provisions and ammunition running short, he crossed the border into the United States and surrendered to the government officials. He was tried at San Francisco for violating the neutrality laws, but was acquitted.

Walker's next venture was an invasion of Nicaragua, where he was for a time successful and had himself proclaimed president. Later he was driven from the country. Late in 1858 he started with a force of adventurers for Honduras, but a shipwreck caused a suspension of the expedition.

In June, 1860, he made a second attempt and captured the town of Truxillo, but was compelled to flee and subsequently surrendered to the captain of the British sloop of war Iscarus, by whom he was handed over to the Honduran government. He was condemned by court martial and on Sept. 12, 1860, was shot to death at Truxillo.

First Recorded Yacht Race.

A race across the Atlantic ocean would have seemed a wild romance to King Charles II. when he took a leading part in the first recorded yacht race. "I sailed this morning," says Evelyn on Oct. 1, 1661, "with his majesty in one of his yachts, or pleasure boats, vessels not known among us till the Dutch East India company presented that curious piece to the king, being very excellent sailing vessels. It was on a wager between his other new pleasure boat, built frigate-like, and one of the Duke of York's; the wager, £100; the race from Greenwich to Gravesend and back. The king lost it going, the wind being contrary, but saved stakes in returning. There were divers noble persons and lords on board, his majesty sometimes steering himself."

Old Parr's Possible Age.

One of the last services Dean Stanley did for Westminster abbey was to cause the almost effaced inscription over the celebrated old Parr's grave to be recut. It is as follows: "Tho: Parr of ye County of Salop. Borne in AD 1483. He lived in ye reigns of Ten Princes viz., K. Edw. 4, K. Edw. 5, K. Rich. 3, K. Hen. 7, K. Hen. 8, K. Edw. 6, Q. Ma., Q. Eliz., Ka. Ja. & K. Charles. Aged 152 yeares, and was Buried Here Novemb. 15, 1635."

The "old Countess of Desmond," who is said to have died at the age of 140, is mentioned by Lord Bacon, Archbishop Usher and Sir William Temple. The first assures us that "she did dentige (renew her teeth) twice or thrice, casting her old teeth, and others coming in their place."—London Graphic.

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From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
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From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

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For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.00 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
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A Work Of Genius

How It Was Developed and What Came of It

By MARGARET HOWARD

Bonnycastle had but one chum, Thriftleigh. There was no similarity whatever between the two. It is supposed that similarity of tastes welds persons. This is a mistake. Dissimilarity is much more likely to cement friendships provided there is nothing fundamentally antagonistic, just as radically different colors may be harmonious. Thriftleigh admired Bonnycastle for his ability to do easily what he himself could not do at all, and Bonnycastle didn't dare take action on even the smallest matter without his friend's approval. "I don't see how you do it," Thriftleigh would say when his friend made a sketch of some individual, transferring that individual's likeness and expression to the paper. "How did you know that?" Bonnycastle would ask when Thriftleigh would bet him a big apple that he (Bonnycastle) at the end of the week would have overdrawn his allowance.

One day when Bonnycastle was about twenty years old he met Evelyn Forbes. Evelyn was very pretty. Her hair was between a brown and a red and when the sunlight was on it, especially if the coiffure was put up



"I REMEMBER YOU VERY WELL, MR. BONNYCASTLE."

with a couple of strings of imitation pearls, was especially charming. The natural expression of her lips was a smile, and it seemed that any change in them was from the usual to the unusual. Her neck and shoulders were curves of beauty.

The first thing for an artist to do to bring out his genius is to fall in love. At least that's the way Dante and Petrarch and a lot of others did. Bonnycastle proceeded in his own mind to give Evelyn a character suitable to her physical makeup. For this he had the ground all prepared for him—that is, there were no traits for him to tear away, because there were no traits at all. Evelyn may be best described as a composite girl. If a man is going to idealize a woman or a woman is going to idealize a man it is far better that this should be so, just as it is easier to draw a picture from the beginning than to alter one already made.

Bonnycastle confided his love to his friend Thriftleigh, waxing eloquent on the girl's physical and moral beauties. One reason for the friendship between the men was that Thriftleigh never opposed his friend's vagaries except when harm might come of them. He could see no more harm in Bonnycastle's creating an angel out of Miss Forbes than a sculptor doing the same thing out of clay. So he listened to Bonnycastle's description of what he conceived the girl to be with apparent profound interest. This suited Bonnycastle exactly. He neither wished his friend to agree or disagree with him.

Bonnycastle's next step was to write love letters to Evelyn. A critic would have pronounced them literary masterpieces. There was feeling in them, brought out by genius. What that genius is no one has yet been able to define, though many have tried. In this case it was the difference between maudlin and that which appeals directly to the heart. The literary instinct was so strong in Bonnycastle that it is quite probable the chief interest he took in these letters was very much like what he would feel at portraying love scenes in a novel. But this he did not suspect. He regarded them as genuine expressions of his worship of his angel.

Evelyn saw nothing in the letters except evidence that the writer was in love with her. She had several other admirers, who said the same thing in a commonplace way, the method making no difference as to the fact. It was sufficient that she was admired. Bonnycastle derived no advantage from expressing his love in such charming fashion. Another of Evelyn's admirers who sat still and said nothing produced even a greater effect.

Several of the world's literary masters began their careers by drawing pictures with a pencil or a brush instead of words, a notable instance being the great Thackeray. Bonnycastle was one of these. He lacked the skill that comes of education and practice or else he had not that subtle something which evolves the artist in paint or clay. He wrote a story and sold it without much trouble. Then he tried a novel.

And here his adoration for Evelyn Forbes came in handy. He made her the heroine of his novels and himself the hero. The consequence was that when the hero talked to the heroine the words were impressive. The audience that reads novels is more easily touched through the imagination than reality. Though Evelyn had not appreciated Bonnycastle's love letters, she would doubtless have done so had she read them as the enunciations of an imaginary man to an imaginary woman.

When Bonnycastle finished his novel he was more in love with his heroine than ever and more in love with his novel—for a brief season—than with the real Evelyn. This is not surprising. He was not in love with the flesh and blood except as a thing of beauty, but with the product of his imagination. Therefore it was natural that after the full development of his imaginary heroine, whom he was many months in building, he should be more in love with her than with the original. But the original had the great advantage, while the imaginary development would begin to fade from the author as soon as finished. Evelyn, with her golden hair, smiling lips and round neck and shoulders, remained the same.

Bonnycastle's novel was a work of genius. At any rate, there was enough feeling in it for half a dozen novels. He asked Thriftleigh to read the manuscript. He did so, pronounced it "very fine," but predicted that Bonnycastle would not find a publisher for it. For the first time in his life the latter doubted his chum's opinion on a practical matter. He sent the work to publishers, who kept it each an average of two months, and at the end of a year it had been declined by six publishers. Then the author gave up trying to secure its publication and asked his friend the old question, "How did you know that?" Thriftleigh didn't try to explain how he knew it.

Thriftleigh about that time took a position in a publishing house, not on account of his critical or literary attainments, but because he was willing to work for so much a week. Bonnycastle at once jumped to the conclusion that his friend had influence with the concern to get his novel published. Thriftleigh handed it in. No word came from it for four months, when Bonnycastle called on his friend to get a decision. It was then discovered that the manuscript had been mislaid. In other words, it had been lost.

Bonnycastle by this time had secured a position as reporter on a newspaper and drifted away from his friend Thriftleigh and his love Evelyn. It was twelve years before he saw either of them again. He found making a living very difficult—indeed, it was all he could do to keep body and soul together. He was the most pitiable creature on the face of the earth—an unrecognized genius.

Owing largely to his sensitiveness he ceased to communicate with his friend Thriftleigh, and, as for Evelyn, since he couldn't marry her, he accepted the inevitable and forgot her. There was nothing to forget except her beauty and the soul he had created to fit her body. He did not see the former, and the latter must necessarily fade away in time.

One day Bonnycastle, who at this time did odd jobs about a newspaper office, was sitting before a pile of new books he was reviewing. The managing editor tossed a novel at him, saying: "There's a story that's been on the market some time. Recently it has been pronounced a work of genius by Howard Pugsley, the great literary critic, and it's beginning to be talked about. Write it up on those lines."

Bonnycastle took it up and looked at the title page, then began to read it. The first few paragraphs seemed familiar, and before he had read three pages he recognized it as the novel he had written more than a dozen years before, the manuscript of which had been lost. He read on, and as chapter after chapter was turned he began to wonder if he could have really been the author, so far above what he supposed he could do was the work he read. When he had finished he was repaid for all he had suffered in the degradation of an unrecognized genius.

All the world was talking about the new novel written by "Q," the only name given on the title page. The lost manuscript had turned up in the publishing house where it had been offered, and, since no owner could be found and the author's name was not on it, some one was designated to look it over. A favorable report was made of it, and the concern decided to publish it and pay the author his royalty if he ever turned up. He did turn up eventually; but, since there were several claimants for the authorship and he could not prove his case, he got nothing.

Hearing that his old friend Thriftleigh had gone into business for himself, was getting rich and had married, Bonnycastle looked him up. Thriftleigh, though it was after 8 o'clock in the evening, was still at business, but Mrs. Thriftleigh received the visitor. She was a skinny woman, much overdressed, her fine clothes failing to make a commonplace person look either comely or refined.

"My name is Bonnycastle, Mrs. Thriftleigh. I knew your husband well some twelve or fourteen years ago."

"I remember you very well, Mr. Bonnycastle. I'm Evelyn Forbes. Where have you been all this time?"

Bonnycastle looked at her in astonishment, if not with horror. She was his love and the heroine of his work of genius.

COLOSSAL JUPITER

A Wonderful World That Has Not Yet Solidified.

THE GIANT OF OUR PLANETS.

It Would Require Thirteen Hundred Earths Rolled Into One to Equal In Size This Seething but Slowly Cooling and Contracting Globe.

It is probable that all the millions of suns constituting the universe have their planets, but the only planets we can see are those belonging to our sun, and of these Jupiter is the chief. It would take 1,300 earths to make one Jupiter. Put a big jack marble, about an inch in diameter, beside an ordinary school globe ten or twelve inches in diameter and you will see how small the earth would look if placed beside Jupiter.

The surface of Jupiter is about 120 times as extensive as that of the earth. If we suppose it covered with continents and oceans of the same shape and relative size as those of the earth we can make some interesting comparisons between distances on Jupiter and distances on the earth. For instance, the American continent between New York and San Francisco is about 3,000 miles across. On Jupiter it would be about 33,000 miles across. The Pacific ocean stretched to the scale of Jupiter would be 120,000 miles broad, and the swiftest ship yet built driven continually at top speed would require six weeks to cross it.

If the city of New York occupied the same relative space on Jupiter that it does on the earth it would be 175 miles long from the Battery to Yonkers line, equal to the actual distance between New York and Baltimore. Everything would be stretched in similar proportions. The avenues would be a thousand feet wide and office buildings several thousand feet high. The height of the Metropolitan tower would be nearly a mile and a half.

One naturally thinks of the inhabitants. Would they be constructed on the same Brobdingnagian scale? If they were, an ordinary man on Jupiter would be about sixty feet tall. Some of the big Broadway policemen might measure seventy feet in their stockings.

But a man seventy feet tall would on the earth weigh at least 260,000 pounds, while on Jupiter, where the force of gravity is more than two and a half times as great as on the earth (2.65), his weight would be 689,000 pounds!

This is evidently more than flesh and blood could bear, and, accordingly, it has generally been assumed that the inhabitants of immense worlds like Jupiter (if there be any) must be smaller instead of larger than those of the earth, for otherwise they could not even stand erect. If we suppose the proportion of size to be inverse to that of the force of attraction, or the gravity, then an average inhabitant of Jupiter ought to be but little more than two feet tall.

These considerations, however, do not affect the area of the geographical features of the planet; but, on the contrary, they make it possible to calculate for Jupiter an almost incredible population. If Jupiter had continents of the same relative size as ours, containing the same number of inhabitants per unit area, it could hold, without being any more crowded than the earth, a hundred and eighty thousand million inhabitants. But if the inhabitants were mere dwarfs the number might be increased to a thousand thousand millions without straining the productive energies of the planet to maintain them.

These calculations have been given merely in order to make the size of Jupiter as compared with the earth more strikingly apparent and not because there is any reason to think that Jupiter actually has any continents or oceans or any inhabitants resembling men and women. The fact is that Jupiter appears to be a globe which has not yet solidified. It is, as I have said, 1,300 times larger than the earth, but it is only 316 times heavier, which shows that its mean density is only about a quarter of that of the earth. As far as the telescope shows Jupiter is an enormous globe of clouds, without anything solid about it. There may be a solid nucleus, but if so it cannot be seen.

Jupiter is a planet that is cooling off and contracting and getting ready to solidify and to receive the gifts that are bestowed in due time upon all new born worlds which are intended to support inhabitants. To watch it with a telescope, to see its vast clouds boil and gyrate and change their hues and its four moons run rapidly around it, as in play, throwing their shadows on its broad surface and darting into and out of the mighty cone of invisible darkness that it projects into space behind it—moons whose motions will be studied with all the eagerness of a new felt thirst for knowledge when Jupiter shall have become the abode of intellectual life—this is to peer behind the scenes of creation and to discover the true place of the earth in the evolution of worlds.—Garrett P. Serviss in New York American.

A Put Up Job.

"That rich heiress let me hold her hand last night."

"You must be pretty strong with her, eh?"

"No. It was a put up job. Her hand was a bum one, yet she blamed me for losing the game."—Boston Record.

Ignorance of one's misfortunes is clear gain.—Euripides.

No Use For Barbers.

Customer (in barber's chair)—So you haven't heard Von Trumper, the world famous pianist? Barber—No. Doze bianists neffer batronize me, an' so I neffer batronize dem.—Exchange.

Not So Enjoyable.

Friend—Your wedding breakfast was a delightful affair, Mr. Honeymoon (with a sigh)—Yes, but we've had others since.

ADMIRAL VERNON.

He Invented "Grog" and Gave a Name to Washington's Home.

Few Americans are informed as to how Mount Vernon, the home of Washington, received its name.

The unfortunate Duke of Monmouth had a secretary named Vernon, a prudent, sensible man of business, who after the duke's death, found favor in influential quarters and under William III. became a secretary of state. He left a son, Edward, born in 1684, who, greatly against his father's wishes, entered the navy and, serving with distinction, rose to the rank of admiral. In 1722 he was elected to the house of commons, and having, in July, 1739, declared there that Porto Bello might be reduced with six sail of the line, he was sent with a squadron to fulfill his prediction. On returning home successful he received the thanks of both houses and the freedom of the city of London. From that time, however, his star declined. An expedition to Cartagena, made two years later, signally failed.

It was in the land force at Cartagena that Lawrence Washington, George's eldest brother by fourteen years, had served, and apparently he esteemed Vernon, as he gave his name to his home on the Potomac, and procured a midshipman's appointment for George. His mother's interposition ultimately prevented the boy's availing himself of this appointment.

Vernon's popularity was so great that his unlucky expedition does not seem to have affected it, as he was actually elected to parliament for three places on his return. Probably his known hostility to the government had much to do with this. In 1745 he was detailed to watch the North sea, in view of the movement of the pretender's adherents. The next year a serious squabble arose between him and the government, resulting in his producing two pamphlets that so exasperated the authorities that by the king's express command he was struck off the list of admirals. He died in 1757.

It was Vernon who brought into use the custom of mixing water with the ration of rum, which got the name of grog from his habit of wearing a grogram waistcoat, and hence his nickname of "Old Grog." To summarize, the man who invented grog is buried in Westminster abbey, commemorated by Smollett and gave a name to Washington's home.

An Awe Inspiring Spectacle.

Of the overpowering magnificence of the sun's corona as seen in a total eclipse some idea may be gathered when it is considered that even matter of fact scientists are stricken speechless with awe in its presence. Sir Francis Galton was once assigned to measure the heat of that strange halo. He recounts that he experienced a feeling of supreme exultation when he discovered that his instrument was broken and that he would be permitted a few moments in which to revel in the remarkable spectacle. So carried away was he by the glory of the panorama that he even forgot to note down the beginning of the first contact.

Roman Lamps.

Roman lamps were of many sizes, but most of them very closely resembled what is at present denominated a sauce or gravy boat. At one end there was a ring, through which the finger was passed when the light was carried. The body of the vessel was filled with oil, and at the other end there was a small tube, through which a rag wick was passed. When this was lighted the smoke and odor of the rancid fat employed were extremely offensive. Many Roman poets mention the abominable effluvium sent out by the lamps at the feasts.

Punishment For Poisoners.

In ancient Rome poisoning was punished by crucifixion, no matter what the rank of the criminal, although this penalty was usually reserved for slaves. A Roman of respectable station, having been convicted of poisoning his ward, was sentenced to be crucified, but protested against the punishment as unfit for a gentleman. The emperor thereupon ordered the cross to be painted white and otherwise made more presentable than those commonly used. Whether the convict expressed himself as better satisfied is not recorded.

Indolent Rossini.

Rossini was one of the most indolent men that ever lived, yet he wrote operas against time, as it were. "The Barber of Seville," for instance, was written and mounted in less than a month, which fact gave rise to Donizetti's cogent witticism. Upon being informed that Rossini had finished his opera in thirteen days Donizetti replied: "It is very possible. He is so lazy!"

Information Wanted.

"Boy," said the man in No. 23 as the page entered his room, "go over to No. 26 and find out if that lady is moaning or singing. If she is singing ask the clerk to change my room; if she's moaning tell the clerk to send for a physician."—London Tit-Bits.

England's Largest House.

The proud distinction of being the largest house in England is generally accorded to Lord Fitzwilliam's Yorkshire seat, Wentworth Woodhouse. Of this house it is said that the three principal entrances are so far distant from each other that visitors are advised to bring three hats with them, one to be kept at each point of egress. A house which is 600 feet long, has a hall in which two average suburban villas could be comfortably placed and boasts a room for every two days of the year is certainly large enough to satisfy any reasonable ambition.—Exchange.

Modern Announcement.

Wanted—A governess who is a good stenographer, to take down the clever sayings of our child.—Fliegende Blatter.

Opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making.—Milton.

Pessimism is productive of paralysis and stagnation.

DARING YEGGMEN.

Ways of the Most Desperate and Cunning of Burglars.

BLOWING OPEN A BANK SAFE.

Nitroglycerin Is the Explosive Used, and Wet Blankets Help to Deaden the Sound—Making the "Soup" Is a Perilous Part of the Business.

Of all the thieves and crooks that operate in the country the yeggman, or bank burglar, is the most cunning and systematic and in the majority of cases the most desperate. Some people have an idea that a common tramp housebreaker is a yeggman, but that is far from the truth. In nine cases out of ten yeggmen are intelligent, educated men. There is a bond between them as strong as that which unites any brotherhood or union in the country.

There are not more than fifty good yeggs in the United States. To be successful the yegg must understand every little detail of the work, because a slip usually means a life. When a man becomes too old or is disabled or for any other cause cannot remain an active member of his gang he then instructs the younger and less experienced members. In all the time that I have been connected with bank investigations, says a yegg hunter in the New York Sun, I have never known of a case in which one yeggman double crossed another, and I don't think that can be said of any other branch of thiefdom. I will explain some of the methods used by the yeggs, also some used by the investigators.

Four or five men usually make up a gang, and these gangs are scattered over the whole country, each having its own territory. For instance, one gang had the territory between Albany and Boston on the Boston and Albany road. It that case the members would be scattered out along the road between Boston and Albany looking for a bank or postoffice which may be easily blown. It sometimes takes them six months or even a year to locate the job and get everything in readiness for the "touch off," as they call it. One successful job with these men equals a great many small hauls that other thieves make.

When the job is spotted the gang is called together, and every detail is gone over and the plans are mapped out. Each member looks over the bank, and the discussion of methods sometimes lasts a week. I once knew of a gang operating in Indiana who were in doubt about a job and who sought advice from a gang in Maine. That probably took three or four weeks. I mention this to show that they absolutely will not "turn a trick" if there is the least doubt about its success.

After the job is located and their plans are settled the next thing they do is to get the tools and make their preparations. Common yellow soap, fuse, caps and nitroglycerin are needed. The soap, fuse and caps are easily obtained at any hardware or grocery, but the nitroglycerin is not so easy to get. If no other method is available it must be taken out of dynamite sticks, and that is almost an art in itself, being a very dangerous process.

For an ordinary shot they take five five-pound sticks of dynamite to make enough nitroglycerin, or "soup," as they call it, for the job. The utensils consist of two lard cans and a quart whisky bottle. The bottom is knocked out of one of the lard cans and holes made all around the sides. A charcoal fire is then built and the lard can is set on it. Then the other can is filled half full of water and placed on the first. The water is allowed to become lukewarm, and then the sticks of dynamite are placed in the water. The whole affair stands about six hours.

After that time the water is allowed to cool and is then strained through a piece of cheesecloth, after which it is again allowed to stand. In a short time the nitroglycerin rises to the surface and is skimmed off and placed in the bottle. The yeggs call this process "making soup." Several times it has resulted seriously, and in one instance, when it blew the operator's arm off, it led to the capture of two of the best men in what was known as the E. and T. H. gang.

It sometimes takes as many as three shots to blow a safe. Four holes are drilled around the combination knob, and the nitroglycerin is poured in the holes, soap funnels being used. A dynamite cap and fuse are then attached, wet blankets are thrown over the safe, and the shot is touched off. The men inside throw themselves face downward on the floor.

After the smoke has cleared the safe is sometimes found ready to be rifled. Often there is a strong box which the first shot does not harm. In that case a second and sometimes a third shot must be fired off in the same manner as the first.

In case the citizens hear the explosion the men who are watching outside give the inside men the alarm and endeavor to hold the town at bay, giving their inside pals a chance for a clean getaway with the plunder.

He Understood.

"You must always be nice to your little playmates."

"I know. I've got my lesson all right, ma. I'm just beating them around a bit trying to teach them that they've got to be nice to me too."—Detroit Free Press.

Liberty will not descend to a people; a people must raise themselves to liberty.—Colton.

Willie's Question.

"Pa, was Job a doctor?"

"Not that I know of."

"Then why do people have so much to say about the patients of Job?"—Boston Transcript.

Shun idleness. It is the rust that attaches itself to the most brilliant metals.—Voltaire.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1912

CHOATE HOSPITAL DAY.

The instigators, promoters, managers, and committees of the Choate Memorial Hospital Field Day were perfectly satisfied with the outcome of that project of raising funds for the maintenence of the praiseworthy institution. Their expectations were more than realized in point of attendance, sports, sales, etc. Chairman Linscott of the Executive Committee and his associates worked to good purpose and brought forth the next thing to a firstclass 4th of July celebration, and attracted a vast multitude of people to Woburn streets and Forest Park last Monday, June 17. There was enough of it to make two good sized circuses, and some over.

The Field Day began its exercises early in the morning of Bunker Hill Day with an excellent band concert on the Common and the grounds around the bandstand were soon covered with people bent on holiday pleasures.

This was followed by an hour of ex-Mayor Blodgett's Serpentine Carnival, a queer combination of all sorts of things, with which the vast crowd were immensely delighted.

The streets and sidewalks were crowded with people from home and abroad; business houses and public buildings were closed; residences were deserted; and everybody was at the Fair.

After these attractions came the march to Forest Park, the sports and business location of the grand affair.

The parade was welcomed to the Park by an innumerable host of people who had already gathered there in season to take in and not lose any of the sports and fun awaiting them there.

Mr. Leon L. Dorr, Chairman of the Dime Show Committee, "did it up brown," as the saying is. It has been known for many years that Mr. Dorr is a master hand at a Sunday School picnic, but he proved himself last Monday equally as clever and efficient as a manager of secular amusements. With his double decker graphophone he made the hills and dales of Forest Park resound with Macedonian appeals to the people standing under the trees eating peanuts and gingerbread to "come over and help us" swell the treasury of the Choate Hospital Association and see the biggest show on earth, to employ the language of the late lamented P. T. Barnum, Esq. A programme of the field sports is printed in another column of this issue of the JOURNAL to which the reader is respectfully referred. The piece de resistance was the female baseball game mentioned in another column of the JOURNAL'S graphic report of the grand celebration.

At the numerous business stands which lined the Park slathers of peanuts, candy, popcorn, doughnuts, coffee and other toothsome and invigorating commodities, were sold in huge quantities which yielded an immense harvest of gold and silver for the Hospital.

The pop concert in the evening was an immense success; and the dance at the Armory, with which the Field Day came to a brilliant close, was one of the largest and most enjoyable of the season.

PROROGUED.

At 15 minutes after 7 o'clock Thursday evening, June 13 Governor Foss prorogued the 1912 Great and General Court of Massachusetts the members of which were freed from the onorous work of law making and granted permission to return to the bosoms of their families.

At the end of 5 months of hard, constant, and exhausting brain toil the Governor let them off in season for a couple of weeks of much needed rest and recuperation before haying begins on the farms where their services will be greatly needed through the month of July, for it is admitted on all hands that the hay cutting is going to be a big one this year.

It is a mystery to some people that a Legislature no larger than ours could possibly enact so many laws in the short space of 5 months as were enacted "with neatness and dispatch" on Beacon Hill, Boston, the first half of 1912, but they did it, and several of the laws were said to be good ones, and of considerable public importance.

The late lamented W. W. Esq., of Burlington, and a Representative in the Mass. House 6 years running, was once heard to say that for quality and speed a Massachusetts Legislature couldn't be beat.

☞ Hon. W. E. Blodgett and Elmer E. Silver, Esq., both leading citizens of Woburn and strong Taft Republicans, left here on the morning of June 17 for Chicago to attend the Republican National convention which assembled in that city on June 18. Hon. W. F. Davis, who was defeated as a Taft Alternate to the Convention with the rest of the ticket concluded to stay at home and let other good Republicans do the quarrelling and nominating of candidates without his help.

THE CONVENTION.

Latest news brings no tidings of a nomination at the Chicago convention.

Roosevelt threatens a bolt. His cause appears to be crumbling to pieces.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

J. G. Maguire—Mortg. Sale.
Wellington & Page—Mortg. Sale.
J. W. and E. F. Johnson—Citation.
Woburn Five Cts. Sav. Bank—Annual Meeting.

— Mrs. Charles Taylor's lawn at 28 Pleasant street is fairly aglow with peonies and great red June roses.

— Redmond E. Walsh, Water Registrar, was Chief of the Elks Flag Day celebration Committee on June 14.

— Arthur E. Gage, Esq, Clerk of the District Court, attended a reunion of his Class in Brown University at Providence last Wednesday.

— Last Sunday, June 16, the 94th anniversary of the opening of the Sunday School of the First Congregational church of Woburn was celebrated.

— A 100-lb. rock from a blast did considerable damage to the residence of Patrick Burke on Arlington Road which it struck the other day and landed on the piano.

— The alarm from Box 212 at 9 30 Saturday evening, was for a fire that did considerable damage to an unoccupied dwelling house on Merrimac street, North Woburn.

— There will be a Union Service of the Church and Sunday School at the Unitarian church at 10 30 Sunday morning. This will be the closing service for the summer vacation.

— In view of the wholesale killing of young birds by them the Winchester *Star* says cats, like dogs, should be licensed. Just so, they should, and then have their tails cut off close up to their ears.

— The prospect for home raised green peas and spring lamb next Independence Day is not encouraging. The Glorious Fourth is due in a couple of weeks or less, but peas and lamb are not in sight.

— The graduating exercises of Class 1912, W. H. S. are to be held in Lyceum Hall on Wednesday evening, June 16. The oration is to be delivered by President Murlin of Boston University.

— Last Friday morning the 5-year old daughter of Mr. C. Vozella of Cedar street was drowned in the Aberjona near the tannery of Beggs & Cobb. She evidently fell from a plank into the water where her mother found the body.

— Today, June 21, occurs the Summer Solstice on which the sun crosses the Line and the days have reached their maximum length. In about 6 days they will begin to shorten and continue until Dec. 20, or Winter Solstice.

— The following gentlemen have been appointed by the Mayor to take charge of the children's entertainment and band concert on July 4th; Alderman James Boyle, Harry Jones, Dennis Hogan, James McGovern and Jens J. S. Andreason.

—Boston Weather eccentricities the past month, producing rheumatism, neuralgia, and other muscular and nerve complaints, increase the practice of Dr. Fred Gowing of Woburn, osteopathist, whose office is in Huntington Chambers, Boston.

— The W. H. S. Class that is to graduate on June 26 is the largest that has left the school for several years past. About 100 of them are to receive diplomas that day. It proves that the number who attend the Business Department increases from year to year, a most excellent showing.

— While the entire programme of the Flag Day celebration by Woburn Lodge of Elks in Lyceum Hall on the evening of June 14, was mightily interesting to Col. G. B. of Bennett street the number that pleased him most was Judge John G. Maguire's "History of the Flag."

— We are unable to say positively whether or not the icebergs have got through "running" from the frozen North down to the Atlantic Ocean but the east wind that has prevailed here for a month or more must have had some business with them. A mixture of icebergs and east winds is a good thing in dogdays, but not just yet.

— The Woburn Elks could not do a much more useful act than to take from their treasury money enough to put Judge John G. Maguire's "History of the Flag" delivered at the Elks Flag Day celebration in Lyceum Hall on last Friday evening, June 14, into suitable book form of type, paper, ink and binding for future use. It is a very valuable document and will grow more so every year. The archives of the Lodge should contain volumes of it.

— You remember what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina at a convention a few years ago—"Jim, it seems to be a long time between drinks;" so, to the hungry mortals of Woburn it seemed a long time between tripe and liver while the provision markets were closed from Saturday night, June 15, to Tuesday morning, June 18. There is a moral to this somewhere, but we haven't had time to look it up this week.

— "The first Penobscot salmon of the season" (1912) bangs on like the widow's cruse. Enough of it was left over from last week for Woburn diners, with thick egg sauce, on Bunker Hill Day, June 17. But Reed Whipple, one of the great tavernkeepers of Boston, owner of Young's Hotel, Parker House, Touraine, and Adams, who years ago, made the "first Penobscot salmon of the season famous by paying a fabulous price for it every season to advertise their hostelries, died last week aged 70 years. When a young man he came down from his home in New Hampshire, where they raise sound headed and right hearted boys, went to work and died a very rich man.

— The Sons of Veterans auxiliary will give a Pop Concert in their hall Tuesday evening. This promises to be one of the best events of the season.

— The Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. church will hold a Salad Supper and Entertainment on Thursday evening, June 27, 1912. The entertainment will consist of a dialogue entitled "Six Kleptomaniacs." Supper at 6 30. Admission 25 cents to all.

— A large number of Woburn young ladies and gentlemen attended the Harvard Class Day exercises last Tuesday and enjoyed them. Clifford Parker, Class 1912, son of Rev. Henry C. Parker, pastor of the Woburn Unitarian church, gave a Class Day spread to a party of classmates and friends, thus following the example set by his brother of Class '11 last year.

— If he had not read it in the Woburn JOURNAL this morning hardly a person would have believed that Crovo has been selling the finest kind of strawberries raised in Wilmington and Reading, and sweet juicy cherries from Salem street, Woburn, of 1912 crop, all this week, but such has been the case. Home raised strawberries and cherries on Bunker Hill Day, June 17, isn't bad, eh? Now bring on your green peas and young mutton!

— Ralph Johnson, 1912, son of John Warren Johnson, Esq., of Warren avenue, President of the Woburn National Bank, also, gave a spread on Harvard Class Day, June 18, at which people of this city were among the guests. Old Harvard has no reason to complain of lack of patronage from the present day descendants of Edward Johnson, first Town Clerk of Woburn (1642), for 6 of them have, within the last few years, graduated from that venerable institution and Law School.

— There will be a Garden Party at the residence of W. W. Hill, Main street, North Woburn, for the benefit of the Parish House of the North Congregational Church on Saturday afternoon and evening, June 22. Lunches, ice cream and punch, will be served. There will be two entertainments in the barn with seats in the loft. Automobileists will be served with tea during the afternoon. Preparations are in progress to make this an elaborate affair and no one should miss it.

— No vegetables of any account will be raised in this section of the State, or in New England, during the summer of 1912. There has been a frost in Woburn nearly every night for a week past which has destroyed all hopes of raising garden truck. On Friday morning, June 14, snow covered Aroostook County, Maine, which, with heavy frosts in more favorable spots, killed the potato vines, rendering it necessary to replant the grounds. Other parts of Maine were treated in the same manner, so look out for big kiting in the price of our staple esculent next fall. Our leading marketmen say there will be no peas raised here this summer. The few imported little ones were $1 a peck last Saturday morning, and lamb chops to go with them were 35 cents a pound. On that date the price of potatoes fell to 37 cents a peck in this city.

Sports and Games.

These held a first, or, at least, a full second place in the brilliant Woburn Choate Hospital Field Day last Monday. They were witnessed by immense crowds of deeply interested people, both in the forenoon and the ball game later by Judge Edward F. Johnson's Speed Girls and City Collector Golden's Golden Sox in which the former won 5 to 3, and Marion Wallace, daughter of Printer John M. Wallace was awarded the silver cup offered by James Skinner, Esq, for the best individual player. In the forenoon the following sports came off.

50-Yard Dash, Boys under 16—Won by Gordon Shattuck: Lewis Burnes second.

50-yard Dash, Girls under 16—Won by Beatrice Meehan; Marion Wallace second.

100-Yard Dash, Open—Won by Jerry Donovan; W. Haven Sherburne second; George Reed, third.

Johnson School Relay Race—Won by Johnson School (MacPherson, Nichols, Hammond and Latham); Cummings School second; Hanson School third.

High School Race—Won by senior class (Tenney, Brackett, Johnson and Dean.)

Special Relay Race—Won by the Hawks (James Murray, Eldridge Atwood, P. Tenney, Carlton Dean); Eagles second.

Two-Mile Race—Won by P. Tenney; C. Anderson second; J. Tenney, third.

The great ball game by two teams made up of the handsomest and brightest young girls in Woburn, was the chief feature in the sports.

To Go To College.

About 30 students in the Woburn High School who are to graduate on June 26, 1912, are preparing to enter more advanced institutions of learning next September. Among them are the following:

Harvard—Robert Johnson, Earle Greenleaf, Nathaniel Wilcox, William Sheehan, Waldo Shattuck, Hugo Lindmark, John McDonough.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology—Walter Fowle, Charles Lyons, Carlton Dean, Arthur Carter.

Worcester Polytechnic — Horace Trull.

Yale—William Clewley.

Wellesley—Rachel Blodgett, Anna Burdett.

Mount Holyoke—Bertha Boutelle.

Tufts—Aileen Hagerty.

Lowell Normal—Mildred Murray, Muriel Fetridge, Margaret Kearns, Gertrude Clement, Anna Dearborn, May Folan, Cora Boutelle, Dorothy Flagg.

Bridgewater Normal—Dorothea Cotton, Anna Croughan, Gladys Lowe.

Drives Off A Terror.

The chief executioner of death in the winter and spring months is pneumonia. Its advance agents are colds and grip. In any attack by one of these maladies no time should be lost in taking the best medicine obtainable to drive it off. Countless thousands have found this to be Dr. King's New Discovery. "My husband believes it has kept him from having pneumonia three or four times," writes Mrs. George W. Place, Rawsonville, Vt., "and for coughs, colds and croup we have never found its equal." Guaranteed for all bronchial affections. Price 50c & $1.00. Trial bottle free at All Druggists.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

G. Molasso's latest and most sensational French pantomime, "La Sommambule," with Mlle. Nina Payne and a splendid company of fifteen Parisian dancers and mimes, comes to B. F. Keith's Theatre next week for an engagement of one week only. Mons. Molasso is the greatest producer of pantomime that this country has ever seen, and some of his productions, notably "The Rose of Mexico" and "Paris By Night," have been unsurpassed for beauty and novelty. "La Somnambule" is in many respects the best thing he has ever done, both from a spectacular and artistic point of view. This pantomime tells an intensely interesting story of society life among the French nobility.

THE TREMONT.

"Little Miss Fix-it" in the person of Alice Lloyd and all her merry companions start off the third week of their pleasant stay at the Tremont Theatre Monday night. The success of this summer offering has been immediate and both the artistic little English singer and her merry musical play has been enthusiastically received by Boston theatregoers. The interest evinced during the first few performances has increased rather than diminished. Miss Lloyd's gay good humor, her exquisite sense of comedy and her inimitable songs and the splendid support she receives from the surrounding members of her talented company all form together a combination of pleasing entertainment admirably suited for summer fare.

Could Shout For Joy.

I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart," wrote C. R. Rader, of Lewisburg, W. Va., "for the wonderful double benefit I got from Electric Bitters, in curing me of both a severe case of stomach trouble and of rheumatism, from which I had been an almost helpless sufferer for ten years. It suited my case as though made just for me." For dyspepsia, indigestion, jaundice, and to rid the system of kidney poisons that cause rheumatism, Electric Bitters have no equal. Try them. Every bottle is guaranteed to satisfy. Only 50 cents at All Druggists.

Hospital Programme.

The following constituted the Hospital Field Day Programme on June 17:

All day attractions: 8 to 9.30 o'clock A. M., Band Concert on Common, 8 30 to 9 30 A. M., Serpentine Carnival, 9.30 to 10 30 A. M., Procession to Forest Park, 10 30 o'clock A. M., Sports at the Park, Forest Park Auditorium, Mr. Leon L. Dorr, Manager. Utopian Orchestra, Harmony Orchestra, Baptist C. E. Society, St. John's Baptist Sunday School, Comedy Play, "How the Story Grew," Ladies of the North Congregational Church; Entertainment by children of St. Charles School; Variety Entertainment, Clarion Male Quartet, International Mixed Quartet, Miss Dora Page, Soloist, Criterion Male Quartet, Mr. Harold Childs, Soloist, Mr. Sylvester Smith, Monologuist; "Songs of the Centuries" By request. Given by members of First Church Sunday School, under the direction of Miss E. Minnette Dow. Girls' Base Ball Game: Johnson Speed Girls Versus Golden Sox; Pop Concert in Lyceum Hall. Dancing in the Armory.

Edward T. Brigham.

The deceased was born in Woburn on Oct. 21, 1868, and died at his home in Pepperell, June 17, 1912. He was the son of Salem T. and Maria A. Brigham. His wife, who, with a son, survives him, was Edith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Buckman. He was a member of the Innitou Canoe Club.

The funeral was held in Pepperell on June 19, and attended by the following Woburn people: W. Everett Buckman, W. F. Davis, Jr., Frank H. Sawyer, John C. N. Parker, Harry Brown, L. Waldo Thompson, Harrie B. Blye, George Blye, Williard K. Fowle and Edward F. Wyer.

Burlington.

Last Thursday evening week Fred F. Walker, Esq., of this town, Commissioner of Animal Industry, a department established by the Legislature of 1912, and formerly Chief of the Mass. Cattle Bureau, returned from a trip to Texas where he had been a few weeks. On reaching Boston he repaired to the State House where he took the oath of his new office.

Graduation Exercises of the Grammar School.

Part I.

March — School
Song, "The Wooden Shoon" — Miss York's Class
"Lincoln's Gettysburg Address" — Ralph McDonald
Song, "The Clucking Hen" — School
"In School Days" — Gladys Foster

Part II.

Cantata, "Flora, or the May Queen Festival. By pupils in Miss Twining's and Miss McIntire's rooms.

Cast.

Flora, the May Queen — Ethyl Dinsmore
Little Gipsy Jane — Dorothy Dinsmore
The Shepherdess — Daisy Blenkhorn
The Hermit — Lloyd Boston
Attendants—Bernice MacIntire, Gracia Battis, Vera Foster.
Spring Maiden — Clara McGann
Fishing Party — Ralph McDonald, Clarence MacIntire, Maitland Persons, Chester Knowles, Harold Pattison, Henry Walker.
Heather Bells—Marguerite MacDonald, Arline Rogan, Alice Little, Alice Foster, Mildred LaRue, Mary Madden, Dorothy Sewell, Elizabeth Bennett, Elizabeth Downer, Margaret Johnson, Grace Johnson.

Part III.

"Opportunity" — Lloyd Boston
Presentation of Diplomas — Supt. Geo. Armstrong
Prophecy — Ethyl Dinsmore
"Star Spangled Banner" — School

Class of 1912:—J. Lloyd Boston, Ethyl M. Dinsmore, Gladys E. Foster, Ralph R. MacDonald.

Director of Music, Gertrude M. Heartz.

The graduation exercises were held in the church and many of the townspeople attended.

WINCHESTER.

St. Mary's Catholic church are to give a Home Party on June 29. Preparations for it are progressing in fine shape. It will be a big one.

There are not a great many of the "Unterrified" in this town, but the few are as the needle to the pole to old Jacksonian principles and will be found marching to the polls next November under the old Democratic flag. Champ Clarke of Missouri is the choice of the Winchester Democracy.

This town did fairly well towards observing Flag Day last Friday. Deeply absorbed in business affairs, social pleasures and 10-pins, our people are not, generally speaking, as mindful of the patriotic services which duty demands, and sometimes we have gone so far as to allow 4th of July to come and go without public or private recognition.

It is now only a couple of weeks or so to the "Galorious Fourth" and yet I heard of no move towards having a celebration of the anniversary of America's birthday in Winchester. Our citizens have not been slow or back ward in honoring the anniversary of the day on which was proclaimed the independence of this grand and noble Republic, and why not keep on doing so?

The employees on the highways and other town jobs are having things go to suit them. They have gained their contention for a half holiday, from June 1 to Labor Day and feel well over it. The laborers are not getting as much pay as they need and deserve considering the advance in the cost of living. It costs 50 percent more to live than it did two years ago, and yet pay of the workmen has not been increased.

Cats Versus Birds.

This is the time of the year when cats live on robins or any birds that they can catch. Many persons are shocked at the spectacle of the slaughter of robins that is going on daily by the cats. If a man is caught shooting these birds he is arrested and heavily fined, but there is no law to punish a cat for killing them. A substantial license fee would put an end to many of these roving cats and thus preserve the lives of the beautiful songsters that contribute so much to the pleasures of suburban life.—*Winchester Star.*

Methodist Church.

The pastor, Rev. F. M. Estes, will preach at 10 30 A. M. Evening service at 7 with address by the pastor.

Miss Maud West will conduct the Epworth League service at 6 o'clock, the subject being "How Persecution has Extended the Knowledge of God."

The Women's Foreign Missionary Society held their annual reception for the "Little Light Bearers" in the church vestry, Thursday afternoon, June 20, from 3 to 5 o'clock. A large number of children were present and the affair most heartily enjoyed by all.

Famous Stage Beauties

look with horror on Skin Eruptions, Blotches, Sores or Pimples. They don't have them, nor will any one, who uses Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It glorifies the face. Eczema or Salt Rheum vanish before it. It cures sore lips, chapped hands, chilblains; heals burns, cuts and bruises. Unequalled for piles. Only 25c at All Druggists.

A Lasting Example to Him.

A North Carolina negro was brought out on the gallows to be hanged for murder.

"Henry," said the sheriff, "have you anything to say?"

"Yas, suh," said the condemned man. "I've got a few words to say. I merely wishes to state dat dis suttingly is goin' to be a lesson to me."—Saturday Evening Post.

What He Meant.

Baker—I was out in Blakesley's motor last week. He has everything in it, even a pedometer. Barker—You mean a speedometer, old man. A pedometer is an instrument for measuring how far you walk. Baker—All right. I'll stick to pedometer.—Harper's Bazar.

His Restless Heart.

Nervous Patient—It's the 'eart, doctor. Wearin' itself out it is. Whenever I put up my 'and to it there it is wabblin' to and fro. Ain't never still for five minutes together.—London Opinion.

The true worth of a man is to be measured by the objects he pursues.—Marcus Aurelius.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by Anastasia L. Reade to the Blackstone Savings Bank, dated August 15, 1911, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3636, Page 414, for breach of the condition thereof and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises on **Saturday, the thirteenth day of July, 1912,** at 9.30 o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, namely:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and bounded and described as follows:—Westerly by Main Street, 79.5 feet; northerly by other land of said Reade, mortgaged to the Mercantile Cooperative Bank, 60 feet; easterly by the last described land, 77.72 feet; and southerly by land formerly of Littlefield, 72 feet.

For title see deed from Lawrence Reade to said Anastasia L. Reade, and deed from Celia R. Mahern to said Anastasia L. Reade, both dated September 7, 1911, and recorded respectively in said Deeds in Book 3632, Pages 404 and 405; also see deed from the Charlestown Five Cents Savings Bank to said Anastasia L. Reade, dated May 2, 1911, recorded with said Deeds, Book 3600, Page 73.

$200 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale; further particulars at the time and place of sale.

Said premises will be sold subject to all outstanding taxes, tax titles and other municipal assessments, if any.

BLACKSTONE SAVINGS BANK, Mortgagee.
By Arthur E. Roberts, Treasurer.
Wellington & Page, Attorneys,
880 Tremont Building, Boston. 21-28-5

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary McHay, otherwise known as Mary Hingston Cummings, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Ellen Cummings Holland of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of July, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twentieth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

21-28-5 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Mary A. Nunley of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the Woburn Co-operative Bank, dated December 14, 1905, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3204, Page 220, for breach of the condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on **Saturday, the twentieth day of July, A. D. 1912,** at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises on a private way leading from James street to Church street at a stake at land formerly of George Flagg, from thence the line runs easterly by said private way, one hundred and twelve (112) feet to a stake at said James street; thence turning the line runs northerly by and with said James street, thirty-eight (38) feet to a stake at land of Patrick Curran; thence turning the line runs westerly by land of said Patrick Curran one hundred and twelve (112) feet to a stake at land of said George Flagg; thence turning the line runs southerly by and with said land formerly of George Flagg, thirty-eight (38) feet to the point of beginning. Together with a right of way over said private way, fifteen (15) feet wide between said premises and said Church street. Being the same premises conveyed to said Mary A. Nunley by Nellie S. Shaw, by deed dated December 12, 1905, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles and municipal liens, if any, thereon.

A deposit of One Hundred Dollars ($100.00) will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale; balance within ten days, upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 340 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

WOBURN CO-OPERATIVE BANK, Mortgagee.
By Arthur E. Gage, Treasurer.
Woburn, Mass., June 19, 1912. 21-28-5

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the trusts under the will of Augustus Roundy, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Charles F. Anderson of Everett, in the State of Washington, praying to be appointed trustee under the will of said deceased, which has been proven in said Court.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of July, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventh day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

14-21-28 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT,

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons, interested in the estate of Charles D. Onion, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Mary F. Onion, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of July A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

14-21-28 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

DODGED THE TRAP.

The Way Dr. Wayland Was Not Cornered by His Son.

Dr. James B. Angell tells in his reminiscences the following enjoyable story of his college days at Brown university under the presidency of Dr. Wayland:

The doctor's son, Heman Lincoln Wayland, one of my classmates, inherited from his father a very keen wit. The passages between father and son were often entertaining to the class. One day, when we were considering a chapter in the father's textbook on moral philosophy, Lincoln rose with an expression of great solemnity and respect and said:

"Sir, I would like to propound a question."

"Well, sir, what is it?" was the reply.

"Well, sir," said the son, "in the learned author's work which we are now perusing I observe the following remark," and then he quoted.

The class saw that fun was at hand and began to laugh.

"Well, what of it?" asked the father, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Why," continued the son, "in another work of the same learned author, entitled 'On the Limitation of Human Responsibility,' I find the following passage."

He quoted again. Clearly the two passages were irreconcilable. The boys were delighted to see that the doctor was in a trap and broke into loud laughter.

"Well, what of it?" asked the doctor, and his eyes twinkled still more merrily.

"Why," said the son, with the utmost gravity, "it has occurred to me that I should like to know how the learned author reconciles the two statements."

"Oh," said the father, "that is simple enough. It only shows that since he wrote the first book the learned author has learned something."

BOUGHT HOUSES ON FIRE.

Queer Trade That Enriched Cato and Crassus In Ancient Rome.

One of the strangest businesses in ancient Rome is mentioned by Juvenal in his "Satires," and we hear of it also from historians. It consisted of buying houses on fire.

The speculator hurried to the scene attended by slaves carrying bags of money and others carrying tools, judged the chances of salvage and made a bid to the distracted house owners, who were glad to accept anything as a rule. The bargain struck in all haste this earliest of fire assurers set his slaves to work and secured what he could. Sometimes even he put out the flames and so made a coup.

It was a business for capitalists, but the poorest who speculated in a small way could hardly lose if he had presence of mind enough to grasp the chances.

Thus Cato the elder and, above all, Crassus laid the foundations of their wealth. The latter had a passion for such gambling. He gradually collected a force of carpenters, masons and such artificers—slaves, of course—which reached 500 men. Not only did he buy houses on fire, but also, enlarging upon the common practice, he made a bid for those adjoining which stood in danger. His proposals were commonly welcome, so helpless were the people and so great the peril. By this means Crassus became the greatest owner of house property in Rome.

Rudest Man of His Age.

John Hunter, the famous British surgeon, anatomist, physiologist and medical writer, who died in 1793, was one of the rudest men of his age. He returned home late one evening from his round of professional calls and found his wife entertaining a few friends. Grimly he walked into the center of the room, stopped and looked around. "I knew nothing of this kick up," he said, "and I ought to have been informed. As I have returned home for the purpose of studying, I hope the present company will retire at once." They retired.

Scotch Rivalry.

Glasgow and Edinburgh are, in the "popular" mind, regarded as rivals eternally criticising each other—Glasgow's sneering at Edinburgh's "genteel pride" and Edinburgh sneering at Glasgow's "commercial taint" and her smoky, sunless atmosphere. Princes street is regarded by many traveled people as the finest street in the world, but it was a Glasgow man who called it "only hauf a street," because the buildings are all on one side.—London Athenaeum.

Foils A Foul Plot.

When a shameful plot exists between liver and bowels to cause distress by refusing to act, take Dr. King's New Life Pills, and end such abuse of your system. They gently compel right action of stomach, liver and bowels, and restore your health and all good feelings. 25 cents at All Druggists

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Union Service of Church and Sunday School. This will be the closing service for the summer vacation.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 6.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street
Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45.
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday from 2.30 to 4.30.

Married.

In this city, June 15, by Rev. Henry B. Williams, William A. Silsbee of Malden, and Wilhelmina F. Froberg of Woburn.

In this city, June 16, by Rev. Stephen A. Norton, Walter Collings Nichols of Woburn and Mildred H. Lannon of Somerville, Mass.

At Revere, Mass., June 16, by Rev. John C. Fearns, George Henry Larivee of Woburn, and Bridget Curley of Revere.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, June 18, John I. Hayward, aged 58 years.

In this city, June 18, Mary J. Ahern aged 24 years, 10 months, 17 days.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Frederick P. Smith, late of Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

COURTLAND G. MORSE, Admr.
84 Equitable Bldg., Boston, Mass.
May 31, 1912.

LLOYD'S
EYEGLASSES AND SPECTACLES

Kryptok Bifocals
Glasses

FAR AND NEAR GLASSES IN A SINGLE PAIR

Kryptok Double Vision Glasses are worn by great numbers of people who are tired of changing from far to near Glasses, and like the always-ready convenience of Kryptoks immensely.

5 STORES, USE THE MOST CONVENIENT
315 Washington St., 310 Boylston St., 75 Summer St.
BOSTON
1252 Massachusetts Ave., CAMBRIDGE,
230 Essex St., SALEM.
ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.

I OFFER THE FOLLOWING PROPERTIES FOR SALE

At Exceptionally Low Prices

6 Eastern Avenue
15 - 17 Eastern Avenue (Double House)
19 Eastern Avenue

Also, vacant lot 6,000 square feet

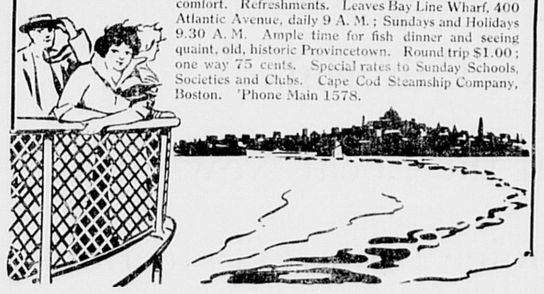
Write for particulars and terms to

Mrs. HELEN C. HANSON,
Uxbridge, Mass.

ALWAYS
PROVINCETOWN
COOL

Most Delightful Daily Sail

On the coast, made by the iron steamship Dorothy Bradford. Passenger capacity 1800; staterooms, wireless telegraph; every modern appliance for safety and comfort. Refreshments. Leaves Bay Line Wharf, 400 Atlantic Avenue, daily 9 A. M.; Sundays and Holidays 9.30 A. M. Ample time for fish dinner and seeing quaint, old, historic Provincetown. Round trip $1.00; one way 75 cents. Special rates to Sunday Schools, Societies and Clubs. Cape Cod Steamship Company, Boston. 'Phone Main 1578.



Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Mary A. Nunley of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the Woburn Co-operative Bank, dated December 14, 1905, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3204, Page 220, for breach of the condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on **Saturday, the twentieth day of July, A. D. 1912,** at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises on a private way leading from James street to Church street at a stake at land formerly of George Flagg, from thence the line runs easterly by said private way, one hundred and twelve (112) feet to a stake at said James street; thence turning the line runs northerly by and with said James street, thirty-eight (38) feet to a stake at land of Patrick Curran; thence turning the line runs westerly by land of said Patrick Curran one hundred and twelve (112) feet to a stake at land of said George Flagg; thence turning the line runs southerly by and with said land formerly of George Flagg, thirty-eight (38) feet to the point of beginning. Together with a right of way over said private way, fifteen (15) feet wide between said premises and said Church street. Being the same premises conveyed to said Mary A. Nunley by Nellie S. Shaw, by deed dated December 12, 1905, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles and municipal liens, if any, thereon.

A deposit of One Hundred Dollars ($100.00) will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale; balance within ten days, upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 340 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

WOBURN CO-OPERATIVE BANK, Mortgagee.
By Arthur E. Gage, Treasurer.
Woburn, Mass., June 19, 1912. 21-28-5

Linnell's Market

Beech-Nut Brand
(Goods in Glass)

Sliced Beef,
Sliced Bacon,
Peanut Butter,
Red Current Jelly,
Grape Jelly,
Pineapple Preserves,
Raspberry Jam.

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Tel. 314 W.

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank

INC

New Grass

BUTTER

Cut from the Tub

31c. lb.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242-3.

OUR Store Policy

has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—$20.

Whitcher's
PILL BOX
LET US SHOW YOU.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1911.
[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for
MALDEN SQ. at 5.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.15 A. M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, *11.15 P. M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 3.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, †11.15, †11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for
SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Centre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

* Melrose Highlands Only.
† To Stoneham Square Only.
GEO. H. GRAY, Supt.

HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS
Made into handsome and durable
RUGS
For full particulars address
C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.
Caneseat Chairs Reseated.
Telephone 492 W

NOTICE.
Hair Mattresses Made Over. Ticks Washed and New Ticks furnished when required. New Hair added when needed.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

Good Things to Eat
will hold no joys for you if you have **indigestion** or any **STOMACH, LIVER** or **KIDNEY** trouble. You need not pay big doctor's bills, but if you suffer from any of these ailments just step into your nearest druggist and get a 50 cent bottle of **SEVEN BARKS,** the great household remedy, the finest tonic and blood purifier known. If your system is run down and you want to regain your youthful energy, **SEVEN BARKS** will accomplish it, make your food digest and give you new life. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Try it and enjoy your meals. Address **LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York, N.Y.**

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS
WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY
FOR COUGHS COLDS PRICE 50¢ & $1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.
AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

STATE TAX AS ASSESSED

Fixed at $6,250,000, an Increase Over Year 1911

DEPARTMENT NEEDS GROWING

State Charity Costs the Largest Sum—Education and Reformatory Institutions Come Next In Expense.

The cities and towns of the commonwealth will have a larger state tax this year than in 1911, although not as large as was expected some time ago. Four or five weeks ago it looked as if the state tax might aggregate $7,000,000, it has now been fixed at $6,250,000. There were a number of legislators who wished to make it $6,500,000 in order to cover any contingency, while others, including the governor, wished to fixed it at $6,000,000. A compromise was effected by which it was made $6,250,000.

The revenues of the state for 1912 are estimated at $9,190,000; the expenses are estimated to aggregate $16,579,776. As the revenues are insufficient to cover the expenses it has always been necessary to assess a state tax upon the cities and towns of the commonwealth. This tax is determined by the difference between the estimated revenues and the estimated expenses. Usually the revenues have exceeded the estimates; it will be necessary that they should do so this year in order to produce sufficient funds for the expenses of the government.

Where the Money Goes

For a couple of years the legislature has failed to make appropriations for what have been considered imperative extensions and improvements by various state departments, to their equipment. This has been especially true of the charitable and insane departments, where improvements, new buildings and extensions have been deemed vitally necessary for the well being of the inmates.

The expenses of the legislative department for the session and year have been $444,720. This is a hundred thousand dollars more than was necessary in 1909. The expenses of the executive department are $163,767, about $131,000 more than three years ago.

The expenses for the secretary of the commonwealth were $87,700, increase of $13,000. The office of the treasurer and receiver general has cost $36,560, which is practically the same as in 1909. The auditor's department has cost $37,300, and that of the attorney general $51,120. The office of the sergeant at arms has cost the commonwealth $197,175, which is $41,000 more than three ago. It has cost for printing and binding public documents $147,000, which is about thirty-nine thousand dollars more than in 1909.

Cost of the State Courts

One of the largest expenses of the commonwealth is for salaries and expenses of the courts throughout the state. The total appropriation for 1912 is $639,398, about $120,000 more than three years ago. This sum includes the expenses for the supreme judicial and superior courts, courts of probate and insolvency, registers, assistants, registers of probate and their clerical assistants, as well as the salaries of district attorneys and the land court. The duties of the bank commissioner in the last few years have been largely increased and the expenses of the department have consequently increased in proportion. The sum appropriated is $84,154, or nearly $40,000 more than in 1909. There is appropriated for the civil service commission $51,400, an increase of something over 20 percent in the last three years. The state board of arbitration and conciliation costs in the neighborhood of $24,000 and that sum has been appropriated. The appropriation for the commissioners on fisheries and game is $96,563, an increase of some $30,000 over 1909. The amount appropriated for the harbor and land commission, $210,950, is more than four times the sum spent in 1909 and is brought about by additional duties imposed upon the board. The sum of $23,000 has been appropriated for the expenses of the directors of the port of Boston recently established. The appropriation for the state board of health amounts to $189,700, about $45,000 more than the sum spent three years ago.

The Highway Commission Retrenches

The highway commission is one of the few boards to receive a smaller appropriation than in 1909. It has $292,000 this year and three years ago had $298,628. The appropriation for the insurance commissioner is $79,510, about $8,000 more than in 1909. There are several small expenses for new boards or commissions, including $15,000 for the life insurance department in saving banks, $5,000 for the board of appeal for fire insurance rates, $10,000 for the supervision of loan agencies, $24,500 for the board of industrial accidents, $15,000 for the Massachusetts Employees Insurance association, $45,000 for administration, and for pensions of the board of retirement for state employees.

The bureau of statistics has in the last few years been given much additional work and its appropriation is $100,774, about $25,000 more than three years ago. There was appropriated for the board of registration in medicine $6,450; for the board of registration in pharmacy, $8,725; for the publication of province laws, $9,600; and for the commissioner of public records, $5,380. There was appropriated for the office of tax commissioner $87,850, an increase of over $16,000 over expenses in 1909. Appropriated for the commissioner of weights and measures $17,930; for the board of registration in veterinary medicine, $1,100; for the commission on cold storage of food, $6,950; for the commission to investigate water supply in connection with the cities of Salem, Beverly and Woburn, and certain towns, $5,000; for the commission to investigate voluntary associations, $2,500; for the state board of agriculture, $102,235, or about $38,000 more than three years ago. In addition an appropriation of $105,000 was made for expenses in connection with the extermination of contagious diseases among domestic animals, about $35,000 more than in 1909. There was appropriated for the office of state forester $379,000, about $5,000 less than three years ago. The sum appropriated for the Massachusetts Agricultural college was $183,800, nearly $100,000 more than in 1909.

Charity Costs More Than Anything

The expenses of the state board of charity have increased over $125,000 during the three years last past. The amount appropriated this year is $910,464. There was appropriated for the state board of insanity $122,500 nearly $3,000 less than in 1909. Appropriated for the Massachusetts hospitals for consumptives, $24,000.

One of the largest items in the appropriations is that for public charitable institutions, namely, $3,557,011. This is $788,557 more than was necessary three years ago. The work of the state board of education is important and vitally needed; there was appropriated for this department $1,355,734; this was $363,231 more than was expended three years ago; it includes salaries of employees traveling expenses, support of state normal schools, Massachusetts Teachers associations, superintendents in small towns, independent industrial schools, commission for the blind, appropriations for the nautical training schools, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Worcester Polytechnic, Lowell Textile School, New Bedford Textile School, and various other expenses.

The appropriation for the state library was $27,510, over $6,000 less than in 1909, while the appropriation for the free public library commission was $6,950. The military arm of the commonwealth was given $808,964, as against $472,272 three years ago. This is $336,692 more than was expended in 1909. $932,788 was appropriated for the expenses in connection with wars. For the reformatory institutions, $1,122,391 was appropriated, an increase of $127,182 over three years ago. For the Massachusetts training schools $47,700 was appropriated, an increase of $10,000 over 1909. The district police appropriation is $206,695, which is $29,000 more than was expended three years ago; $1,163,971 is appropriated for public buildings, which is $748,203 more than was expended in 1909.

YALE IS TO HAVE A NEW $700,000 FIELD.

Plans Are Announced For Coliseum to Seat 60,000 Persons.

The Yale Alumni Weekly in a special "coliseum number" gives the first definite plans of Yale's new $700,000 athletic field and the plan recommended for financing the project.

The graduate committee favors a coliseum or bowl-like structure, but not entirely of concrete, as built elsewhere. This is in the form of an embankment of earth, faced upon concrete, upon which will be placed wooden seats. It is planned to seat between 50,000 and 60,000 persons, with the opportunity to seat more if necessity requires. The total cost, $700,000, is apportioned as follows:

Land, $150,000; coliseum, $300,000; clubhouse, $100,000; new baseball stand on the present Yale field, $50,000, and the rest to be employed in improving the grounds from time to time.

The committee is unanimous as to the plan of financing. Certificates will be issued to carry no other privilege or dividend except the right for fifteen years to obtain tickets for the important games of each year at the regular price. A subscription for $1,000 or more carries with it the right to buy ten tickets to be located together. Two tickets can be procured for $100, the lowest certificate that will be issued.

The Yale athletic authorities already have options on all the land for the new coliseum except a golf course, and an option for it is expected in the near future.

England's Motor Sprinkler.

The engine of a motor driven street sprinkler in England operates one pump to fill its tar[illegible] another to scatter the water.

How Seeds Travel.

They have been discovering some extraordinary plants in England, plants which puzzled the botanists, to whom they were either utterly unknown or known as growing only in far distant lands. One naturalist picked on the grounds of the Bradford sewage works 160 species of foreign plants. Among these were several Australian burrs, jimson weed, prickly poppies from Mexico, others native to Peru, Siberia and the Azores. All were of a prickly nature. Investigation proved that the dust from wool combing establishments was being used as fertilizer and the washings of wool were run into the sewers. The burrs of these foreign plants had come in the wool and had grown. Other plants had sprung from seed in rags and others been brought in soil on foreign timber.—New York World.

Level of Two Seas.

When attention was first called to the practicability of a canal from the Mediterranean to the Red sea by the first Napoleon a corps of surveyors was sent out to "run the levels." They reported that the scheme would necessarily have to be abandoned because the level of the Red sea was thirty feet six and a half inches higher than that of the Mediterranean. That report put a damper on the canal project for several years. In 1847, however, some "doubting Thomases" prevailed on the great powers to resurvey the route. England sent Robert Stephenson, Austria M. Talbot and France Signor Negrelli. They found that the two seas had exactly the same level, and the Suez canal was the result.

The Weight of the World.

A cubic foot of earth weighs about five and a half times as much as a cubic foot of water. A cubic mile of earth then weighs 25,694,300,000 tons. The volume of the earth is 259,880,000,000 cubic miles. The weight of the world without its atmosphere is 6,666,250,000,000,000,000,000 tons. If we add to this the weight of the atmosphere given above we get a grand total—6,666,255,819,000,000,000,000 tons.

BASEBALL HUMOR.

This Brand Is Purely English and Wholly Unconscious.

THE WAY WE PLAY THE GAME.

A British Writer, Who Must Have Encountered a Curious Species of "Fan," Describes the Fine Points of the Great American Sport.

One of the most illuminating appreciations of the national game is that contained in a book on America written by Hon. Chillingly Butler-Stout, a gentleman of British extraction who is evidently a trained student of American life.

Hon. Chillingly Butler-Stout naturally felt that no picture of life on this side of the water would be complete without a description of our national game—a view which we are glad to indorse as eminently correct. He therefore devoted several pages of informed comment to it which the average American in particular will read with admiration and gratitude.

Hon. Chillingly Butler-Stout began this part of his work by the statement that the mysteries of baseball were generally supposed to be too profound for any foreigner to penetrate. But the writer was no ordinary foreigner, and baseball had no mysteries for his trained eye. Witness the following marvelous description of the organization of the game:

"A number of clubs representing different cities of the U. S. A. and manned presumably by natives of the respective cities join to form a league, and throughout the spring and summer months a lively contest is under way for the championship of the league, or, as it is popularly referred to, the banner. Two teams of nine men each take the field. The men on one team, known as the 'outs,' distribute themselves about the field, while one of their number in the center, known as the 'pitcher,' tosses the ball to a comrade at one end, known as the 'catcher.' The men on the other team, known as the 'ins,' take turns at smiting at the ball as it is tossed past them by the pitcher. The object is to hit the ball and to reach the first station before the ball can be returned by a member of the opposing team to his comrade at that station."

There is an authoritative air about this statement that carries conviction. No one could mistake the Hon. Chillingly Butler-Stout for one of those travelers in foreign lands who see things on the wing and indulge in generaliztions about the country as inapt as they are hasty. He has plainly gone carefully into the subject of American baseball, and the result is a conservative statement that must commend itself to all thinking people. But the erudite writer has more to say:

"Sometimes the ball is struck so hard as to enable the runner to advance to the second station or the third station or even to complete the circuit of the field and make what is called a 'home run.'

"The various stations are known as 'first sack,' 'second sack,' 'third sack' and 'home plate.' To decide whether the runner reaches the station before the ball there is an official known as umpire who passes on all other disputed questions as they arise. Decisions are frequently very close, and partisan spirit runs high among the spectators. There are cheers when the umpire cries 'Saved!' There are loud cries of protest when the umpire declares a ball fouled or 'out of bounds.' Clever plays are always applauded, and after a peculiarly difficult catch the stands ring with cries of 'Well fielded; well caught, indeed!'"

How vivid, yet how exact, is that description! As one reads those marvelous lines of the Hon. Chillingly Butler-Stout he can almost hear the umpire calling out "Saved!" as the runner reaches the first, second or third "station," as the case may be, and the enthusiastic cry of "Well caught, indeed!" from the wild eyed excited mob of "fans" on the bleachers as the fielder manages to engulf an unusually difficult fly.

There has been in the past some criticism of British books on America. Dickens and Kipling, as well as divers other notables, have been charged with viewing this country with eyes jaundiced by British prejudice. But in the case of the Hon. Chillingly Butler-Stout such criticism is silent. His genial and instructive criticism leaves room for nothing save admiration.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Pepys and the Cook Maid.

There was a servant problem in the seventeenth century, but it was solved in a rough and ready fashion. Pepys records on April 12, 1667, that he came home, "saw my door and hatch open, left so by Luce, our cook maid, which so vexed me that I did give her a kick in our entry and offered a blow at her."

Two days afterward (Lord's day) Pepys writes this: "Took out my wife and the two Mercers and two of our maids, Barker and Jane, and over the water to the Jamaica house, where I never was before, and there the girls did run for wagers over the bowling green, and there with much pleasure spent little and so home." Luce was not there, but the other maids were treated as members of the family.

There is only one real failure in life possible, and that is not to be true to the best one knows.—Canon Farrar.

Dickens' Tip to Andersen.

It is told of Dickens that he once chanced on this Persian proverb: "When the shah's horses were being shod the beetle stretched out his leg." Immediately he sent it to his friend Hans Christian Andersen, saying: "Here is a subject made to your hand. Write a story on this theme." And Andersen sat down and wrote the famous story, "The Beetle Goes on His Travels."—Woman's Home Companion.

Inconsistent.

Mrs. Maxwell (in a huff, throwing down the city directory)—That book does get things so very incorrect. Mr. Maxwell—What are you looking for, dear? Mrs. Maxwell—Why, I wanted to learn what business Mr. Raynor is in, and that absurd book says he's a traveling stationery salesman.—Chicago News.

Bright Little Willie.

Teacher—Who can make a sentence with the word "gruesome" in it? Little Willie—I can! The man stopped shaving and gruesome whiskers!—Pittsburgh Press.

OLD SHEFFIELD PLATE.

None Made Now Even In England by the Ancient Method.

"Old Sheffield plate" is not manufactured in England at the present time—at least not the real old article in the real old way. The method formerly used was to braze or weld a thin sheet of silver on either side of a thicker sheet of copper and then to roll this combined metal to a sheet of the thickness required, which would result in a sheet of copper coated on both sides with the purest surface of silver.

The process of electroplating is much cheaper and quicker and has superseded the old method to such an extent that articles manufactured by the old process would now cost quite as much as the same articles in sterling silver. In some parts of England, the United States consul at Sheffield says in Consular and Trade Reports, unscrupulous manufacturers do not hesitate to produce copies of old patterns by the electroplating process and then palm them off on unsuspecting purchasers as genuine.

A Sheffield company successfully prosecuted two leading dealers in the United Kingdom for selling this imitation ware as "old Sheffield plate," and it has been decided by the courts that the term "old Sheffield plate" means articles made from metal consisting of silver fused upon copper and not copper electroplated and that any dealer applying the term "old Sheffield plate" to an article made in any other way than by the fusing process is guilty of fraudulent description and may be proceeded against.

There is any quantity of electroplate made which would be entitled to the name of "Sheffield plate." The decisions of the courts referred to have particular reference to the term "old Sheffield plate," which today is the only safe description under which to buy plate if one expects to secure genuine examples of the old process.

MODERN WAX CANDLES.

Most of Them Are Made From Ozocerite, a Mineral Product.

It is a mistake to assume that in these days of electricity, gas and oil the wax candle has been practically discarded. Large numbers of them are today manufactured and sold.

It should be added, however, that the wax candle is now very different from the article of olden times. Formerly many such candles were made of beeswax, but aside from the fact that these are now occasionally used in churches the bee plays no part in the manufacture of present day wax candles. The principal ingredient employed is ozocerite, a mineral wax obtained from the earth at depths varying from 400 to 600 feet.

In our own country this mineral wax is mined in California and in Utah. In Europe it is found in Wales, Roumania and Galica.

Ozocerite in its natural state appears in translucent dark brown thin films, which on being refined resemble beeswax.

The wax mines situated in Galicia present some features of curious interest. The entire wax fields are only fifty acres in extent, but more than a thousand shafts have been sunk in that limited area, and nearly 10,000 men are at work there.

The veins of the mineral are frequently sixteen inches thick, and it is dug with shovels and hoisted from the shafts by windlasses.

Many uses are made of this wax besides molding it into candles, and fortunes have been made by the men interested in these strange mines, the value of the crude product being about 8 cents a pound at the mouth of the mine.—New York Tribune.

Four White Fetlocks.

In France in former times a horse that possessed four white stockings had the privilege of being free from toll. There is a passage in one of the works of Frederick Mistral, the famous poet of Provence, to the following effect: "By the rule of the road there was an old custom, which was respected by all, that the carter whose leader had four white stockings whether going uphill or downhill, had the right not to leave the road—that is, the narrow paved part when the rest was in a bad state—and thus arose the proverb, 'Who has four white feet can pass everywhere.'"

Origin of English Royal Academy.

The yearly "show" of works by living artists which is held at the English Royal academy from the first Monday in May to the first Monday in August owes its existence to a meeting of painters which was held at the Turk's Head, Soho, on Nov. 12, 1759. The knights of the brush and palette resolved that "once a year, on a day in the second week in April, at a place that should be appointed by a committee for carrying the design into execution, to be chosen annually, every painter, sculptor, engraver, chaser seal cutter and medalist may exhibit their several performances." It was also resolved that "the sum of 1 shilling be taken daily of each person who may come to visit the said performances."—Oscar Frichet in National Magazine.

A Difference In Numerals.

Great Britain clings to its own numerical system and regards a billion as a million times a million. But America differs, a billion in the United States being only a thousand million. This is perhaps the only instance in which a thing is bigger in the old country than in the new. One has to go only a little way from England—to Calais—to find the billion lessened, for France dignifies a thousand million with the name of billion. They are wasting a word in France in this connection, however, inasmuch as there is already a word, milliard, to designate this number.—Detroit Free Press.

Filled With Wonder.

"I was once a passenger on a train that was held up by a lone bandit."

"Didn't it make you feel rather cheap to have to hold up your hands and stand there helpless while he went through your pockets?"

"No; I wasn't thinking of that. My wife was with me, and I was so busy watching her while she was at last being compelled to do as a man told her to do that I had no time for anything else."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Dreadful.

"I heard the missus talking about us," said the cook.

"What did she say?" inquired the chambermaid.

"She said we was neither of us any good."

"Ain't it terrible the way ladies talk about one another nowadays?"—Washington Star.

FLED FROM HIS BRIDE.

Romantic Story of the Marriage of General Sam Houston.

In "As I Remember—Recollections of American Society During the Nineteenth Century," is a romantic story of General Sam Houston, whose "appearance was patrician and courtesy that of the inborn gentleman."

"I have spoken of General Houston's appearance. I now wish to refer to his fine sense of honor. He was married on Jan. 22, 1829, to Miss Eliza Allen and separated from her directly after the marriage ceremony in, it is said, the most painful circumstances. The wedding guests had departed and General Houston and his bride were sitting alone by the fire when he suddenly discovered that she was weeping. He asked the cause of her tears and was told that she never loved him and never could, but had married him solely to please her father.

"'I love Dr. Douglas,' she added, 'but I will try my best to be a dutiful wife to you.'

"'Miss,' said General Houston, even waiving the fact that he had just married her, 'no white woman shall be my slave. Good night!'

"It is said that he mounted his horse and rode to Nashville, where he resigned at once his office as governor and departed for the Cherokee country, where and elsewhere his subsequent career is well known. Having procured a divorce from his wife, he married Margaret Moffette in the spring of 1840."

ON THE GREAT WHITE WAY.

How New York's Grill Room Prices Hit the Blue Grass Brother.

After his brother had been in New York a little more than a year a Kentuckian decided to pay him a visit. Hoping to surprise his brother, the Kentuckian did not apprise his brother of his intentions. Arriving at 9 o'clock in the morning, he asked to be directed to a good eating house. The taxicab pilot steered his course for the largest, costliest and most fashionable hotel grill room on Broadway.

Being a stranger in a strange land and hungry, the Blue Grass brother ordered a regular home meal. When he got the check from the waiter its size staggered him. He wasn't accustomed to New York hotel prices.

After verifying the correctness of his bill at the cashier's desk and being insulted by the waiter for tipping him 25 cents, the visitor started out to look for his brother, whose office he found about 1 o'clock.

In response to his inquiry as to his brother's whereabouts a clerk said:

"He's over eating at the Blank hotel's new grill room."

"Go slow, friend. Only a millionaire could overeat at the Blank hotel. I know, because I had breakfast there myself this morning."—Louisville Times.

From Jail to the Bench.

Francis Pemberton (1625-97) was imprisoned in the Fleet for debts contracted during a period of youthful extravagance. While in jail he applied himself to the study of law and came to be regarded as a kind of legal oracle by his fellow prisoners, who nicknamed him "counselor." With the fees they gave him for legal advice he bought books to continue his studies. He then prevailed upon his creditors to grant his release from prison that he might the sooner earn money to pay off his debts. Called to the bar in 1654, after a brilliant career in the palace court at Westminster and subsequently in the house of lords, he became a puisne judge. He was knighted in 1675 and ultimately, on the dismissal of Scroggs, was made lord chief justice in 1681.—London Standard.

Spaniards Cut Words.

The most amusing instances of laziness in speaking are to be found in Spain. The Spaniards have made it a practice to cut down every word to an irreducible minimum of sound. Take their word for "son," which is as near as possible "eecho" (ch guttural, as in "loch"). That was originally the Latin "filius." The French made it "fils," the Italians "figlio" (feelyo). The Spaniards could not be bothered with the "f" at the beginning or the "i" in the middle, so they simply pronounced the two vowels with a guttural noise, which comes natural to them, in between—"eecho."—London Mail.

Almost Perfect.

"How are you getting along with your stenography, Bella?"

"Splendidly. I've been at it only six weeks and I can write 150 words a minute with perfect ease."

"Then you are ready to look for a job?"

"Er—yes, or I will be just as soon as I've learned to read my notes."—Chicago Tribune.

Paradox.

"Pa, what's a paradox?"

"It is when the impossible happens."

"Then we had a paradox here this evening. Ma said you couldn't possibly be expected home before midnight, because you had an excuse for stayin' downtown."—Pittsburgh Post.

Hatred.

If you hate your enemies you will contract such a vicious habit of mind as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends or those who are indifferent to you.

Encouragement.

Enthusiastic Golfer—Mon, that's the best game o' gowf I've ever played. Sarcastic and Overburdened Caddy—Dinna let that discourage ye.—World of Golf.

She Used Them.

"Does your mother take an interest in your father's business?" asked the lady visitor.

"Indeed, she does," replied the boy feelingly.

"And what is your father's business?"

"He's in the shingle business."—Yonkers Statesman.

So He Did.

"Indians, you know," said the widely read man, "are very stoical. They're never known to laugh."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the flippant person. "The poet Longfellow made Minne-ha-ha."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The two powers which in my opinion constitute a wise man are those of bearing and forbearing.—Epictetus.

Quite Solid.

"Let me see a plain wedding ring."

"Solid?"

"You bet I'm solid. We've been engaged more'n a month."

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In Pursuit of Beauty

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Dan Forsythe rode moodily along the boundary of Nickleson's ranch. From the rise of ground at the southwest corner he could get a glimpse of the roof of the ranch house that sheltered Kitty Nickleson.

Even as Dan rode slowly along the boundary he saw a horseman in the distance and recognized him as Forbes. The latter was approaching the Nickleson ranch at an easy pace and, as Dan thought, with all the confidence of a newly accepted lover who knows that his sweetheart is waiting for him.

Rather than have his secret discovered—and news travels fast in the cattle country, even though the population is composed largely of the masculine sex—Dan swung his horse around and dashed toward the north. He rode fast and furiously, just as though he was out looking for stray cattle or on some other urgent business bent.

When at last he drew rein he was many miles from home in the open country that was known as the "free range."

Then Dan Forsythe was startled by a black object that hurtled toward him out of the distance and then, when near enough to observe him, whirled about and dashed away.

Dan rubbed his eyes.

"That's Kitty Nickleson's horse," he muttered. "It must have broken loose. I'll have to catch it before somebody else puts a brand on the critter."

In a second Dan was flying after Kitty Nickleson's black horse, Beauty, which was famed the countryside through for its spirit and thorough breeding. Beauty's mother had been a pure Arabian, and Beauty was fleet footed as the wind.

Dan Forsythe's horse was not ill named Cyclone. If Beauty was as fleet



"DON'T BE AFRAID, MISS NICKLESON," HE SAID.

as the wind Cyclone certainly deserved his name, for he tore after the fleeing horse like a black whirlwind.

As Dan drew nearer to the runaway he saw with tightening throat that a saddle was girted on Beauty's back. That meant one of two things—either Beauty had bolted from the ranch before his mistress had mounted—and that appeared unlikely, for no one seemed to be in pursuit of him—or he had thrown Kitty and left her somewhere, hurt or dying.

Pursuer and pursued had torn over the plain for twenty miles before Dan realized what was happening. Beauty had swerved to the right almost imperceptibly and continued on that course, with Dan in pursuit until all at once the man realized that their positions had changed.

Beauty was the pursuer, and Dan Forsythe was the pursued.

It was a vicious Beauty, too, that chased him relentlessly, a frenzied animal with frothy lips parted over long, ugly teeth and wild eyes reddened with rage.

Kitty Nickleson's horse had gone crazy.

What had become of Kitty?

These words whirled around and around in Dan's mind as he made every effort to urge his tired horse out of reach of the approaching mad horse.

Cyclone was losing his wind now, and Dan heard the hoarse, straining wheeze in his throat as he sprang forward, leap on leap, each time losing a little ground to Beauty. Dan knew that if Beauty caught them it would mean death to both himself and Cyclone. He also realized that Cyclone was handicapped by his master's 180 pounds of bone and muscle.

Without his rider Cyclone could outdistance the smaller horse. With Dan on his back it meant death.

Over to the left there now appeared the group of rocks that marked the entrance to Cotton canyon. Among the rocks there grew a bunch of ragged cottonwood trees. If he could reach the trees there would be a chance for Cyclone to outdistance his pursuer. At any rate, if worse came to worst Dan had a revolver that would effectually put an end to the combat, only he did not have the heart to kill Kitty Nickleson's pet horse.

He pulled the rein, and Cyclone swerved to the left, and Beauty's hoofs pounded menacingly behind. Dan slipped his right foot from the stirrup and crouched low on Cyclone's straining neck. He whispered in Cyclone's laid back ear, and just as the horse swept past the group of rocks Dan slipped to the ground and fell staggering sideways just out of reach of Beauty's flying heels as he thudded past.

Dan got up on his feet with a strange singing in his ears. He climbed the rocks and saw that Cyclone was getting away from Beauty, whose mania was burning out his own strength with each shrill scream of defiance that he sent after Cyclone.

All at once Beauty stopped short, whirled about and came tearing back toward the rocks.

Despairing of reaching Cyclone, he had remembered Dan.

He was coming back for revenge.

Dan glanced hastily around. The canyon was too far away to gain refuge there before Beauty returned. The rocks on which he stood afforded no protection from a crazed horse. There only remained the cottonwood trees. The largest one sprouted among the rocks where he stood. He climbed it.

Just as he reached the lower branches the crazy horse came to a standstill underneath and screamed shrilly up at his escaped quarry. Then he pounded the turf with his feet.

Dan looked down and saw something on the ground that sent the blood back to his heart, leaving his face white as death itself.

A pretty soft gray felt hat with a Spanish leather band about the crown was trampled in the grass. A little gray gauntlet glove lay beside it.

Those had belonged to Kitty Nickleson.

Where was Kitty Nickleson now?

Sudden rage filled Dan's heart, and his hand flung around to his hip to draw his gun.

"Don't shoot," said a soft voice above his head.

Dan stared upward.

On the branch over his head sat Kitty Nickleson herself, rather pale.

"Please don't shoot Beauty—yet," she quavered. "Perhaps he'll go away, and after he is out a distance you might fire—where I couldn't see him fall!" A tear splashed down on Dan's upturned face. He shoved the gun back into his pocket.

"If you don't mind telling me, I'd like to hear how it happened," said Dan practically.

So Kitty related her story in disjointed sentences caused by the constant vibration of the tree as Beauty attacked it with dogged persistency.

Beauty had acted queer for several days. They had thought it was the hot weather. Another horse had gone mad on the ranges and had been instantly killed by one of the line riders. But they had not suspected anything serious to be the matter with Beauty, who was petted and always had the best of care.

She had started forth that morning for a solitary ride, and Beauty had acted fiendishly from the first. He had snapped at her once or twice as she leaned over his neck to pat him, as she was accustomed to do, and then, all at once, just before she reached the bunch of cottonwoods Beauty had suddenly reared himself and unseated her.

Kitty had managed to roll herself out of reach of his vicious hoofs, and as he searched for her with his little bloodshot eyes she had scrambled to her feet and made for the cottonwoods. She had climbed up somehow, just escaping his first angry lunge as he discovered her retreat.

There she sat, watching him trample her hat and gloves into the ground, shuddering, because she knew what would be her own fate if she lost her hold on the cottonwood tree.

"I am so glad you came," she ended.

"So am I," said Dan devoutly, and then he added rather awkwardly, for he felt fiercely jealous: "I should not be surprised if some one came to rescue us. I happened to see Forbes riding toward your house. He will be looking for you."

"Oh, no he won't," she said confidently. "He was coming to say goodby. He's going east for good."

"Why?" was Dan's involuntary question.

"Oh, I guess he's tired of ranching," said Kitty Nickleson.

Just then Beauty made one last effort to dislodge the couple in the cottonwood tree. He was partially successful.

Kitty Nickleson lost her hold and slipped.

"Oh, Dan, catch me!" she screamed as she fell.

Dan lifted his strong arms and caught her easily. There was just room for them to stand there in that crotch of the tree, while his arm supported her slender form. Her smooth cheek was dangerously near to his own. Her long lashes drooped over her eyes, and her curling, sunny hair touched his lips. His arm tightened about her, and she did not seem to object.

It was very wonderful.

"Kitty," he whispered boldly, "do you—do you mind?"

Kitty's cheek—yes, the rosy cheek of haughty Kitty Nickleson—came closer, closer and leaned against his own.

"Oh, Dan; you are such a slow coach!" she murmured.

A little later, while her sweet eyes were hidden on Dan's broad shoulder, Dan's revolver spat forth a bullet that buried itself in poor Beauty's heart. And Dan was there to comfort Kitty.

SIRENS OF THE SANDS.

Gold Laden Professional Dancing Girls of North Africa.

The distinctive thing about the Ouled Nail, the professional dancing girl of north Africa, is her jewelry. She has so much of it, indeed, that there is no gold to be had in Algeria. Ask for napoleons instead of paper money at your bank in Biskra or Constantine and you will meet with a prompt "Impossible, m'sieur."

"But why is it impossible?" you naturally inquire.

"Because we have no gold on hand, m'sieur," is the polite response.

"Where is it then?" you ask, scenting a robbery or a defalcation.

"On the Ouled Nails, m'sieur," the cashier courteously replies.

And he speaks the truth. Every centime that a dancing girl can beg, borrow or earn goes toward the purchase of massive silver jewelry, anklets, bracelets and the like, and this in turn is exchanged for gold pieces—whether French napoleons, British sovereigns or Turkish liras she is not particular—which, linked together in trellised armor, clanking, clashing and shining, envelops her lithe young body from neck to hips. When her portable wealth has attained such dimensions it is usually the sign for the Ouled Nail to retire from business, going to her nomad husband with her dowry about her neck.—Metropolitan Magazine.

A Rebuke.

An anecdote about the late Rear Admiral Melville was told the other day at a Washington club.

"Melville one stormy morning at sea," said the narrator, "had occasion to rebuke a young officer for wearing soiled gloves.

"'But, sir,' the young officer remonstrated, 'the men have been so overworked in all this dirty weather one couldn't well ask them to wash gloves.'

"Melville took a pair of perfectly clean gloves from his pocket.

"'Here, wear these,' he said quietly. 'I washed these myself.'"—Washington Star.

WINNING A BRIDE.

Mark Twain's Wooing of Lovely Olivia Langdon.

NOT HELPED BY HIS FRIENDS.

They Seemed to Agree That He Would Make About the Worst Husband on Record, but Miss Langdon's Father Took a Different View.

In Harper's Magazine Albert Bigelow Paine, the authorized biographer of Mark Twain, tells how the great humorist first met Olivia Langdon, who afterward became his wife. They met in New York. Young Charles Langdon, who had been on the voyage of the "Innocents," brought them together.

"At the old St. Nicholas hotel, which stood on the west side of Broadway between Spring and Broome streets, there were stopping at this time Jervis Langdon, a wealthy coal dealer and mine owner of Elmira; his son Charles and his daughter, Olivia, whose pictured face Samuel Clemens had first seen in the bay of Smyrna one September day. Young Langdon had been especially anxious to bring his distinguished Quaker City friend and his own people together, and two days before Christmas Samuel Clemens was invited to dine at the hotel. He went very willingly. The lovely girl of the miniature which he had first seen in her brother's stateroom had been often a part of his waking dreams. For the first time, now, he looked upon its reality. Long afterward he said:

"'It is forty years ago. From that day to this she has never been out of my mind.'

"His was not an unruffled courtship. When at last he reached the point of proposing for the daughter of the house neither the daughter nor the household offered any noticeable encouragement to his suit.

"There was only a provisional engagement at first. Jervis Langdon suggested, and Samuel Clemens agreed with him, that it was proper to know something of his past as well as of his present before the official parental sanction should be given. When Mr. Langdon inquired as to the names of persons of standing to whom he might write for credentials, Clemens pretty confidently gave him the name of the Rev. Mr. Stebbings and others of San Francisco, adding that he might write also to Joe Goodman if he wanted to, but that he had lied for Goodman a hundred times and that Goodman would lie for him if necessary, so his testimony would be of no value. The letters to the clergy were written, and Mr. Langdon also wrote one on his own account.

"Clemens was in Jacksonville, Ill., at the end of March, 1869, and in a letter to his publisher states that he will be in Elmira two days later and asks that proofs of the book be sent there. He arrived according to schedule, anxious to hear the reports that would make him, as the novels might say, 'the happiest or the most miserable of men.' Jervis Langdon had a rather solemn look when they were alone together. Clemens asked:

"'You've heard from those gentlemen out there?'

"'Yes, and from another gentleman I wrote concerning you.'

"'They don't appear to have been very enthusiastic from your manner.'

"'Well, yes; some of them were.'

"'I suppose I may ask what particular form their emotion took?'

"'Oh, yes; yes, they agree unanimously that you are a brilliant, able man, a man with a future, and that you would make about the worst husband on record.'

"The applicant for favor had a forlorn look.

"'There's nothing very evasive about that,' he said.

"There was a period of reflective silence. It was probably no more than a few seconds, but it seemed longer.

"'Haven't you any other friend that you suggest?' Langdon said.

"'Apparently none whose testimony would be valuable.'

"Jervis Langdon held out his hand. 'You have at least one,' he said. 'I believe in you. I know you better than they do.'

"And so came the crown of happiness. The engagement of Samuel Langhorne Clemens and Olivia Lewis Langdon was ratified next day, Feb. 2, 1869."

A Fortune In His Legs.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth an English gentleman of wealth named Corbet, of a distinguished family near Shrewsbury, bet that his leg was the handsomest in the country or kingdom and staked estates worth $400,000 on the subject. He won the wager, and a picture is still preserved in the family mansion representing the process of measuring the legs of the different contestants.

The Milky Way.

"Grandpa," said the small boy from the city, pointing to a wayside plant, "what is that?"

"That's milkweed," was the reply.

"Oh, I know," exclaimed the little fellow. "That's what you feed to the cows so they will give milk."—Chicago News.

Fine Teachers.

Fond Mother—Willie, where did you learn to swear like that? Young Hopeful—Pa's shaving, uncle's golf, grandpa's auto and your parrot.—Life.

Charm strikes the sight, but merit wins the soul.—Pope.

Fools the Snakes.

The Bengal grosbeak builds a nest shaped like a bottle and always selects for its support a long, lithe limb overhanging a stream of water. The entrance is beneath, and, from the situation and peculiar shape, it is absolutely impossible for a snake to gain admission to the nest. One naturalist records seeing fourteen attempts on the part of serpents to get at the nest, but the hungry snakes always fell off into the water.

What Impressed Him.

"What impressed you most in our great city?" asked the native.

"Well," replied the man from the small town, "I've been here for a week and I noticed that nobody wears Sunday clothes on Sunday." — Cincinnati Enquirer.

Where the Shoe Pinched.

Visiting Chaplain—Ah, my brother, this world is full of trials. Prisoner—Oh, dry up, guv-nor! Think I dunno that? It ain't the trials I minds; it's the verdicts.—London Sketch.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XII. — Second Quarter, For June 23, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Luke vii, 36-50. Memory Verses, 37, 38 or 40—Golden Text, I Tim, i, 15, R. V.—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

This anointing of Jesus by a penitent woman is recorded only by Luke. There is another anointing later in His ministry which is recorded by Matthew, Mark and John, but not by Luke. That was at Bethany, and Mary, the sister of Martha, anointed Him for his burial. This was probably at Nain, and the name of the woman is not given. Both anointings were in the houses of men called Simon, but the one is called Simon the Pharisee and the other Simon the leper. In today's lesson the woman washed His feet with penitential tears, wiped them with her hair, kissed them and anointed them. At Bethany Mary anointed His head as well as His feet, but there is no record of her washing them. They are manifestly two wholly different incidents at different times and in different places, but Jesus Christ Himself is the center in each, as He is in all the Bible, and everywhere and at all times revealing God the Father. In our lesson He is in the house of one who knew Him not nor treated Him with common courtesy, as we learn from the words of Jesus in verses 44-45, "Thou gavest me no water for my feet; thou gavest me no kiss; my head with oil thou didst not anoint." At Bethany He was in the house of those who loved him. This Pharisee reminds us of the one in chapter xviii, 11, 12, and in verse 30 of our lesson chapter we read that "the Pharisees and lawyers rejected the counsel of God against themselves." In chapter xvi, 14, it is said that the Pharisees derided Him and His teaching. He went wherever He could do good and heal a sin sick soul or a diseased body, never thinking of Himself or of His unkind treatment by others. He did not hesitate to touch the world in any form for its good, but He was as separate from it as light from darkness. He came to save sinners, to seek and to save the lost, and, inasmuch as He Himself said, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth" (Luke xv, 20), He was no doubt full of joy when He found any one like this woman, or the woman of Samaria, or Nicodemus, or Zaccheus, or the penitent thief, willing to be saved. Perhaps she had heard His "Come unto me" or His words to another, "Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole" (Matt. xi, 28; ix, 22). Somehow she had heard and believed and had wasted her opportunity to thank Him. Now it had come within her reach, and she hastened to do all that was in her heart. It mattered not to her that the house was that of Simon the Pharisee; she was not thinking of either Simon or his house, but of just one person who had made her blind to all but Himself. She knew her sin better than Simon did, and so did He to whom she had now come. How unusual such tears and such devotion, and how refreshing all must have been to Him. She washed His feet with her tears, but He had washed her soul by His precious blood, soon to be shed for her. See her humility, at His feet behind Him; see her contrition, weeping over His feet and thinking how her own had wandered. Some one has said that the essence of her heart was distilled to bathe His feet and the glory of her head unbound to furnish Him with a towel. Had she kingdoms to give they would have been laid at His feet, but she did her best, and He accepted. She did not send by another. She rendered personal gratitude. She was so occupied with Him that Simon's frowns were nothing to her. There is no record of a word she uttered; but, oh, how the tears, the disheveled hair, the precious ointment, did talk for her! She had no thought of calling any one's attention to her; she cared for no one's opinion; she was endeavoring to thank Him. He accepted her gratitude, He looked at her, He took her part, He spoke to her and said to her, "Thy sins are forgiven; they faith hath saved thee; go in peace" (verses 48, 50). Her name we know not, but it is written in heaven (Luke x, 20). May the joy of sins forgiven be a reality to us and a whole souled devotion to Him be seen in our daily lives. Simon thought that he knew her, but that Jesus did not know her, whereas Jesus knew both of them as they did not know themselves. He would have saved Simon as readily as He did the woman if Simon had confessed himself a sinner, but there is neither salvation nor a Saviour for self righteous people. He came not to call the righteous, those who think they are righteous, but for all who know themselves sinners and bankrupt there is salvation. Many who are called Christians seem never to have been forgiven much, for there is no devotion to Him in their lives. How very different the devotion of this one, or the woman of Samaria, or Paul, or Peter, or John! Why are we not constrained by such love as His? Do we know Him?

A Long Excuse.

The magazine writer rolled in late at night and found his better half sitting up awaiting his coming.

"What have you got to offer this time?" she demanded.

"I can give you a 1,200 word story," was the reply of the writer, whose answer was dictated by force of habit.—New York Press.

Not an Epicure.

"Don't these parvenues make you sick?" asked Chapley of his vis-a-vis at the Spilldorf.

"I don't know," she replied innocently. "I never ate any."—Judge.

He Knew.

"I suppose you know why you are here?" asked the magistrate severely.

"Yes, sir," answered the cheerful prisoner. "I wuz drug 'ere."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A wise philosopher gives us this advice: "Tell the truth to at least three men—your doctor, your lawyer and your banker."

A UNIQUE CARD INDEX.

How Grover Cleveland Got a Line on All the Office Seekers.

Among the anecdotes of "Cleveland's first election" related by William Gorham Rice, assistant private secretary to Cleveland as governor of New York, in the Century is the following:

"When Mr. Cleveland began to consider his cabinet and the other more important appointments special letters came to him in great numbers. One group of these was most curious. The writer of them was a newspaper man of high reputation and of wide acquaintance with Washington life. He called on Mr. Cleveland at Albany and when he left stated he would send from time to time information about public men unsigned, but in his own handwriting. Thereupon there began to come a daily envelope containing unsigned cards of convenient form for filing. These cards treated of nearly everybody proposed for the cabinet, of distinguished visitors announced in the public press as on their way to Albany and of well known men generally who might be commended for office themselves or might ask office for others. There was a separate card for every person, and his good points were written in red ink, while discreditable facts and undesirable characteristics appeared in black.

"Thus each card embodied a concise record of the deeds and a keen estimate of the character and influence of the man named therein. Giving as they did an incisive, impartial and, I believe, upon the whole an accurate analysis of those about whom they were written, they presented a comment of unusual wit and wisdom upon American national politics. The point of view was that of an experienced and able observer of current events, and the whole record made a kind of judgment day book of men of both parties conspicuous in national affairs—in civil life and in the army and navy.

"It can readily be imagined that not a few visitors who came to see Mr. Cleveland were surprised at the knowledge of the political affiliations of prominent men which was shown by the unsophisticated president elect."

LONELIEST SPOT ON EARTH.

Tristan d'Acunha Is a Tiny Oasis In a Wilderness of Water.

When Napoleon was sent to St. Helena it was thought that the loneliest place on earth had been assigned to him as a prison. But St. Helena is 1,400 miles nearer a continent than is Tristan d'Acunha. Many hundred of of miles of ocean lie between this island and its nearest neighbor. Tristan, in short, is a tiny oasis in a boundless wilderness of waters, go from it in which direction you will.

It is a rocky and cliff girt little isle, with a solitary mountain 1,000 feet high rearing itself from the midst. Yet on this lonely speck of rock and earth there lives a community seemingly happy in their isolation from all the rest of the world. They are farmers, cattle raisers and shepherds. In the valleys of the island are fertile fields, where potatoes mainly are grown. The food of the people consists for the most part of beef, mutton, fowls, potatoes and fish.

Tristan used formerly to produce many fruits and vegetables which can no longer be grown there. The reason of this is that the island for a long time was overrun by rats which escaped from a ship that anchored there and which the people have been unable, it is said, ever entirely to exterminate.—Harper's Weekly.

FREEDOM OF LONDON.

It Carries With It the Right to Keep Pigs In St. James' Parish.

Many towns in Great Britain enjoy special and peculiar privileges. When, some years ago, parliament deprived the Cinque Ports of their ancient privileges, Brightlingsea, a Cinque Port "limb" or "appanage," was in some way overlooked. Consequently its inhabitants are still exempt from serving on juries, they cannot be taken by the press gang, and the town can still appoint its own ale taster. It is at Brightlingsea that the ceremony of electing the mayor takes place in the belfry of the parish church.

In at least one manor, that of the Earl of Carnarvon, the inhabitants may cheerfully disregard the enactments of the ground game act, passed twenty years ago. The ancient right of free chase and warren over freehold land is still in force there. Indeed it was actually exercised a very few years ago, and a private bill was brought into parliament designed to do away with it. The bill however failed to become law.

The freedom of the city of London carries with it, nominally, at any rate, the right to keep pigs in the parish of St. James, Piccadilly. But, if any one was disposed to avail himself of this liberty land in that part of London is somewhat too costly for profitable pig farming.—London Family Herald.

METHOD IN BUSINESS.

One Busy Executive's Plan For Keeping His Papers In Order.

Often executives use portfolios on their desks for keeping important matters before them, but if they have many matters the portfolio becomes bulky, papers are lost and the desk is littered. With a flat top desk a portfolio is an impossibility.

Recently a business man who was a firm believer in the portfolio idea worked out a variation of it which handled his matters very satisfactorily. He bought a four drawer flat file cabinet, which sat beside his desk. He could pull all of the drawers out part way and drop papers in them as he worked, thus keeping them off his desk and putting them where they would be taken care of.

The top drawer was labeled "Today," the next one "Tomorrow," the third one "Next Week" and the last one "Next Month." When he reached a paper he wanted to take up next day he dropped it in the second drawer and followed the same idea with the other drawers with reference to time. Each morning his stenographer emptied the "Tomorrow" drawer into the "Today" drawer, and when the man started the day he took the contents of the "Today" drawer and placed them on his desk. Once a week, Monday morning, the stenographer emptied the "Next Week" drawer into the "Today" drawer and on the last day of the month emptied the "Next Month" drawer.

The scheme worked admirably well in his case and with a few variations to meet particular conditions will solve many vexing problems.—Business.

The absent are like children—helpless to defend themselves.—Reade.

His Artificial Eye

It Served an Important Purpose

By ANNA G. SHORTALL

Some two hundred years ago there lived in Norway a young man named Walter Bogardus. When Walter was a little boy he met with an injury to his right eye, and the occulist who attended him decided to take it out. Walter grew up to be a fine looking fellow, the only personal blemish on him being the absence of one eye. But since he wore a green patch over it the maiming did not show. He was a great favorite with the young men and young women, both of whom sympathized with him on account of his misfortune, and this was a great advantage with the gentler sex. He knew how to use the eye that remained to him, the girls declaring that he could throw more meaning into that one eye than most men could express with two.

But like all persons who suffer from a blemish Walter was very sensitive



THE COUSIN, REGARDING HIM ANGRILY, HALF DREW HIS SWORD.

about the loss of his eye, brooding over it constantly. When he was twenty-one he left the place where he had been born and had lived up to that time to go elsewhere. He determined before appearing in the new location that he would have a glass eye put in the empty socket. New friends would see him for the first time with two eyes, and if he could find a glass to perfectly match the natural eye, some, possibly all, would be ignorant of his physical deficiency.

Unfortunately his eye was hard to match. It was between a pale blue and a steel. The blues from which he endeavored to find what he wanted were too blue, and the steels were colorless. Not finding one to suit him, he went to a man named Herman, who had an eye factory in his back yard, and engaged him to make an eye that would perfectly correspond with the one remaining in its socket. Herman had a daughter, Gretchen, who painted that part of the glass which gave the eyes the color, and Walter sat before her while she copied his natural eye.

Gretchen was a pretty girl, with the fair hair and eyes of northern races. Walter chatted with her and, since he was a gallant fellow, paid her compliments, expressing his admiration with his natural eye. Under this influence Gretchen painted an eye for him that corresponded with the other perfectly. As soon as it was finished and put in its place Walter hastened to a mirror and was delighted with his improved appearance. There was no difference between the two eyes, except that one lived and the other did not. But there are many persons who do not notice such differences readily, and any casual observer would not notice that the young man wore an artificial eye.

Gretchen rejoiced greatly at her success, for during the sittings while she was painting the false eye Walter had looked at her so pleasingly with the one she copied that he quite won her heart. In truth, it was this expression he put into his natural eye that enabled her to do her work so well, for if ever a glass eye could be expressive the one she painted was. But the result of all this was that when Walter went away from Gretchen he took her heart with him.

Walter became a soldier in the service of a feudal baron who dwelt on a hill top near by, from which the baron made depredations on merchants and other travelers passing through the valley beneath—that is, when he was not called upon to do military service for the king. But he found time to keep his larder well filled by plundering in a peaceful way, and even in war there was pillaging.

The baron had a daughter Bertha, who, following in the wake of most other girls, straightway proceeded to fall in love with Walter. Bertha was nearsighted, and in those days the eye was not so readily assisted as it is nowadays. It was either this or the remarkable work Gretchen had done in painting the artificial eye that prevented Bertha from noticing Walter's blemish. At any rate, she did not know that he wore a glass eye.

Walter, who was a fine soldier and was rising rapidly in the baron's service, saw what an advantage it would be to him to marry the lord's daughter, was not averse to yielding to the young lady's passion for him, and it was not long before they were engaged. The baron had no son to succeed him and, being greatly pleased with Walter, readily gave his consent to the nuptials.

It so happened that just before the wedding festivities were to take place the king called upon the baron to contribute two companies of pikemen for military service. Walter was not made of the stuff to remain at home at such a time. Indeed, it was his province to command the force the baron sent the king. So instead of wedding garments he put on his armor and rode forth to do battle with the king's enemies, deferring his marriage till his return.

The baron's contingent arrived just in time to take part in a decisive fight. Walter led them and greatly distinguished himself. But he met with a misfortune. Not having but one eye, he needed a broader range of vision than a man with two, so he raised the visor of his helmet for the purpose, leaving the upper part of his face exposed. Suddenly he felt a blow where his right eye should have been and minute particles of glass flying over him. An arrow had struck his artificial orb and shattered it.

He lowered his visor and fought the rest of the fight with his face concealed.

Now, it would never do for the young soldier to go back to his love without two eyes. He bethought himself of Herman and his daughter, Gretchen, and, turning over the command to the next officer in rank, rode away to supply his deficiency. Herman was quite ready to make him another eye and have his daughter paint it. The eye was made, but while waiting for it Walter, who could never be with a pretty girl without getting at least confidential, let it out to Gretchen that she must do as well as before, for he was engaged to marry the baron's daughter, and if Bertha discovered that he had but one eye it would deprive him of all his glorious opportunities.

Nothing could have been more unfortunate. Gretchen set to work pretending to copy his natural eye. She gave it the proper color, but while on the former occasion she imparted the pleasing expression of its mate, in this case she put into it an expression of what she felt. When the eye was finished it fairly gleamed with her malignant jealousy.

Persons do not see their own defects as others do. Although Walter did not like the eye as well as its predecessor, he was in a hurry to return and marry Bertha. Indeed, he hoped to join the pikemen he had led and march to the castle with them so that his absence from his command would not be noticed. He caught them when they were only a few miles from the castle and, spurring ahead of them, dashed over the drawbridge and into the court yard. Then, throwing himself from his horse, he sought Bertha.

It so happened that her cousin, a young man with whom she had played as a child, had come to pay a visit and was with her at the time. Walter entered the room where they happened to be, facing the morning sunlight streaming through a window. Bertha's gaze became at once fixed upon the new artificial eye and saw only its expression of diabolical jealousy. Attributing it to her affianced's finding her in company with her cousin and feeling insulted, she arose from her seat and swept out of the room.

Walter, astounded and dismayed, sought to follow her, but she waved him back and passed through a portal out of sight. The cousin, regarding him angrily, half drew his sword; then, thrusting it back in its scabbard, he, too, stalked away.

Walter, not understanding the cause of this treatment, sent to his fiancee begging for an interview. It was granted, but the moment she saw that fiendish look in his eye she turned on her heel and left him without a word.

Walter rushed out to the courtyard, where he accosted a friend and asked him to tell him what had occurred since his departure to prejudice his betrothed against him. The man looked him in the eye, then turned and stalked away. Walter tried several others and was at last informed of the cause.

Mounting his horse, he rode back of Herman's and besought him to make another eye. Herman consented; the eye was made and placed in Bertha's hands to paint. She pretended to bemoan her ill success and promised to do her best in another effort. But the third eye, when finished, gave the expression of an idiot.

Still another eye was made and painted by Gretchen, who at every attempt took a longer time to her work. Meanwhile she condoled with her sitter, and he encouraged her in her work till at last he fell to saying some very sweet things to her. But with all her painting, every eye she produced gave the wearer some hideous expression.

Then came the news that Bertha had married her cousin. This convinced Walter that his artificial eye had looked aright after all. Being now fairly in love with Gretchen and Bertha being married, with the help of a good deal of love making between Walter and the artist an eye equal to the first was produced, and Walter was so delighted with it that he took Gretchen in his arms and asked her to be his wife.

It is not necessary to say that she consented. They lived together happily till the glass eye was shattered; then the freshness of youthful love having fled, she could not paint another.

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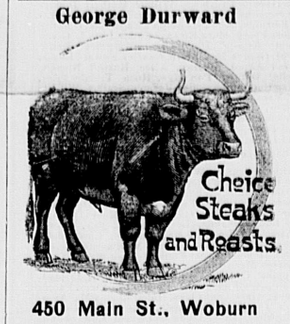
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34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
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In the Wrong House?

A Foreign Language Is His Undoing

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"I don't think," said Mrs. Barclay, laying down the morning newspaper, "that I shall go away this summer. So many apartment houses are entered by burglars while the owners are away. There's a case reported in that paper of some women personating the owners of a vacant flat, opening the door with a skeleton key, going into it, helping themselves to the wines and having a spree. When they departed they filled what empty hand baggage they could find with valuables. I'm going to stay at home."

Mr. Barclay looked up in terror. His vacation as well as his wife's came in summer, he enjoying himself during such time as he usually spent at home with his cronies at his club.

"I'll see that the flat is protected, dear," he said. "You needn't worry about it."

"How? Are you going to put some one in it? I've tried to find some one to come and stay here while we are gone, and I haven't found any one. I don't see how you can get help that I can't get."

Mr. Barclay promised to look after the premises himself, and the family departed.

"Dear James," wrote Mrs. Barclay from the hotel by the sea where she and her daughters were stopping, "do be sure that you go all over the flat once a week anyway, and let me know if everything is all right there. I do wish you would sleep at home and not at your club."

Of course James Barclay did as his wife commanded—nay, wished—and every Friday evening prior to his week end visit to his family he went uptown to the handsome apartment in the Fairview and conscientiously went into every nook and cranny, looking for signs of intruders.

He was almost disappointed after several weeks had elapsed because he



"FATHER!" SHRIEKED HIS DAUGHTER LOUISE.

had nothing to report on Saturday night save the customary "Everything all right, Louise. Not even the dust disturbed."

On one particular Friday evening, however, his adventures were exciting enough to cover all the uneventful period of the past inspections.

The elevator had whirled him up to the sixth floor and he had made his customary mistake of trying to enter the wrong apartment, only to discover that he had made the wrong turning of the corridor.

At his own door, that of suit C on this floor, he inserted the key, turned it and entered the hall. It was dusk, and the place was in semidarkness. A faint reflection came up from the lighted streets below and was flickering against the ceiling.

As he hung his hat on the hall rack he heard a sound that brought him to full attention.

There were voices.

They came from the dining room, and, looking down the hall, he saw that the dining room door was ajar and that the room was dimly lighted.

There was the tinkle of china, too.

Some one was eating in his dining room. Clever housebreakers were calmly enjoying a feast while his valuables were packed in bags and suit cases convenient to a hasty departure.

Moreover, he made another discovery. The intruders were women. There were two of them, and they chattered in French. Mr. Barclay was suspicious of all foreign languages, none [illegible] understood in the least.

He tiptoed to the dining room door and endeavored to peep through the narrow opening. What he saw only confirmed his fears.

He caught a glimpse of the back of a large black hat and a black gowned form. The wearer was seated at a table back to him. Facing him was a woman with a thin, dark face and snapping black eyes. She, too, wore a hat and was talking animatedly to her companion.

On the floor within his range of vision he saw two leather suit cases and a couple of traveling bags.

There was no doubt in his mind that his home had been invaded by a pair of clever women crooks and that the bags contained the Barclay valuables and so much of the wardrobes of his wife and daughter as had been left at home.

At this moment Mr. Barclay sneezed, or rather he choked a rising sneeze, and the queer sound he produced in consequence thereof brought the women in the dining room to instant panic.

Mr. Barclay fairly ran down the hall and slipped into a clothespress and drew the door softly behind him.

In dealing with women Mr. Barclay believed in using tact. He never would have faced those two women in the dining room and accused them of theft No; it was his idea to avoid the hysterical confusion that would follow such a course. He would slip from the closet and leave the apartment to seek a policeman. The affair could be conducted with decorum. Mr. Barclay hated noise and confusion and notoriety. He would not even prosecute the fair criminals—unless Mrs. Barclay insisted upon it.

All these thoughts ran through his mind while he waited there in the stuffy hall closet. He could not hear a sound from the dining room, although he applied an ear to the crack of the closet door.

It seemed that hours passed as he waited for an opportunity to leave the closet. Their silence convinced him that they were suspicious of discovery and were waiting for the intruder to show himself.

Mr. Barclay had no desire to make a target of himself for female Raffles to shoot at, for these women were undoubtedly armed and were dead shots Mr. Barclay knew that his rotund form would afford an excellent mark for a bullet.

Therefore he bided his time, inwardly hoping the fair ones would be frightened away. Anything to avoid a fuss. But is was not to be.

Heavy footsteps sounded in the corridor, and a heavy hand was laid on the hall door. There was a flurry of silken skirts through the hall past the closet where Mr. Barclay was concealed, and the door of suit C was opened to admit another person.

"Oh, officer," panted a feminine voice in hysterical excitement, "some one has entered my apartment, and he is concealed here somewhere!"

"Did yez see him?" demanded the voice of the officer.

"No, but we heard him as plain as could be. We were sitting in the dining room when we heard a cough—a man's cough! So we telephoned at once for an officer!"

"I'll be takin' a look around, mum," said the policeman heavily, and Mr Barclay heard them pass into the drawing room.

He shivered uncomfortably. Now something was really going to happen.

There would be a scandal, indeed when it was discovered that he, James Barclay, had entered the apartment of a stranger.

For now he summed up the situation in this manner:

Instead of entering his own suit, he had entered another by mistake!

He was the interloper in the case.

The ladies in the dining room had a perfect right there, while he was the intruder.

The strong arm of the law would soon pull him from his hiding place in the closet. He would be dragged off to jail. Disgrace would fall upon the name of Barclay.

All this would come to pass because of his stupidity.

He would make one dash for liberty. He might gain the corridor before the searchers found him, and once in the corridor, where he could call upon elevator boys to identify him as the lessee of suit C, he would defy them all.

Cautiously he pushed the closet door open and stepped into the dim hall. He crept slyly down the hall to the door and laid his hand on the knob. In another instant he would be safely in the corridor.

But as he laid his hand on the door into the corridor several things happened all at once.

There was a quick rush from the drawing room behind him. A pair of iron hands gripped his shoulders and whirled him around to a sudden glare from several electric lights.

"Not so fast, me foine old feller!" rumbled the voice of the law.

"Father!" shrieked his daughter Louise.

"Mon Dieu!" squealed the small, dark woman, jumping up and down with excitement.

"The devil!" ejaculated Mr. Barclay, staring from the vivacious Frenchwoman to his daughter and thence to the policeman, who eyed them all sternly.

"Where did you come from, father?" asked Louise.

"From the hall closet," rasped Mr. Barclay, realizing that he was indeed in his own house. "If you hadn't talked French I might have recognized your voice," he said accusingly.

"Mme. Lemay came up to town with me today, and we decided to spend the night here. I telephoned your office, but you had gone."

Mr. Barclay shook hands with the grinning policeman and left a crisp yellow bill in the big palm. He submitted to an introduction to Mme. Lemay and found a few minutes in which to talk to his daughter.

"If you had not spoken French I would have recognized your voice and it would never have happened," he maintained obstinately.

And under the circumstances we cannot blame Mr. Barclay for being suspicious of all languages which he does not understand.

HUMAN [illegible]

Even Their Interior Organs, Brain Included, Lack Color.

There is no race of human albinos, and the albino appears in nearly all races. Latin albus means white in English. The word albino is applied to white plants and white animals. Specifically when we hear the word we think of white humans—men or women without color. In a full or complete albino (human) all pigment or color is absent in the skin, in the interior organs and even in the brain White negroes and Indians exist, as well as in Caucasian or "white races," some of these being quite dark.

A total albino has a white epidermis or skin and also white hair and red eyes, due to the absence of pigment in the membranes of the eye which is for the purpose of screening light that is too bright for the retina—that is, in albinos; others can see the retina in the rear of the eye, and this appears to be red.

Albinism is not a disease, nor are the minds of albinos weaker than those of others. White blackbirds, mice hares and birds are albinos. And then white elephants are sacred and worshiped by some races in Asia.—Exchange.

THE MUMMIES MOVED.

They Raised Their Heads as if to Bid Adieu to Africa.

In his book "Africa of Today" Joseph King Goodrich tells of the shipment of a number of mummies from the banks of the Nile to various museums.

"They were put on board a lighter in the river," he says, "and arranged side by side. As the boat was moving away from the bank many of the mummies seemed to come back to life. Certainly they moved and the heads seemed to rise as if the bodies were turning so that their eyes might take a last look at the place where these old kings and queens had lain in peace for over two thousand years.

"The effect upon the boatmen was most panicky, and even the unsuperstitious foreigner felt as if something uncanny were occurring.

"The explanation is absurdly simple. The heat of the sun had caused the expansion of certain parts, but it was never a satisfactory explanation to those Nile boatmen, who were for a long time loath to handle mummies as cargo."

Scenery In Bering Sea.

"Sailing southeasterly along the shore of that haunt of the walrus and polar bear, St. Matthew's island, in the Bering sea," said a navigator of those waters, "one is impressed by the mingling of the grotesque and the terrible in the character of the scenery. The northwest point of the island is split up into a collection of large rocks of most fantastic shapes. Houses, spires, cathedrals and figures of men and beasts are some of the forms assumed by these volcanic fragments, which, rising black above the white, seething foam of the seat that breaks against their base, give a weird aspect to the grim and desolate region. One rock resembling a large saddle suggested to me the thought that some antediluvian giant might in his time have straddled it and perhaps fished for reptilia over the beetling cliffs which it surmounts."

Beyond Pleasure.

The young attorney was handling his first case before a jury and in its presentation was employing all the odd bits of information acquired during his college course that would even remotely apply to a statement of his case. The judge at last grew weary and impatient, at which the lawyer bridled and said:

"Is it the pleasure of the court that I should proceed?"

"Pleasure, sir," replied the court, "has been out of the question for a long time past, but you may proceed." —New York Tribune.

A Blunt Critic.

A famous art expert was talking at a dinner in Philadelphia about some of Sargent's cruelly realistic portraits.

"Sargent once painted a Philadelphia woman," he said, "and when the work was finished the lady's coachman called for it. As the coachman was studying the portrait Sargent said to him:

"'How do you like it?'

"The man answered thoughtfully:

"'Well, sir, ye might have made it a little better lookin', mebbe; but if ye had, ye'd have spoilt it.'"—Washington Star.

An Architectural Affectation.

There is a "Mytyal United Insvrance" building in Philadelphia, a "Tevtonia" building in New Orleans, a "Tribvne" building in Chicago, and several "civb" buildings in New York and Boston, but this fact is due rather to affected scholarship rather than to wrong font stonecutters.—Christian Science Monitor.

At Red Gulch.

"Mr. Mayor, we've got a horse thief in jail."

"Well, keep him there."

"But for how long? He's an expense to the town."

"Oh, hang the expense."

So they did.—Kansas City Journal.

Anxious to Be Missed.

Rantaway—I'm going to leave the stage. Friend—You'll be missed if you do, old man. Rantaway—That's just the reason I'm retiring. I'm tired of being hit.

Good breeding is the result of much good sense, some good nature and a little self denial for the sake of others.

A Job to Suit Him.

"Professor, I know my boy is rather slow, but in the two years that you have had charge of his education he must have developed a tendency in some direction or other. What occupation do you suggest as a possible outlet for his energies, such as they are?"

"Well, sir, I think he is admirably fitted for taking moving pictures of a glacier."—Chicago Tribune.

SIGNALS TO THE PITCHER.

Catcher Robinson Kept His Secret For Twenty Years.

There was one catcher who worked a long time before any one caught his signals. That was Wilbur Robinson. He backstopped twenty years without ever having an opposing player discover what he was signaling for.

One day St. Louis was playing Baltimore. Robinson was catching for the Orioles. Harry Kane, a St. Louis pitcher, was lying on the bench while his team was at bat. Kane suddenly sat up. He said he could see Robinson's signs. Joe Sugden was with St. Louis. Sugden crawled over to where Kane had been. He could plainly see Robinson's signs. He interpreted the system in a few moments and put the St. Louis coacher wise.

Sugden, lying on the bench, used a program for a fan. When Robinson signaled for a fast ball Sugden waved the program and the man on the coaching line yelled, "Come on!" to the batter. Any time Robinson asked for a curve Sugden lowered the fan and the coacher yelled "Nail it!" to the batter.

Robinson knew they were getting the signs, but he could not guess how. And the funny part of it was that St. Louis after getting Robinson's signs after every other club he played against had failed to get them was beaten by Baltimore.

THREE FEATHERS.

That In One's Cap, the White One and Job's Turkey's Tail.

"A feather in one's cap" is derived from Scotland. Among the woodcraft enthusiasts it was the custom for the individual first to kill a woodcock to pluck out a feather and place it in his cap. Oliver Cromwell conferred dignity upon this expression when, on his refusal of the English crown, he observed, "Royalty is but a feather in a man's cap; let children enjoy their rattle."

A thoroughbred gamecock shows only red and black feathers, and a cross breed is known by a white feather in its tail. Hence "to show the white feather" conveys a strong notion of cowardice, from one point of view at least.

One may search the Scriptures in vain for any allusion to Job's turkey. The expression "as poor as Job's turkey" had its origin in the brain of a humorist, Sam Slick. He described this bird as being possessed of but one feather in its tail and as of so feeble a constitution that it was only by leaning against a fence that it was enabled to gobble.—Exchange.

A Moroccan Solomon.

Mulai Hafid's grandfather, we learn from a Paris contemporary, left this world with the renown of a just man. His legal enactments are still remembered, for he had a way of impressing upon his subjects the distinction of "meum" and "tuum." One law dating from 1870 was to the effect that any one who should touch the goods of another should be beheaded. One of his subjects presented himself before the sultan, saying: "Your majesty is always obeyed. A traveler at my inn departed leaving behind him a sack of nuts, and no one has dared to approach them." "How do you know," demanded Mohammed, "that the sack contained nuts?" "Your majesty," replied the subject, "I just touched the sack with my foot." "Ah," replied the just man among the just, the Solomon of his age, "be it so. In view of your intention I will spare your life." Then, turning to the grand vizier, he said, "Only take off one of his feet."

Knew When He Had Enough.

It was before the days of Jack Johnson, and Mickey White, the local heavyweight champion of the Anglo-Saxons, and Rastus Washington, the local heavyweight hope of the Africans shook hands and squared off for business. Mickey led out with a terrific right hand wallop, and Rastus sat down in the middle of the ring. "Get up," commanded the referee. "He didn't even hit you." "I know he never, boss," said Rastus, "but he mighta, an' I ain't goin' to git up twel dat gen'leman gits outer de ring."—Exchange.

A Spoon Insult.

The etiquette of eating was formerly simpler, because the number of table implements was smaller. Sir Charles Murray (born in 1806) states in his "Reminiscences" that dessert spoons were unknown in the days of his youth, and people scraped along very comfortably with only teaspoons and tablespoons. When dessert spoons were invented Hamilton Place, the seat of Sir Charles' uncle, was among the first households in Scotland to adopt them, and a small laird invited to dine there was both astonished and disgusted to find one of the new fashioned spoons handed to him with the sweets. "What for do you gie me this?" he inquired of the footman. "Do ye think ma mooth has got ony smaller since I lappit ma soup?"—London Chronicle.

What Did He Mean?

The new cook came out and did very well her first afternoon at Lonelyville. After dinner she approached the head of the house.

"How early shall I get up in the morning?" she inquired.

"Well," said Mr. Subbubs, "the first train for the city leaves here at 6:35. You'll have to get up about 6 if you want to make that."—Washington Herald.

Saving Time.

Are you one of the people who hop up nervously when the train is nearing the station and stand until it stops? You think you are saving a lot of time, whereas in reality a car empties itself in three-quarters of a minute.—Woman's Home Companion.

Inducement.

"Did dat man offer any inducement to git you to buy dat mule?"

"Yaas indeed," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "He give me his membership in a 'sociation dat pervides a han'some funeral for anybody dat belongs to it." —Washington Star.

STING OF A SNAKE

Fiery Ordeal That Follows a Kiss From a Puff Adder.

IT IS ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH.

Dramatic Experience of a Man Who Received the Venom Laden Caress and Yet, In Spite of the Doctor's Verdict, Lived to Tell the Tale.

Not many men are alive to tell what it is like to be bitten by a puff adder, one of the most venomous of snakes. In South Africa, where it is found, its bite is believed to be certain death. Nevertheless F. N. Streatfield, formerly resident commissioner of Bechuanaland, not only survived the bite of a puff adder, but told his story in the London Field. He had captured the snake, which was three feet and a half long, in South Africa, and was bringing it home confined in an old cartridge box to present to the Regent's park zoo. He says:

Somehow or other it became known to my fellow passengers that I had a puff adder in my portmanteau, and they begged to be allowed to see it. For a long time I refused, but at last was overpersuaded and fetched her ladyship.

Taking her out of her box and grasping her close behind her head, I explained to the company the marvelous economy of the poison apparatus. I opened her mouth and displayed the fangs, showed the poison glands and how the muscles that raised the fangs at the same time pressed on the glands and forced the poison through the tiny duct.

Having concluded my lecture, I began to put her ladyship back into her temporary home. In getting rid of a poisonous snake you should be sure that no coil is wound round an arm and that its whole body is free. Then when you let go your hold your hands should be instantly snatched away out of reach.

When I was in the very act of quitting my hold some one spoke to me, and I have no doubt that I left my hand within reach of the deadly fangs instead of snatching it away. I must have turned my head toward the man who spoke to me, for I did not see the stroke.

But I felt as if a knife had been sharply drawn across my finger, and, looking down, I saw the blood flowing freely and her ladyship out of her box, trying to make her way across the table. I snatched her back by the tail, caught her by the neck again and got her safely into the box.

When I was struck there were about twenty men in the room. Twenty seconds afterward there was not one. I never saw a room cleared in like time. They simply tumbled over each other. When the prisoner was again under lock and key the company came slowly back, and the doctor appeared.

I asked for ammonia. There was none on the ship, and so I had to take a great deal of brandy. I lanced my finger down to the bone, where the snake's fang had made a wound. Then I sucked the wound vigorously.

I gave my keys and home address to my good friend, W. L., who promised to look after me and to carry out my instructions while I remained insensible. Soon after that I became unconscious.

I had told L. that I should be reported dead, but that I should not be, and that if he could get even a few drops of brandy down my throat when my heart failed it would jog on again, and that by and by I should come to. It was 10 o'clock when I lay down on the smoking room sofa and became unconscious. When I came to again the east was rosy with the morning sun.

Several times during the night the doctor told L. that I was already dead, and if my friend had not obstinately refused to listen to him and insist on following out my own instructions I should have been sent, wrapped up in a piece of canvas, to the bottom of the sea, some 350 miles north of Madeira.

I never felt so ill or suffered such pain as when I recovered consciousness that morning. I ached from the tip of my finger to my shoulder, as if the bone had been redhot iron, and my swollen arm looked like a hard pillow.

They carried me to L.'s bunk, and there I lay for twenty-four hours. Then with the help of a friend's arm I could crawl a few yards. By degrees the pain grew less, and by the time I reached home I had begun to take a little interest in life, but for months I had to be very gentle with myself. I have never since been so strong as I was before and have come to know the meaning of the word "tired," something I did not know before her ladyship took hold of me.

Training a Cow.

T. P.'s London Weekly relates how Major Miles Malony of Ballyduff was amazed one morning to see from his bedroom window a little lad driving a cow back and forward again and again over a ditch and through a fence on his land. Hurriedly completing his toilet, he rushed out to question the little trespasser. "What are ye after with that cow? Is it to kill the beast ye want?" "Kill her! Shure, it's to keep her alive I want." "Keep her alive?" "Shure, it's talching her to get her own living I am. There isn't a ditch or fince in the barony that'll hold her in afther I've done wid her." Then the major understood. The cow, in fact, was being taught to trespass in search of her own living.

Heaven will permit no man to secure happiness by crime.—Alfieri.

Less Elaborate.

"I can remember when you didn't dress for dinner," said the old time friend.

"I always dressed for dinner," replied Mr. Cumrox, "although I admit it was simpler in the early days. Then dressing for dinner consisted merely in rolling down my shirt sleeves."—Washington Star.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 1912

LEFT THE PARTY.

Last Monday Col. Roosevelt announced his determination to quit the Republican Party and hereafter to paddle his own political canoe.

The metropolitan papers reported the Old Guard as feeling very bad about it.

The Colonel proposes to cut entirely loose from all political connections, organize a new party, and kill the Republican one.

His avowed intention is to hold a convention next August, begin at the bottom, build and launch a brandnew "machine."

But his followers do not endorse his scheme and will not go with him.

TAFT AGAIN.

There hasn't been a moment since the Republican campaign opened that we have had the least fear of Taft's renomination.

On Saturday evening, June 22, 1912, William H. Taft was nominated a candidate for President at the Republican National convention at Chicago then in session there. The vote stood:

For Taft 561.
For Roosevelt 107.
For LaFollett 41.
Vice President Morton was renominted without opposition.
Roosevelt bolted.

FOR TAFT.

Henry Cabot Lodge, U. S. from Mass., has declared himself in favor of the reelection of President Taft.

In consideration of the close personal relations existing between them Lodge refused to participate in the recent campaign which resulted in the overthrow and complete political effacement of Col. Roosevelt.

But our Senior Senator will now do all he can for the election of Taft.

Of course, his resumption of activities in their ranks is highly gratifying to the "Old Guards."

FLATTENED OUT.

Boss Murphy ran the Democratic steam road roller over Bryan at Baltimore last Tuesday and flattened him out beyond recognition as a "Great Commoner."

☞ A few days ago we received a copy of the Geneseo, Illinois, *News* of June 18, 1912, in which appeared a story entitled "Tommie and his Gun" contributed by "Pick" (Will?) Smith of Kansas, a native of Illinois and formerly one of "Tommie's" chums and fellow stenographic students. Those were the old days when it was a pleasure to stand by the pasture gate early in the morning and listen to the bellowings of the grouse or songs of the meadow lark. There were a plenty of "chickens" in the tall thick prairie grass then, and George S. Wells, Paul Sweeney, and other marksmen were famous for capturing them.

☞ The Republicans of Ward 1 made no mistake last December when they elected Mr. James F. McGovern of Church avenue Ward Alderman. He is not only an intelligent observer of the city's needs but is prompt at the meetings of the Board to suggest and advocate means to meet them, to which he is always listened with respect. Ald. McGovern is found on the right side of all questions effecting public interests; strongly favors city improvements; is a temperance man; and no doubt will be reelected next fall.

☞ The Burdetts, President and Treasurer of Burdett College, Boston, say they point with pride to No. 1, Vol. XXXIII (Current) of *Burdett College Journal* the College organ, and well they may, for it is the neatest and handsomest piece of typographic and photographic work, black and colored, that has ever been struck from a Boston press. In another column of the JOURNAL are given brief sketches of a few Woburn men who have been students at Burdett College.

☞ Until the other day when we received a copy of "A Review of the Year" we had entertained grave fears that the "Greater Boston Men and Religion Forward Movement" had, like a great many other Boston notions, "gone where the woodbine twineth." We had not seen its name in print, or even heard it mentioned, for a long time.

☞ The reader will find in today's JOURNAL an interesting communication from Mr. Edward Howe Forbush, Massachusetts State Ornithologist, the best authority on birds and the most graceful and entertaining writer of bird literature in New England. Additional articles on the same interesting subject will be written by Mr. Forbush for the JOURNAL.

☞ Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, U. S., will please accept our thanks for valuable Pub. Docs.

W. H. S.

The graduating exercises of Woburn High School Class 1912 were held in Lyceum Hall last Wednesday evening, June 26.

The story of them is briefly and correctly told in the programme, departments and names, given in another part of this issue of the JOURNAL, except to add that the class and attendance were uncommonly large, and the weather for them was fine.

The oration was of the best quality, and everything passed off in the most Satisfactory manner.

☞ Monday morning's Boston *Globe* contained a fine picture of John T. Hyde, Harold J. Tracy, Harry Kenney, Philip D. Morton, Waldo H. Shattuck, members of the Woburn High School Battalion who won the prizes, and the trophies won by them.

☞ The Tidd prizes were awarded to the following pupils of Class '12 W. H. S., at the graduation exercises last Wednesday evening: Cora May Boutelle, William L. Ball.

☞ The Woburn tax rate for 1912 is $21.20, an increase of nearly $1 over 1911. How do the taxpayers like our present city administration?

☞ Congressman S. W. McCall will please accept our thanks for a copy of the Yearbook of U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

Raymond M. Adams—Citation.
Raymond M. Adams—Citation.
Woburn National Bank—Statement.
Woburn Five Cts. Sav. Bank—Book Lost.

— The Glorious 4th comes next Thursday.

— The terrible hot spell ended yesterday, June 26, bless the Lord.

— Woburn teachers, Superintendent scholars, etc. have had a busy time of it this week.

— Those people who complain of a drouth should remember that but little rain falls in a dry time.

— Jotham F. Hill, Class of '64, Woburn High School, attended the graduation exercises Wednesday evening.

— After 36 years continuous service Mr. Thomas J. Marrinan has resigned the leadership of the Woburn Brass Band.

— The story is going the rounds that Farming is to be taken on at Master Carter's Industrial School on the hill. Why not?

— Last Monday and Tuesday were the hottest June days of which there is any record here. It was 100 degrees above at Callahan's Crossing.

— Last Tuesday morning 148 pupils graduated from the Woburn Grammar schools which closed that day. There were no formal exercises, except presentation of diplomas, at any of them.

— The campers at Pinehurst and Billerica Woods are planning for a grand parade from there to Reed's and return on July 4. The project is well advanced and a grand time is assured.

— Fr. Keegan looked pleasant standing in the rear of his 8 young lady graduates from the St. Charles High School last Sunday as they appeared in the photograph group printed in the papers.

— Mrs. George H. Taylor of 23 Pleasant street and her fair daughter Marion left for Ogunquit, Wells, York County, Maine, last Wednesday, where they are to pass the present vacation season.

— Mr. Fred Dockam is always the first Woburnite to show green peas, selfraised, in this city. He generally has them on St. John's Day, June 24, but this year he was a day earlier and had them for his last Sunday's dinner, June 23. His garden on Summer street never yielded fatter or finer ones.

— The City Council are acting very rudely towards Mayor Murray this year. They pass measures over his vetoes with a promptness that is truly refreshing at their last session they knocked out a couple of his highway vetoes with a heartlessness that beat all possessed.

— Highway Commissioner Kennedy B. P. W., and Supt. Hugh Martin can always be depended on to do the right thing, at the right time, and in the right place. Yesterday they oiled Church avenue where it was needed bad enough goodness knows, for Col. B. is everlastingly "kicking up a dust" in that neighborhood.

— Last Saturday morning the price of beef steak in this city, not sirloin, or the best cuts, was 35 cents a pound, and at the same time corned beef, or Editor's "turkey," was 22 cents a pound. Mr. James Linnell, Manager of Linnell's Market, said meat would cost the consumer more than the above prices during the week ending June 29.

— Mayor Murray and City Council have made provision to entertain the youngsters of Woburn next 4th of July as they have done in years past. They have appropriated $50 to defray the expenses of a ball game on Library Park, for which several teams have entered, and from which the contestants for the prizes will be selected. A band concert is to be given, and a fine entertainment will be provided for the pleasure of the children. This will be about all in Woburn on the Glorious 4th.

— Last Saturday Mr. William Kendall of 2 Cedar street, this city, a Veteran of the Civil War, member of Burbank Post 33, G. A. R., was given a reception by his war comrades and many friends by way of celebrating the 80th anniversary of his birthday, which occurred in Woburn on June 22, 1832. He received from his friends and neighbors many valuable tokens of their esteem for him, and numerous messages of love, good cheer and congratulations on reaching his 80th birthday anniversary.

Burdett College.

The following are a few of the very many Woburn people who are and have been connected with Burdett College, Boston, as officers or students, or both:

Hon. Edward F. Johnson, Justice of the Fourth District Court of Eastern Middlesex, and Vice-President Woburn National Bank, Lawyer.

Mr. Herbert B. Dow, Actuary New England Life Insurance in the Graduate School of Business Administration, Harvard University.

Harold Pendexter Johnson, '01, after being graduated at the High School, took the Shorthand Course at Burdett College and then entered Harvard. He was on the Editorial staff of the "Crimson" and, although busy with editorial work, into which he entered with characteristic energy, he won the Boylston declamation prize, and finished the full course of study in three years. He then entered the Harvard Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1907. He is a rising young lawyer, with a constantly increasing clientele. His knowledge of shorthand acquired at Burdette College has been of inestimable value to him in college and practice. He has served three years as Alderman at large in his native city of Woburn.

Mr. Arthur U. Dickson, '81, present Assistant Treasurer of Burdett College, has found his Burdett training of great advantage. He held the important position as head bookkeeper for W. W. & C. R. Noyes for eight years and was also head accountant for Pettengill & Company, newspaper advertising agency, for thirteen years. He was Alderman in the city of his birth for two years and has been connected with Burdett College for the past seven years.

Mr. W. C. Parker, '82, is President, Treasurer and owner of the long established leather manufacturing business of F. C. Parker & Son (Inc.) one of the oldest in the State. Under Mr. Parker's guidance the scope of the business has been extended to include a large foreign trade. He is a prominent Mason and Knight Templar, ex-Commander of Co. G, Fifth Regiment, M. V. M., and a member of the Old Guard of Massachusetts.

Mr. Charles G. Lund, '86, is a member of the banking and brokerage house of Fitzgerald, Hubbard Company Boston. He is also director of the Massachusetts Bonding and Insurance Company, director of the Dominion Mining Company, Vice-President of Turner Tanning Machinery Company and President of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

Mr. A. H. Holland '95 is Treasurer of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

Mr. Edwin K. Porter, '02, is another rising young man. He is Traffic Manager and Purchasing Agent for the Carter Ink Company, and fills a very responsible position in that concern. Those who know his sterling worth and executive ability predict a steady advance along the success road. Steady application marked Mr. Porter's student career, and this trait has been the dominant characteristic of his business life.

Resolutions.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Sunday School of First Church of Christ, Scientist, Woburn, on Sunday, June 23:—

Whereas, the Women,s Relief Corps No 84, through their president, Mrs. Annabelle Brown, and delegation, has presented to this Sunday School a stand of our national colors, therefore be it resolved:

That the sincere thanks of the officers, teachers and pupils are extended to the members of the Corps for their thoughtful generosity and patriotic and christian courtesy in presenting to us this beautiful flag:

That the words of the presentation ceremony will recur to our minds, as often as we look upon this banner, to the end that we shall do all in our power to make the "stars and stripes" stand for widest opportunity, even-handed justice, the hatred of iniquity and the love of righteousness:

That these resolutions be spread upon the records and copies furnished to the public press.

Gertrude Anna Clement.

The sudden death of this young lady a little after midnight Friday morning, June 21, 1912, caused deep sorrow at the Woburn High School from which she was to have graduated, with honors, last Wednesday evening, June 26. The news of her passing away cast a deep gloom also over the Y. P. S. C. E of the First Congregational church of this city, of both of which she was an active member and zealous supporter; and the entire community sincerely sympathize with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Clement of Page Place in the loss of their gifted daughter.

Of brilliant intellect, industrious, ambitious to excel in her studies, amiable, kindly disposed towards her schoolmates, teachers, and associates, no pupil in the High School was a greater favorite than Gertrude Clement whose death is widely and profoundly lamented.

The funeral was held on Monday afternoon, Dr. Norton officiating.

St. Charles High School.

The St. Charles High School Class 1912 were graduated at the church and honors conferred on Pauline Elizabeth Bonin, Agnes Veronica Callahan, Mary Elizabeth Doherty, Margaret Genevieve Fallon, Mary Aloyse Foley, Mary Agnes McGovern, Sarah Agnes Quinn.

The ceremony was a solemn high mass, with Rev. J. A. Keegan, pastor of the church, as celebrant. He was assisted by his curates, Rev. Walter Fegan and Rev. Francis Russell. The sermon was preached by Rev. Francis Russell. The sermon was preached by Rev. James McMorrow of the Star of the Sea Church, East Boston. Following the mass, the graduating class received diplomas from Rev. Fr. Keegan who complimented the young women upon the proficiency they had attained. The other classes of the school attended the impressive ceremony.

Foils A Foul Plot.

When a shameful plot exists between liver and bowels to cause distress by refusing to act, take Dr. King's New Life Pills, and end such abuse of your system. They gently compel right action of stomach, liver and bowels, and restore your health and all good feelings. 25 cents at All Druggists.

Wheaton College.

Many years ago, beyond the remembrance of most of your readers—in the early fifties—a young Woburn girl was appointed teacher of mathematics in what was then Wheaton Seminary, Norton, Mass.

This was Miss Mary J. Cragin, daughter of F. K. Cragin for many years a resident of Woburn.

When she arrived in the town she was told by Mrs. Metcalf, Principal of the school for 26 years—now if you are going to get married take your trunk and go back home. I am tired of initiating teachers to have them tell me in a few months, I am going to leave. She replied such are not my present intentions, whatever the future may have in store for me, I know not.

She remained there for many years, and last week on the 18th of June, after more than forty years had elapsed since her death, a large dormitory called Cragin Hall, was dedicated to her memory. It is built of brick with sandstone trimmings, capable of accommodating sixty-five pupils besides the teachers. Its interior arrangements are of the best. It has hardwood floors, and the rooms are in singles, doubles, and suites, and a fine reception room furnished in mahogany for general use.

Dr. Cole, President of Wheaton College, pronounced a eulogy. He said when he came to the College fifteen years ago, everyone was loud in their praise of Miss Cragin, who must have possessed that rare combination of character *force* and *gentleness*. Mrs. Kate Upson Clarke of New York, a pupil, also spoke in her praise:

All will remember the pleasant look in her eyes which accompanied her constant question *why?* A striking feature of the school at the time of her being at Norton was the great interest in mathematics, usually supposed to be distasteful to young ladies.

Another writes: Miss C. had a thirst for knowledge so eager, and a nature so intense that the whole force of her being entered into everything she undertook.

She put the department of mathematics on such a solid basis, that there was hardly a girls' school in the country could compare with it.

Another says she was a woman of ripe culture; she was my best teacher in whatever she taught me, I studied mathematical astronomy with her and the Heavens since then have been one of my richest sources of pleasure. General literature with her was a liberal education.

I can see her now moving quickly and silently through the halls an atmosphere of quiet joy seeming to emanate from her person, or I see her in the class-room her eyes searching, but full of kindness, her enunciation clear and perfect.

She was generally gowned in pale gray with delicate blue at throat and waist most charming to the eye in a community where utility in dress was paramount.

I should say she was the first woman I had ever seen artistically clad in a New England class-room.

Her last years were spent in St. Louis, first in Washington University, and later in the Normal School the *model* school for if ever there was a *model* for a model school Heaven's good gift has sent us said Dr. Post.

It was she who has departed.

A prominent guest at Commencement week was Mrs. Cole of Woburn a sister of Miss Cragin.

Mrs. Cole has presented the college with a large portrait of Miss Cragin which adorns the walls of Cragin Hall.

New Schedule.

The summer timetable of the Boston & Maine Railroad for 1912 went into effect on Monday, June 24.

It makes but few changes from the winter schedule. They are as follows:

To Boston 6 58 a. m. instead of 6 45, 10 28 instead of 10 38; 12 51 p. m. instead of 12 55; 1 58 instead of 1 54; 5 56 instead of 5 51; 6 59 instead of 6 57; Sundays, 8 34 a. m. instead of 8 21; 10 52 a. m. instead of 10 53; 12 15 p. m. instead of 12 05.

From Boston to Woburn, newspaper train at 3 00 a. m., for the summer; 7 23 instead of 7 24 a. m.; 8 29 instead of 9 22; 10 05 instead of 10 45; 1 14 p. m. instead of 1 05; 7 00 p. m. instead of 7 15 Sundays, 10 30 a. m. instead of 11.00; 5.30 p. m. instead of 5 00; 7 40 p. m. instead of 7.35; 9.15 p. m. instead of 9.00.

It will be seen that there are only a few small changes.

Mr. Parker L. Eaton.

Mr. Parker L. Eaton, a faithful Union Soldier in the War of the Southern Rebellion, a citizen of Woburn known and respected by everybody, died at the Soldiers' Home in Chelsea at an early hour on Monday morning, June 24, 1912, and the funeral was held at the First Baptist church on Wednesday afternoon, June 26.

The deceased was born in Woburn on March 28, 1826, and has always made his home here, except on short periods of absence, occasioned by the War or business. He was a charter member of Woburn Post 161, G. A. R, and was a member of Hose 5.

Mr. Eaton served three years in Co. K 39th Mass. Reg't., from which he received an honorable discharge at the end of his enlistment.

Mr. Eaton was a man who made but little stir or noise in the world, but he had no enemies—everyone was his friend.

He is survived by a widow who was Alethea Mills of Jackson, Michigan, and four sons, William B., Joseph M. Charles H. and Nathan W.

Valuation.

1912 Valuation	$11,650,266
1911 Valuation	11,561,370
Gain in 1912	$88,896
1912 Real Estate	$9,264,734
1911 Real Estate	9,135,389
Gain, 1912	$129,345
1911 Personal Estate	$2,425,981
1912 Personal Estate	2,385,532
Loss in 1912	$40,449

RECAPITULATION.

1912 Gain in real estate	$129,345
1912 Loss in personal estate	40,449
Total gain for 1912	$88,896
Tax Rate on $1,000,	$21 20

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

The most notable event of the season is promised for B. F. Keith's Theatre next week, when "The Meistersingers" composed of the Harvard, Schubert, and Weber Male Quartettes of Boston will begin their second annual summer engagement. This famed collection of voices is without question the largest and finest singing organization the vaudeville stage has ever known. Last summer they created a veritable sensation during their six weeks' engagement at B. F. Keith's, and it was in response to thousands of requests from music lovers all over New England that Mr. Keith re-engaged "The Meistersingers" for a second season.

Letter From State Ornithologist.

After the hard winter of 1911-12 came a cold and backward spring. A severe winter with much snow and ice, exposes birds to great hardships, and, if it is followed by a late, cold, stormy spring the eggs sometimes lack fertility and in many cases few young birds are raised.

During the winter of 1911, large numbers of robins and some bluebirds remained in the north, notwithstanding the severe weather of January and February. Cold waves and snow-storms extended far to the south and must have destroyed many birds which winter in the northern, middle and southern states. These conditions did not much affect those species which do not winter in the United States but mainly pass on to Mexico, the Antilles and South America.

The spring flight of robins was late and they were not so numerous as usual and bluebirds were rather uncommon in comparison with last year; but when, in May, the migration of warblers came along, they appeared in goodly numbers. Some species, however, continued their flights later than usual. Many of these warblers fly to Central and South America and thus escape the rigors of winter in the Northern continent. The shore birds which go far south in winter also came back in numbers.

The scarcity of bluebirds has been reported as far west as Michigan and south to Pennsylvania. Over a wide area quail did not winter well, and if bluebirds and robins were destroyed in numbers by severe weather in the south we may expect some reduction in the numbers of woodcock which winter in the same regions.

Many small birds are killed by the southern people. Last winter many persons took advantage of the necessities of the birds to kill great numbers of robins, blackbirds and bluebirds. The City Council of Pittsboro, N. C. rescinded an ordinance forbidding shooting within the city limits, that the people might shoot the birds that were driven by stress of weather to that town to feed on berries, and about four thousand robins were killed there in a short time. Quantities of blackbirds and bobolinks have been killed in the Carolinas by negroes and these birds are sold in southern markets.

It is a remarkable coincidence, now that robins and bluebirds are reduced in numbers, that farmers are complaining loudly of the inroads of cut-worms of which robins and bluebirds eat great quantities.

A scarcity of cuckoos in some localities in eastern Massachusetts is accompanied by a great increase in tent caterpillars on which cuckoos feed.

The ice which locked ponds and rivers in January and February and extended over the flats, bays and harbors and in some cases out to sea, cut off the food supply of the wild ducks which now winter along our coasts in large numbers since they are protected by law at that season. Some of them were starved and many were facing death by starvation when the ice embargo was lifted by the coming of spring. As spring opened, reports came from many parts of Massachusetts as well as from the other New England States that unusually large numbers of wild-fowl were returning to our shores and inland waters. Even in Boston Harbor where ferryboats ply to and fro, and on the Charles River where trains are constantly crossing the bridges, flocks of wild ducks appeared, exhibiting a confidence and tameness never before observed in these localities. The numbers of these birds seen later on inland waterways and ponds, as well as along the coast, were such as to give color to the general view that they were not seriously reduced in numbers by the winter, and that the increase and tameness of the birds was due largely to the cessation of winter and spring shooting. Many wild-fowl are now reported to be breeding in New England marshes, and near the larger water courses—another encouraging result of the present laws.

EDWARD HOWE FORBUSH.

A Banquet.

The Alumnae Association of the St. Charles High School held their 5th annual banquet in St. Charles High School Hall last Monday evening. It was a very pleasant affair.

The guests of the association were Rev. James J. Keegan, Rev. Walter A. Fegan and Rev. Francis G. Russell and the class of 1912, St. Charles' High School as follows: the Misses Pauline E. Bonin, Margaret G. Fallon Mary A. McGowan, Marv A. Foley, Sara A. Quinn, Mary E. Doherty, Agnes V. Callahan, Charlotte A. Walsh.

The officers for the coming year will be installed by the retiring president, Miss Katherine McDonough. The officers-elect are: Miss Alice O'Brien, President; Miss Anna Parker, Vice-President; Miss Gertrude Lynch, Secretary and Miss Margaret O'Connor, Treasurer.

Could Shout For Joy.

I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart," wrote C. R. Rader, of Lewisburg, W. Va., "for the wonderful double benefit I got from Electric Bitters, in curing me of both a severe case of stomach trouble and of rheumatism, from which I had been an almost helpless sufferer for ten years. It suited my case as though made just for me." For dyspepsia, indigestion, jaundice, and to rid the system of kidney poisons that cause rheumatism, Electric Bitters have no equal. Try them. Every bottle is guaranteed to satisfy. Only 50 cents at All Druggists.

The man who thinks he knows a woman like a book usually discovers many uncut leaves.

Woburn High School Graduating Exercises, Class of 1912.

Were held Wednesday, June 26, 1912, at eight P. M., in Lyceum Hall, Woburn.

PROGRAM.

1. "Standard Bearer" — J. J. Bartholme
   Orchestra
2. Salutatory
   Mildred Wilder Ford
3. "The Stars are Shining in Heaven" — Josef Rheinberger
   "The Pilgrims' Chorus," from "Tannhauser" — Richard Wagner
   School Chorus
4. Address
   Lemuel Herbert Murlin, LL. D.,
   President of Boston University
5. "The Rosary" — Ethelbert Nevin
   "Summer Roses" — Adam Geibel
   Clarian Quartet
6. Valedictory — Rachel Blodgett
7. Presentation of Diplomas
   Hon. Hugh D. Murray
8. Presentation of the Tidd Prizes
   Principal George W. Low
9. "Speed On" — Joseph L. Roeckel
   "Water Lilies" — Karl Linders
   School Chorus
10. "Battleship North Dakota" — C. W. Bennett
    Orchestra

GRADUATES

College Preparatory Course — Rachel Blodgett, Bertha Josephine Bonielle, Anna Hammond Burdett, Sarah Marion Cooke, Anna Croughan, Earl Austin Greenleaf, Robert Johnson, William Francis Sheehan, Nathaniel White Wilcox.

General Course — Kathryn Louise Bailey, Hester Avis Lillian Baker, Cora May Boutelle, Philip Lee Brackett, Mabel Ruth Buxton, Arthur Alfred Carter, Marion Chalmers, *Gertrude Anna Clement, Dorothea Hartwell Cotton, Carlton Miles Dean, Anna Isabelle Dearborn, Wilbur Herbert Dickinson, Cornelius Edward Donovan, Muriel Ella Esther Fetridge, Edward Joseph Fitzpatrick, Dorothy Gardner Flagg, Mary Eleanor Folan, Lora L. Given, Marion Estelle Hopkinson, Margaret Eloise Kearns, Gladys May Lowe, Charles Edward Lyons, Mildred Agnes Murray, Alice Russell Nichols, Fletcher Whiton Partridge, Ruth Tisdale Prior, Marian Remington, Philip Joseph Scalley, William Joseph Scalley, Waldo Hall Shattuck, Eudora Wade Simonds, Viola Evelyn Snow, Helen Christine Stockholm, Josephine Horton Sweetser, Ethel Gertrude Taber, Gretchen Richardson Van Tassel, Freda Lorraine Walker.

* Died June 21, 1912.

Business Course—William Lewis Ball, Mildred Irene Buckman, Walter Edmund Burke, Katherine Gertrude Cahill, William Joseph Callahan, Mary Theresa Coughlin, Gladys Augusta Dockham, Daniel Joseph Doherty, Margaret Mary Doherty, Mary Edna Donahue, Leon Richard Fay, George William Finn, Leo Francis Finnegan, Lois Adelle Fiske, John James Foley, Marguerite Helena Foley, Helen Frances Ford, Mildred Wilder Ford, Emmason Merritt Greene, Joseph Leo Hickey, Della Josephine Hogan, Mildred Evelyn Holdridge, Anna Louise James, William Francis Jones, Fannie Lapuck, Alice Agnes Lux, Helen Regina MacAvoy, James Joseph McAweeney, Clifton Edward McCaleb, Anastasia Gertrude McDonald, Edward John McDonough, Barbara Elizabeth Manning, Margaret Mary Martin, Elnar Andrew Matson, Mabel Frances Murray, Frederic Thomas Roache, Evelyn Loretta Rouio, Agnes Gertrude Scanlan, Christian Emanuel Sorenson, Martha Mary Stratton, John Edward Tenney, Marie Elizabeth Wallace, Everett Franklin Ward, William Henry Weafer.

Honor Pupils: In order of rank for the four years' course.

General average of ninety percent or above — Rachel Blodgett, Mildred W. Ford, Ruth T. Prior, Robert Johnson, Helen F. Ford.

General average of eighty-five percent or above — Dorothea H. Cotton, Gertrude A. Clement, Kathryn L. Bailey, Anna Croughan, Daniel J. Doherty, Helen Stockholm, Sarah M. Cook, Freda L. Walker Waldo H. Shattuck, Anna I. Dearborne, Mildred I. Buckman.

General average of eighty percent or above — Marion E. Hopkinson, Fannie Lapuck, Mabel R. Buxton, Lora L. Given, Dorothy G. Flagg, Mary Donahue, Marian Remington, Anna H. Burdett, Lois A. Fiske, William L. Ball, Agnes G. Scanlan, Marie E. Wallace, Bertha J. Boutelle, Margaret E. Kearns, Wilbur H. Dickinson, Bertha E. Manning, Clifton E. McCaleb, William H. Weafer.

Married.

In this city, June 23, by Rev. Francis G. Russell, Joseph Francis Kenney and Martha Lillian Hargrove, both of Woburn.

In this city, June 19, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Daniel J. Marlowe and Helen Elizabeth Keohane Gilogly, both of Woburn.

In this city, June 24, by Rev. Stephen A. Norton, Frederick W. Miller and Emily Lentz, both of Woburn.

In this city, June 27, by Rev. H. C. Parker, Mr. Lewis Meuchin and Miss Bertha M. Heald, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, June 21, Francis Logan, aged 76 years
In this city, June 22, Mary A. McCarthy, aged 72 years.
In this city, June 21, Patrick Harld, aged 66 years
In this city, June 21, Gertrude A. Clement, aged 19 years, 10 months, 1 day.
In this city, June 22, Eliza J. Nichols, aged 76 years, 11 months, 29 days.
In this city, June 25, Ellen Ryan, aged 64 years.

No. 7550.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

At Woburn, in the State of Mass., at the close of business, June 14, 1912.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$314,988.99
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	100,000.00
U. S. Bonds to secure U. S. Deposits	5,000.00
U. S. Bonds on hand	20,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	6,875.00
Bonds, securities, etc	359,455.00
Due from approved reserve agents	79,154.55
Checks and other cash items	184.06
Notes of other National Banks	1,990.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	509.64
Lawful money reserve in Bank, viz: Specie	37,590.85
Legal tender notes	8,510.00 46,100.85
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	5,000.00
Total	$930,256.99

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$100,000.00
Surplus fund	20,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	52,411.10
National Bank notes outstanding	98,600.00
Due to State and Private Banks and Bankers	23,486.69
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	23,875.72
Dividends unpaid	195.00
Individual deposits subject to check	599,283.68
Demand certificates of deposit	625.14
Certified Checks	1,831.00
U.S. Deposits Postal Savings System	1,548.66
Reserve for the depreciation in market value of bonds	9,000.00
Total	$930,256.99

STATE OF MASS., COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, ss.

JOHN C. BUCK, Cashier of the above named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

JOHN C. BUCK, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of June, 1912.

HAROLD P. JOHNSON, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

L. W. THOMPSON,
D. R. BRIGGS,
ROBERT CHALMERS,
Directors.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons who are or may become interested in the estate hereinafter mentioned, held in trust under the will of Betsey W. Roundy, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and to all persons whose issue not now in being may become so interested.

WHEREAS, Raymond M. Adams, trustee under said will has presented to said Court his petition praying that he may be authorized to sell, either at public or private sale, certain real estate held by him as such trustee, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and particularly described in said petition, for the reasons therein set forth.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifteenth day of July A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate, fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fifth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

28-5-12 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

LOST—Savings Bank Book.

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

I, Sarah M. Lord of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, hereby give notice that deposit book number 11845 issued to me has been lost or destroyed; and, pursuant to the provisions of Section 40, Chapter 590 of the Acts of 1908 and amendments thereto, I hereby make application to your Corporation for the payment of the amount represented by said book.

(Signed) SARAH M. LORD.

The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank hereby consents that public notice be given of this application by advertising the same once a week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treasurer.

June 27, 1912. 28 5-12

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons who are or may become interested in the estate of Augustus Roundy, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Charles F. Anderson of Everett, in the State of Washington, praying to be appointed trustee under the will of said deceased, which has been proven in said Court.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of July, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-first day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

21-28-5 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the trusts under the will of Augustus Roundy, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Charles F. Anderson of Everett, in the State of Washington, praying to be appointed trustee under the will of said deceased, which has been proven in said Court.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of July, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-first day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

21-28-5 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons who are or may become interested in the estate hereinafter mentioned, held in trust under the will of Betsey W. Roundy, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and to all persons whose issue not now in being may become so interested.

WHEREAS, Raymond M. Adams, trustee under said will has presented to said Court his petition praying that he may be authorized to sell, either at public or private sale, certain real estate held by him as such trustee, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and particularly described in said petition, for the reasons therein set forth.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifteenth day of July, A.D 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fifth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

28-5-12 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

INCORPORATED 1854.

Woburn, Mass., June 21, 1912.

The Annual Meeting of the Corporation of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank in the city of Woburn, Mass., will be held in the banking rooms on Friday, July 5th, 1912, at 7 30 o'clock, P. M., for the election of officers and the transaction of such business as may legally come before the meeting.

CARL W. JAQUITH, Clerk.

S. FRANK SHERMAN,

118 High Street, Reading, Mass., twenty years' experience Making and Tuning Pianos. All orders will receive prompt attention.

I OFFER THE FOLLOWING PROPERTIES **FOR SALE**

At Exceptionally Low Prices

6 Eastern Avenue
15 - 17 Eastern Avenue (Double House)
19 Eastern Avenue

Also, vacant lot 6,000 square feet

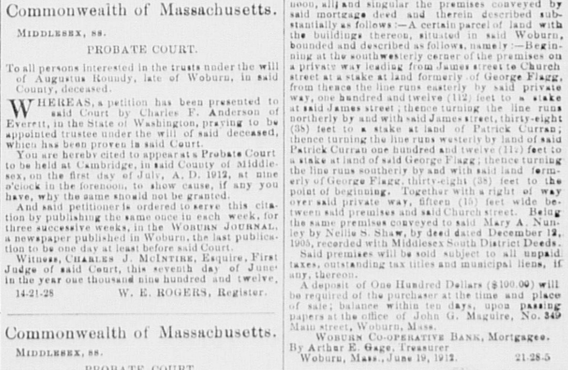
Write for particulars and terms to

Mrs. HELEN C. HANSON,
Uxbridge, Mass.

PROVINCETOWN

FOR Cool, Refreshing, Most Invigorating Sea Breezes, absolute rest and comfort take the one hundred mile sail down the harbor to historic Provincetown and return, on the staunch steamship Dorothy Bradford. Passenger capacity 1800. Staterooms, wireless telegraph, refreshments, in fact everything to make the trip comfortable, safe and enjoyable. Time at Provincetown to enjoy fish dinner and tour the quaint, old town. Leaves Bay Line Wharf, 400 Atlantic Avenue, daily 9 A.M.; Sundays and Holidays 9.30 A.M. Round trip $1.00; one way 75 cents. Special rates to Sunday Schools, Societies and Clubs. Cape Cod Steamship Company, Boston.

'Phone Main 1578



Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by Anastasia L. Reade to the Blackstone Savings Bank, dated August 15, 1911, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3636, Page 414, for breach of the condition thereof and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises on **Saturday, the thirteenth day of July, 1912,** at 9 30 o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, namely:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and bounded and described as follows:—Westerly by Main Street, 79.5 feet; northerly by other land of said Reade, mortgaged to the Merchants Cooperative Bank, 60 feet; easterly by the last described land, 77.72 feet; and southerly by land formerly of Littlefield, 72 feet.

For

New Grass

BUTTER

Cut from the Tub

31c. lb.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242-3.

OUR Store Policy

has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—$20.

Whitcher's
PILL BOX
LET US SHOW YOU.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1911.
[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for MALDEN SQ. at 5.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15 P. M, SUNDAY at 8.15 A. M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, †11.15 P. M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 3.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, †11.15, †11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M. then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Centre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

* Melrose Highlands Only.
† To Stoneham Square Only.
GEO. H. GRAY, Supt.

HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS
Made into handsome and durable
RUGS
For full particulars address
C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.
Caneseat Chairs Reseated.
Telephone 492 W

NOTICE.
Hair Mattresses Made Over. Ticks Washed and New Ticks furnished when required. New Hair added when needed.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

Good Things to Eat
will hold no joys for you if you have indigestion or any STOMACH, LIVER or KIDNEY trouble. You need not pay big doctor's bills, but if you suffer from any of these ailments just step into your nearest druggist and get a 50 cent bottle of SEVEN BARKS, the great household remedy, the finest tonic and blood purifier known. If your system is run down and you want to regain your youthful energy, SEVEN BARKS will accomplish it, make your food digest and give you new life. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Try it and enjoy your meals. Address LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York, N.Y.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS
WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY
FOR COUGHS COLDS PRICE 50¢ & $1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE
AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

THE TARIFF IN THE CAMPAIGN

Early Tariff Acts Designed to Build Up Home Manufactures

WORKERS FOR PROTECTION

Many Democrats Believe In Protection—Wilson Bill Helped British Industries While In Force

The attitude of the Democrats makes it clear that one of the chief issues of the coming campaign will be the tariff. The Democrats in congress have refused to continue the appropriation for the support of the tariff board and have all along seemed to indicate that a scientific revision of the tariff did not interest them.

The question of the tariff in the United States has been a disputed point from the very foundation of the union. The question of raising a sufficient national revenue for government needs was one of the most important points discussed by the congress of 1789. The first tariff, passed in that year, was nominally protective. It was largely the work of Madison. The early years of the republic made it apparent to the leading spirits of those days that it was necessary for the United States, which up to that time had been largely dependent upon foreign manufacturers, to build up manufactures of her own, in order that she might be independent of other nations in time of war and, in fact, in times of peace.

The Early Tariff Acts

The tariff of 1816 increased the duties on manufactured goods and, in the case of cotton was 25 percent. The movement toward a higher protective tariff continued steadily with now and then a reactionary measure. In 1842 a tariff act was passed which averaged about 33 percent. In 1846 the Democrats passed the Walker tariff act which cut the rate to about 25 percent, which was in 1857 reduced to something like 20 percent. The Morrill tariff, enacted in 1861, had a protective character. During the Civil war the tariff was increased very heavily and it was not lowered until 1870 and 1872. In recent years the tariff has become a political issue, the Republicans standing for a protective tariff and the Democrats oscillating from a revenue tariff and tariff reform to free trade. Some Democrats have favored a revenue tariff with incidental protection.

Tariff Revision Hazardous to Parties

Political parties have in recent years hesitated to make a revision of the tariff. The political party entering upon such a revision has usually been overthrown at the next election. In 1883 the Republicans passed an act revising the tariff, and almost immediately the Democrats gained control of the house and in 1884 elected their candidate for president. In 1888 the Democratic house passed the Mills bill and the Democrats were defeated in the fall of that year. In 1890 the Republicans passed the McKinley tariff and at the congressional election that fall that party met a Waterloo throughout the country, and in 1892 the Democrats elected both the executive and the two houses of congress. The Wilson bill was passed by the Democrats in 1894 and the Republicans were successful in the congressional elections that year and in the presidential election of 1896. The Republicans passed the Dingley bill in 1897 and in this case party defeat did not follow. In 1909 the Republicans passed the Paine tariff act, in which there were 656 decreases of duties, 220 increases and 1150 items of the dutiable list were unchanged. In the congressional election of 1910 the country elected a Democratic house; the result being due, perhaps, more largely to the increased cost of living than to the tariff.

Many Democrats Are Protectionists

Undoubtedly a large element in the Democratic party believes in the principle of protection. This is due to a considerable extent to the fact that many of the wage earners are convinced that protection does increase their wages over what they would be under a revenue tariff or a free trade system. The wage earner is probably convinced of this by reason of the fact that the wages paid in this country are practically double the wages paid in the same lines of labor abroad. The report of the tariff board, recently submitted to congress, shows that American workers in the comparatively unskilled work in the textile factories earn more than many skilled workers in the same industries in Great Britain. Also that the skilled American workers earn practically double the average wage of skilled employees in the same lines in British mills.

The tariff has been so generally discussed in the newspapers and upon the stump that the workers are thoroughly familiar with the history of such countries as Germany, where protection has increased wages paid, and also extended and built up native manufactures. They have also become familiar with the history of free trade in Great Britain and its disastrous effects upon agriculture and upon the working classes of people. Those who have come here from foreign shores know for themselves that wages paid in this country are practically double, and in many cases treble, those paid in any country in Europe. Working men born in this country have not such intimate knowledge of the low wages paid in England, but they have become thoroughly familiar with them through their reading and through the campaigns which have been waged in this country in which the tariff was a leading issue.

American and Foreign Wages

Some of the figures show for themselves the difference in wages paid. In the woolen industry for instance, in this country wool washers get $8.21 per week, while for the same work in England they are paid $4.93; comb tenders here receive $7.85, in England $4.26; gill minders are paid $5.84 here, in England $2.83; drawing frame tenders, $6.21 in the United States, $2.68 in England; female spinners $6.40 here, $2.25 in England; weavers $10.56 in this country, $3.85 in England. Of course these are average weekly wages and some make a great deal more than the average in each of these various occupations.

The very fact that such large numbers of foreigners come to this country seems to the native working man proof positive that conditions here are much better than abroad, otherwise there would be no sense in these people leaving their native land, their friends and relatives to come to a strange country among strangers.

When this country adopts a low tariff the effect is not confined to the United States. A Democratic congress in 1894 enacted the Wilson bill on a tariff-for-revenue basis. The people of this country well remember the wide-spread shutting down of mills, factories and workshops which followed the passage of that act, and the 3,000,000 workmen who were thrown out of employment at the time. It was, however, a great thing for England, as may readily be seen from the following article published in 1896 in the London Times:

Low Tariff Helped English Factories

"The year 1895 witnessed a revival in the worsted industry of such magnitude as to be a matter not only for local but national congratulation. After long years of depression, the great manufacturing district, of which Bradford is the centre, was visited last year by the full sunshine of prosperity. Roughly speaking the Wilson tariff, which came into effective operation in the last month of 1894, in place of the strangling system of duties associated with the name of McKinley, reduced the custom house charges upon the principal products of the Bradford district imported into the United States from 100 percent of their value to 50 percent. Thus it came about that the value of worsted coatings imported from the Bradford district into the United States in the first five months of 1895 was more than double that of the like imports during the whole year, December, 1893, to November, 1894, and the value in dollars for the whole of 1895, as compared with the whole of 1894 (years ending Sept. 30) was $7,575,052 against $1,-275,626, being an increase of fully 600 percent."

This reprint shows plainly that the money formerly paid to American operatives for their labor in the worsted and woolen mills in this country went to operatives in England during the life of the Wilson bill by reason of the provisions of that Democratic tariff act.

HE FOUND NO CANCER CURE.

L. M. Early, Who Offered $1,000,000, Dies a Victim of X Ray.

Dr. L. M. Early of Columbus, O., died recently from cancer. He had vainly offered $1,000,000 for a cure.

When Roentgen discovered the X ray Dr. Early began experiments with it. He used it in the treatment of cancer. But X ray machines at that time did not afford the operator sufficient protection. The X ray which he was using to treat cancer caused him to have cancer, which it could not cure.

While still experimenting with the X ray Dr. Early discovered how to make a new photographic paper and sold the formula for a sum said to be $3,000,000.

The cancer first manifested itself on Dr. Early's hand. His fingers, then his hand, and finally his arm were removed. The disease was arrested, but not eradicated.

NO FLAG ABOVE OLD GLORY.

Mr. Heyburn Offers Two Resolutions In the Senate.

That no flag, banner or emblem should be officially permitted to wave above the stars and stripes is the contention of Senator Heyburn. He understands that on forts and battleships other ensigns are often elevated above the national colors.

To ascertain the actual facts Mr. Heyburn offered two resolutions, which were adopted by the senate. One is addressed to the secretary of the navy and the other to the secretary of war. Each calls for the real situation concerning this matter in the army and navy.

In the opinion of Mr. Heyburn, there should be legislation, if necessary, to prevent any official of the government from displaying any emblem, flag or banner above Old Glory.

TUNIS DIVORCE COURT.

An Oriental Scene That Smacks of "The Arabian Nights."

The next time you happen to be in Tunis don't fail to pay a visit to the divorce court. It is the most Haroun-al-Raschidic institution this side of Samarkand. A great hall of justice, vaulted and floored with marble and strewn with eastern carpets, forms the setting, while husbands in turbans and lawyers in turbooshes, white veiled women and green robed, gray bearded judges complete a scene which might have been taken straight from "The Arabian Nights."

The women, closely veiled and hooded and herded like so many cattle within an iron grill, take no part in the proceedings which so intimately affect their futures, their interests being left in the hands of a voluble and gesticulative avocat. In each of the four sides of the great hall is an alcove, and in each alcove, seated cross legged on a many cushioned divan, is a green robed, gold turbaned cadi. To him the husband states his case, the wife, through her avocat, putting in her defense—if she has any.

The judge considers the facts in silence, gravely stroking his long gray beard the while, and then delivers his decision—in nine cases out of ten, so I was told, in favor of the husband. Should either party be dissatisfied with the finding he or she can take an appeal by the simple process of walking across the hall and laying their case before one of the other judges, whose decision is final.

A case, even if appealed, is generally disposed of well under an hour and at a total cost of $1.20.—Metropolitan Magazine.

Too Hasty.

A traveling theatrical company was starting to parade in a small New England town when a big gander from a farmyard near at hand waddled to the middle of the street and began to hiss.

One of the double-in-brass actors turned toward the fowl and angrily exclaimed:

"Don't be so quick to jump at conclusions. Wait till you see the show."—Lippincott's.

HIS BOLD CLUFF WON.

How a Clever Beat Worked One of New York's Exclusive Clubs.

It is about as hard for a stranger to get beyond the portals of an exclusive New York club as it is for the proverbial camel to get through the needle's eye. But New York clubdom is laughing over how one clever person "put it over" one of the city's best clubs recently.

A well dressed man drove up in a taxicab and strode into the club. The doorman opened the way for him, and he walked up to the desk.

"Send a boy out for my bags, will you?" he began, and the clerk rang the bell for one of the club boys.

"A good room, please, if there are any left tonight," said the newcomer, "with a bath."

"Yes, sir; we have 218, a very good room, sir."

"Good! I had that room here a couple of years ago."

The bags were brought in, the boy showed the way to the elevator and soon the man was comfortably settled in his room. Downstairs he came in a few minutes and strolled out to the grill room. There he had a couple of drinks, smoked a cigar and took away a box of the club cigarettes. He signed a "chit"—in other words, a club check—for what he had bought and walked out. An hour later he came back and went into the dining room, where he ordered the best the club had, prefacing his meal with a couple of cocktails. Again he signed a "chit."

"Taxi, please," he demanded when he came back to the office after taking a couple of Havanas from the case, signing as usual.

It is the custom in all smart clubs to provide cabs for members, they signing checks for them and settling at the end of the month when their bill comes in. The man drove off, went to the theater with a lady he called for, kept the cab the entire evening, took her home and then returned to the club for a nightcap and a cigar. Then he went upstairs to bed. Next morning he was down bright and early.

"Send a boy up for my bags," he said, "and get me a taxi. I've got to catch the 9:20 train."

He had a hearty breakfast, took a pocketful of cigars, lighted one at the desk, a porter carried his baggage to the cab and away he went.

When the clerks came to enter the checks in the ledger it was found that this man was not a member of the club and was not even a guest of a member. His name was not on the list.

There was a bit of a jolt in the club office on bill day.—New York World.

Dressed According to Law.

The grocer's assistant in London used to be as carefully looked after as his employer, precise regulations being laid down respecting the way he should dress. His coat had to be made "close and comely" and as well as the breeches was to consist only of "cloth, kersey, sackcloth, canvasse, English leather or English stuffe costing not more than 2s. 6d. the yard." His stockings were to be of woolen yarns or kersey, he was not to wear "Spanish shoes with polonia heels," and his hair was to be cut short. He was forbidden to wear any girdle, point, garters or shoestrings of any kind of silk or ribbon or any rose or such like goods upon his shoes. A breach of these regulations rendered him liable to eighteen hours' imprisonment in the Guildhall.

POSTED ON HORSES.

The Tribute an English Expert Paid to a Baltimore Jurist.

Once when Judge J. Upshur Dennis was abroad he visited the Duke of Westminster's estate, Eaton Hall, in Chester. He went unceremoniously enough and directly to the stables. He was told by the person who looked after those horses of august blood and breeding extraordinary that they could not be viewed except by permission in writing of the duke.

Judge Dennis had passed the duke on the road going up to London. Anyway, he had no intention of asking permission in writing. He leaned over the paddock gate and looked at the horses inside.

He saw a gray horse that attracted him, and he remarked to the keeper of the place that that particular horse (indicating) must have in him a double cross of Chanticleer, a famous race horse that lived 600 or 800 years ago.

It was indeed true, and his remark established all the freemasonry needed for a day in the stable. Judge Dennis told his guide more about the horses than the keeper of the stable archives knew himself. * * * He traced relations here and identified crosses there.

"If all the stud books in the world were destroyed," the stable steward told the visitor when the tour of the stables was completed, "you, sir, could rewrite them all from memory."—Baltimore News.

The Whitest City In the World.

There cannot possibly be a whiter city than Cadiz unless it be built of snow. The best way to approach the port is to take a trip on one of the small steamers which ply between the ports of Morocco and Spain. As you near the coast you see in front of you a white mass, which appears to be floating upon the water, just as you are. The first thought of a foreigner is that he is in sight of an iceberg. The white mass, glittering in the sun and rendered more dazzling by the blue sea and sky, looks exactly like a monster ice mountain partly melted, so that outlines of castles and hill appear upon it, but only for a second does the illusion last, for you know there are no icebergs in that part, and you are quickly informed that you are looking at Cadiz. No other town in the world presents such a magic appearance.

Adhesive Postage Stamps.

Adhesive stamps were first used experimentally by James Chalmers in Dundee, August, 1834. In 1837, Feb. 13, they were introduced into the English postal department by Rowland Hill. They were introduced in the United States in 1845, but their use was not authorized by congress until March 3, 1847. On June 1, 1856, prepayment was made compulsory in the United States. Prepayment was made compulsory in other parts of the world at various times from 1837 to 1887.

Charming View.

Citiman (to house agent)—I thought you said there was a charming view from the front windows? Why, there are only houses to be seen. House Agent—So there is a charming view, sir. In the house opposite lives the most beautiful widow you ever clapped eyes on, and she's always at the window.—London Tit-Bits.

MILLET'S RIOT IN COLORS.

The Artist Enraged the Critics, but Forced Recognition.

In his early years as an artist the late Frank D. Millet had a hard struggle to gain recognition. He sent pictures to exhibitions, to be sure, and good pictures they were, but no one paid any particular attention to them or said anything about them.

One day Millet conceived an idea. He painted a picture of a lady in black sitting on a bright red sofa, standing against a [illegible] yellow background. The effect was just a trifle startling. Friends who saw it in the process of production expostulated with him and asked him what he was going to do with it. They were astounded when he announced that he was going to send it to the exhibition. They told him the critics would "wipe the floor" with him. "They can't do that without mentioning me," said Millet quietly, "and they've never even done that, as yet."

To the exhibition the picture went. It killed everything within twenty feet on either side of it. You couldn't help looking at it. It simply knocked you down and held you there.

The critics got into a towering passion over it. They wrote whole columns about it. They exhausted the English language in abusing it. They ridiculed the committee that permitted it to be hung. They had squibs and gibes about it, but every time they spoke of it they mentioned Frank Millet. He suddenly became the best known artist in town. Somebody, because of the stir it had made, bought the picture at a good price and removed it to the seclusion of his own home.

When the next exhibition came off Millet had another picture ready, one of a very different sort and very good, but no better than others which he had exhibited before. The critics had much to say about it and "noted with pleasure the marked improvement" that Mr. Millet had made, "an evidence," as they modestly put it, "of the value of criticism, even though severe, to a young artist." And the majority of them never realized that Millet had simply compelled their attention by a clever trick.

Worse Punishment.

Mrs. A.—Do you ever scold your husband? Mrs. B.—Not now. I've found something more effective—I ask him for money.—Boston Transcript.

Baffling.

"Yes! I think the next lecture I shall give will be on Keats."

"Oh, professor, what are keats?"—London Sketch.

A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition.—Daniel.

THE SWISS PRESIDENT.

His Powers Are Quite Limited, and So Is His Salary.

The president of Switzerland is so hedged about by the constitution that, except for official purposes and to facilitate the exchange of courtesies and of amicable understandings with foreign nations, he has no more standing than the other six members of the council of which he forms a part. He is elected for one year, has no official residence, and his chief business is to sign the documents of the bundesrat or council of seven. His salary is in our money equal to about $3,600 per annum, and there is no provision for private expenses, such as traveling or entertaining. He is expected to live in the capital of the country during the year he holds office. His associate members in the bundesrat get $3,000 a year, and they are elected for three years, their votes having the same force as that of the president.

As a rule, the president of Switzerland is before election a member of this council and is elected to the higher office without opposition, but in 1883 he had a rival, and, though he won in the election, he was unable to support what in his country is looked upon as an affront and committed suicide before his inauguration.

In this connection it might be well to note, too, that Switzerland is the one country on the globe where it costs nothing to die, as in certain cantons rich and poor are buried at the expense of the state.—Harper's Weekly.

A Chance of a Lifetime.

"Have you any cheering news?" asked the boarding house landlady when her husband got home.

"Dearie," he cried, "I have more than that. I have a happy surprise."

"Huh! Are you sober?"

"Better than that, dear heart."

"Well, tell it to me. Did you earn two bits spading up somebody's peony bed?"

"Aw, say! This is the real thing."

"Tell me the worst."

"You know that milliner you got a $90 hat from?"

"I do. Don't tell me she's dead."

"Better than that. She's coming here for two weeks' board."

"Henry, you can have that trip to Monte Carlo you've been wanting."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cocaine.

Travelers in Peru and countries where coca grows chew the leaves of this plant for the purpose of allaying the sense of hunger and the feeling of exhaustion that accompanies it. At first the leaves were thought to possess food elements, but now it is known that the cocaine they contain merely allays the irritability of the nerves that produce the sense of hunger. Cocaine is an alkaloid made from the coca leaf, which has the effect of completely destroying the sensibility of nerves. The discovery of this active principle of the coca leaf explained fully and satisfactorily the effect produced by chewing the leaves.

Trouble.

The worn, gray haired man met a mysterious stranger.

"And who might you be?" asked the man.

"My name is Trouble," replied the stranger.

"Strange that I got these gray hairs dodging you and never met you before," said the man.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Kiss Feminine.

Brother—Which one of those Penton girls is it that you don't like? Sister—Sssh! Some one might hear you. When the crowd comes up I'll kiss her twice.—Illustrated Bits.

Literature.

"Pa, what is literature?"

"Literature is writing printed in some expensive manner."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

FORESAW THE FUTURE.

Remarkable Prophecy That Was Made by Goethe In 1827.

In the American Magazine there is reproduced an extract from a conversation held in 1827 by Goethe, the great German poet, and a friend of his, in which Goethe made the following extraordinary prophecies:

"It may be foreseen that the United States, with its decided predilection to the west, will in thirty or forty years have occupied and peopled the large tract of land beyond the Rocky mountains. It may, furthermore, be foreseen that along the whole coast of the Pacific ocean, where nature has already formed the most capacious and secure harbors, important commercial towns will gradually arise for the furtherance of a great intercourse between China and the East Indies and the United States. In such a case it would not only be desirable, but almost necessary, that a more rapid communication should be maintained between the eastern and western shores of North America, both by merchant ships and men of war, than has hitherto been possible with the tedious, disagreeable and expensive voyage around Cape Horn. I therefore repeat that it is absolutely indispensable for the United States to effect a passage from the Mexican gulf to the Pacific ocean, and I am certain they will do it.

"Would that I might live to see it! But I shall not. I should like to see another thing—a junction of the Danube and the Rhine. But this undertaking is so gigantic that I have doubts of its completion, particularly when I consider our German resources. And, lastly, I should wish to see England in possession of a canal through the isthmus of Suez.

"Would I could live to see these three great works! It would be well worth the trouble to last some fifty years more for the very purpose."

Drives Off A Terror.

The chief executioner of death in the winter and spring months is pneumonia. Its advance agents are colds and grip. In any attack by one of these maladies no time should be lost in taking the best medicine obtainable to drive it off. Countless thousands have found this to be Dr. King's New Discovery. "My husband believes it has kept him from having pneumonia three or four times," writes Mrs. George W. Place, Rawsonville, Vt., "and for coughs, colds and croup we have never found its equal." Guaranteed for all bronchial affections. Price 50c & $1.00. Trial bottle free at All Druggists.

KEEP A PET SNAKE.

Then You Won't Need a Cat or a Dog For the Rats or Mice.

It has been suggested by a French professor that every household should have its snake instead of its cat or dog for the purpose of keeping rats or mice away.

It is not new, for in the days of the Romans many snakes were kept by the housekeepers for precisely this purpose. Since those early times, however, the household reptile has been supplanted by the cat or dog, and the modern housewife, as a rule, has nothing but revulsion of feeling for every species of snake, harmful and harmless. The hostile attitude toward snakes, however, is largely due to ignorance. Thus it is commonly supposed that snakes are "slimy." As a matter of fact, they are not. Their skin is cold to the touch, but absolutely dry. It feels as if it were made of china or porcelain.

Then again the sharp, wormlike tongue of the snake, which darts in and out at lightning speed, is harmless, although it is commonly believed to be the medium by means of which the snake ejects its venom.

Snakes which have venom communicate it by means of special teeth called fangs. Harmless snakes do not have these fangs.

The principal disadvantage about a cat and dog is that these animals are apt to carry the same disease spreading vermin as the rats and mice they are supposed to destroy.

Both the dog and the cat frequently kill rats and mice without eating them, leaving them to decompose in invisible places. The snake never does. Every rat killed by a snake is at once swallowed. The snake, too, is much cleaner than either of the other household pets.—Farm and Fireside.

A Puzzle Explained.

The teacher was giving a lesson in mathematics and English combined.

"A fathom," she said, "is a nautical word used in defining distance. It means six feet. Now I want some little girl to give me a sentence using the word fathom."

Instantly a hand shot up in the rear of the room.

"Well, Mary, you may give your sentence."

Mary stood up proudly.

"The reason flies can walk on the ceiling," said the observant child, "is because they have a fathom."—Youth's Companion.

The Best Time to Plant Baseballs.

Just before Horace Greeley started for the Cincinnati convention in 1872 he received a letter asking his opinion about baseball. He scratched off a reply as follows:

You ought to plant baseballs early in the spring so as to insure their getting ripe before fall. Most baseballs are picked too green and consequently are very hard, and we have heard of a great many balls being foul, which we attribute to the same cause. I am told the best way to cook them is to have a good stiff batter and send them in hot. Send me a few of the fly balls for seed, and next year I can tell you more about them. Yours liberally, HORACE GREELEY.

A Consoling Thought.

"Do you believe, doctor," asked Mrs. Wumps, "that men become what they eat?"

"Yes, madam; I do," said the bishop.

"What a comfort that must have been to those early missionaries when they were eaten by the cannibals!" sighed Mrs. Wumps.—Harper's Weekly.

Experienced.

"How dare you kiss me?" she exclaimed indignantly.

"Oh," he replied, "I've kissed a lot of worse lookers than you."—Detroit Free Press.

A civil guest will no more talk all than eat all the feast.—Herbert.

Too many people mistake a wish for an ambition.—Chicago News.

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look with horror on Skin Eruptions, Blotches, Sores or Pimples. They don't have them, nor will any one, who uses Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It glorifies the face. Eczema or Salt Rheum vanish before it. It cures sore lips, chapped hands, chilblains; heals burns, cuts and bruises. Unequalled for piles. Only 25c at All Druggists.

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The Stranger Huntsman

His Appearance at and Retirement From a Banquet

By F. A. MITCHEL

At the base of the mountains lying northeast of Madrid, the capital of Spain, lived, a number of years ago, a wealthy gentleman named Miguel Herrera. The mountains of Spain were in those days infested with bands of robbers, though they were rather a part of than the enemies of the country people, their principal objects of attack being persons of the upper classes Don Miguel was noted for his charities, and on one occasion had used his influence to procure a pardon for a bandit who was about to be executed. The kindliness of his disposition and his sympathy for those beneath him were appreciated, and his home and his family were safe from any depredations on the part of the bandits.

Many other families of wealth occupied this same region, and it was not so far from Madrid as to deter residents of the capital from making visits there and to the entertainments given by the residents of this hospitable region. Indeed, it was a Spanish settlement of persons who were without occupation, but in the enjoyment of incomes from inherited estates.

The family of Don Miguel consisted of a son, Enrique, and a daughter, Pepita, aged respectively twenty-two and nineteen. Both were very popular with their companions, and Pepita was a beauty. She was fond of horseback riding and with her brother often made equestrian excursions either into the mountains or over the more level country at their base. They would not have dared to go about unprotected had they not known that they were immune from the bandits, and even had this not been so they would have received any needed warning from the peasants.

On one of these excursions into the mountains they lost their way. Evening was coming on, and they had a



DON ENRIQUE RECEIVED THE GUEST CORDIALLY.

prospect before them either of sleeping in a hut or under the sky, when they came upon a man carrying a rifle in the hollow of his arm, whom they took for a huntsman. Enrique asked him to direct them, and he very politely consented to do so, walking along beside them and chatting with them familiarly. That he was a gentleman was apparent from his manner and the well bred modulation of his voice. He cast frequent side glances at Donna Pepita, with whose beauty he was evidently very much taken.

Enrique told him that they were the children of Don Miguel Herrera, and he said that he had heard of their father, although for himself he resided farther northward in Old Castile. He had come into the mountains, he said, to hunt, that being the game season. His remarks showed a high intelligence and refinement. After piloting them several miles, making himself very entertaining the while, he put them on a road with which they were familiar. At parting Don Enrique invited him, should he come near their home, to honor them with a call. But he said that his hunt was about ended, and he expected to return on the morrow to his own abode.

A year passed. Don Enrique had forgotten the stranger, but his sister had not. There was something about that lithe figure, that oval olive face with its dark, silky beard, those coal black, expressive eyes, that she could not forget. She wondered who he was and would have inquired about him of those she met residing in Old Castile, but he had not given his name. She wondered if she would ever meet him again. Indeed, having noticed his admiring glances while he had walked by her side, she was surprised that he had not availed himself of her brother's invitation.

The next autumn after Don Enrique and his sister had met the huntsman in the mountains Don Miguel and his family gave an entertainment to which all persons of their class residing round about were invited. Spain is a warm country, and although it was October, both the house and the grounds, lighted with paper lanterns, were open to the guests. The patio or court where tropical plants were kept in winter had received its verdant furnishing. A string band composed chiefly of guitars and lutes was stationed here, another in the house and another in the garden. The throngs of well dressed men and women attired in the peculiar Spanish mode, with their elaborate coiffures, gayly colored scarfs and decorated fans, rendered the scene intensely gay.

When the festivities were at their height a gentleman entered the main drawing room, where the hosts were receiving their guests, and made straight for Don Enrique, who recognized him for the huntsman who had piloted him and his sister in the mountains a year before. Don Enrique received the guest cordially, and Pepita, who was standing near, with a blush. Then he was introduced to their parent, but as he had given no name as "the gentleman who so kindly put us on the road in the mountains."

The stranger explained that he had come again for a hunt, and having heard that the Herreras were to give a fete had taken advantage of the fact to meet them again in accordance with their invitation. Naturally he attached himself to Donna Pepita, who, putting her hand through his arm, asked him if he would like to go the rounds and meet her friends.

"I would prefer, senorita," he said, "to walk with you in your garden. Your guests I shall not likely meet again since I do not live in your neighborhood, and the formality of an introduction would not interest me."

So Donna Pepita led him out into the garden, where, after walking about for awhile amid the plants, they seated themselves upon a rustic seat, where they remained conversing till the hour for supper arrived, when they went into the house.

Though there were many guests arrangements had been made to seat them all in the banquet hall. The stranger, who, on account of his fine figure, handsome face and a certain indescribable uniqueness there was about him, attracted marked attention, was taken by Donna Pepita to the main table where sat her father and mother, and seated her guest beside herself. The guest of honor, Judge Cardozo from Madrid, was seated on Senora Herrera's right, opposite the stranger and Donna Pepita. The judge's eye no sooner fell upon the guest before him than he regarded him with a curious and suppressed stare. The stranger apparently took no notice of the fact that he was so intently regarded, though his brows, to a close observer, would have been seen to slightly contract. One thing the judge noticed: His vis-a-vis placed his hand to his hip, where he seemed to be making some sort of an adjustment.

This act seemed to deter the judge from a remark he was about to make. At the same moment the host, who was sitting near, began to introduce Cardozo to several guests in close proximity to him. When Herrera came to introduce the stranger, not knowing his name, he hesitated. A quick glance passed between the stranger and the judge, the latter being about to move his lips as though to supply the name. But there was that in the former's expression which deterred him. Meanwhile Don Miguel passed on to the next introduction.

"Your face," said the judge to the stranger, "is familiar to me."

"I do not remember you, senor," replied the other, "and I trust you are mistaken."

"Why?"

"Because a gypsy once told me that just before my death I would meet a judge, and that the judge would die but a short while before me."

This singular remark attracted the attention of all within hearing. Donna Pepita looked up at her companion with an expression of startled terror.

"In that case," rejoined the judge, "I decline to remember you."

Little was said by those in the vicinity for some time. The stranger was watching every movement of the judge, who seemed to be casting about him for something—possibly an opportunity.

Presently the stranger, arising from his seat, said, addressing the judge:

"I did not come here to be an incubus on these festivities, especially since they are given by those I respect and admire. I remember you very well Judge Cardozo. The last time we met you kindly informed me just how long I had to live—or, rather the day on which I would die. But your walls were not thick enough for those who love me. I disappointed you.

"Yes, I am Leandro Sierra, by inheritance a grandee of Spain, who lost his fortune at the gaming table and took to the road like many a gentleman among our ancestors. Never till this moment have I regretted my act."

He paused and cast a glance down at Senorita Pepita, full of momentary anguish, then concluded:

"I will retire, and I trust no one will make a scene by attempting to stop me."

With a pistol in each hand he withdrew, walking out through the throng as though he did not care whether he were attacked or not. No one in the room was armed, and he was not interfered with. Besides, those who had been sitting near and had heard his words were engaged with Donna Pepita, who had fainted.

A few months later Leandro Sierra again stood before Judge Cardozo to receive a sentence of death. But he was much changed since the first time he had listened to his doom. His meeting with Donna Pepita Herrera had effected the change. He listened with bowed head, and when the sentence had been pronounced said:

"This time, Senor Judge, there will be no escape. I do not care to live."

Not long after the bandit's execution Donna Pepita entered a convent.

Lucky.

Wood Norton, the famous English estate, has been the home of foreign royalties for over half a century. After he lost the crown of France Louis Philippe lived there, and there is a funny story told of his meeting with an old publican after his return. The man stood by the roadside and bowed to the ex-king.

"Who are you, my man?" he asked. "I seem to know your face. Were you here when I lived here before?"

"Please, your royal highness, I kept the Crown."

"Did you, indeed!" exclaimed the ex-king. "That's more than I could do!"

Rings From Shishaldin.

On Unimak island, Alaska, is Shishaldin, which in some respects is the most remarkable volcano in the world. In addition to a continuous emission of dense white smoke or steam, circular rings apparently several hundred feet in diameter and of wonderful symmetry and whiteness emerge in puffs at short intervals from the very top of the mountain. It causes one to think of the possibility of old Pluto of Pandalon smoking a cigarette.

Easiest Way Out.

"Something ought to be done to ease the prejudice against Wall street," said the apprehensive citizen.

"Well," replied Mr. Dustin Stax, "it is too much to ask us to move business into another thoroughfare. But we might change the name of the street."—Washington Star.

His Quarter.

"I approach you in a worthy cause, Mr. Titewad. We want to raise $100,000. A prominent philanthropist offers to contribute a quarter of it."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Titewad hastily, "I don't mind giving another quarter. Can you change a half?"—Housekeeper.

Overworked.

"The hour of 12 has struck!" hissed the ghost.

"I don't blame it," replied the materialist. "It was worked to death long ago."—Judge.

UNCONSCIOUS COUNTING.

Train the Mind to Number Grouped Objects at a Glance.

It has always formed a part of the professional conjurer's education to acquire the power of making instant mental note of many objects. A German advocate of the theory that every one should cultivate some similar system of counting has suggested that the ability of most persons of distinguishing from three to five objects at a glance may be so perfected that the mind will find it possible to take note of at least thirty articles in the same length of time. This authority, Preyer, has declared that he can count thirty objects of the same kind as easily as other persons can count three or four.

Apart from such usefulness as this acquired power may impart, the method of teaching it is of interest. The test of one's ability in counting is easily made by placing several small objects, such as pins or coins, under a sheet of paper and then lifting the paper so that one may glance at the articles and give an immediate guess as to their number.

At first the eye finds it possible to distinguish only three or four objects, but practice soon enables the experimenter to manage any under ten with facility. Above that number the process becomes more difficult. Conscious counting is not permitted. The articles must be merely "valued."

To perfect oneself in this practice black spots, forming various geometrical figures, may be made upon squares of white cardboard, the number being gradually increased and the positions altered.

It is said that the sensation of a person practiced in unconscious counting when looking attentively at large numbers of objects is that their number "shoots rapidly through the head."—Philadelphia Record.

SAVAGES OF ECUADOR.

The Jibaros Gave One Spanish Governor His Fill of Gold.

If you are looking for a real wild Indian seek the Jibaro. Perhaps you never heard of him, but you should, for he's the wildest, most savage and uncultured type of redskin who thrives today. War and the Jibaro are synonymous. No other Indian tribe in history has so determinedly and successfully resisted efforts to conquer it as this tribe of the Jibaro.

Today the Jibaro, 15,000 strong, rule supreme over the vast forest regions of Eucador between the Santiago and Pataso rivers and southward to the Amazon. It is one of the most picturesque and primitive of all surviving tribes of redskins. Once when partly subjugated to Spanish rule they were goaded to rebellion by enforced labor in the mines of their taskmasters and marched 20,000 strong into the stronghold of their enemy and in one night completely annihilated the 12,000 inhabitants. As an example of their savagery they killed the governor by pouring molten gold down his throat in order that he "might have his fill of gold."

Like tactics are still pursued, and the Jibaro is little molested. War is their normal condition, their favorite weapons being the lance, the javelin and the blow gun with poisoned arrows, which have served them with deadly efficiency.

Little is known of their religious or mythological beliefs. There are about 1,400 Jibaros who are Christians, but few of these are of the full blooded type and are scorned by the majority of the tribe. Missionaries say the Jibaros will never break from ancient customs.—Catholic Encyclopedia.

Railway Wheels.

Did you ever notice that the wheels of a locomotive engine are beveled? The reason for this is that in rounding a curve the outer rail is, of course, a little longer than the inner one. The difference is very little, but it would be enough to make an engine "skid" unless it were reckoned for. In the beveled wheel the higher part, with its greater circumference, is forced against the outer rail by the very tendency of the engine to drive straight ahead, and with the other wheel the smaller circumference rests on the rail, thus overcoming the difference in the lengths of the lines.

"An Old Police Trick."

Defending a man charged at West Ham with drunkenness, a solicitor said: "It's a very old trick for two policemen when taking a man to the station to walk out of step. The result is that the prisoner lurches from one side to the other, and he is supposed to be unable to walk without assistance."—London Standard.

A Different Mission.

"Well, old man, how's tricks?"

"Miss Wallaby accepted me last night."

"I suppose you are around today accepting congratulations."

"No; I'm around today trying to borrow $200 to buy the ring."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Shrinking Nature.

Mr. Goodsole—What's your real objection to taking a bath?

Soiled Samuel—You see, mister, I'm so delicate dat if I even git near de water I shrink.—Exchange.

New Danger.

Wife—Did you read about the awful railroad wreck? Husband—Yes, but for heaven's sake don't let your mother know or she won't dare to go home.—Satire.

Every base occupation makes one sharp in its practice and dull in every other.—Sidney.

What's in a Man.

A man has 500 muscles, 1,000,000,000 cells, 200 different bones, four gallons of blood, several hundred feet of arteries and veins, over twenty-five feet of intestines and millions of pores. His heart weighs from eight to twelve ounces, its capacity is from four to six ounces in each ventricle, and its size is 5 by 3½ by 2½ inches. It is a hollow muscular organ and pumps twenty-two and a half pounds of blood every minute. In twenty-four hours it pumps sixteen tons. It beats about seventy-two times a minute. In one year an average man's heart pumps 11,680,000 pounds of blood.

Bones as a Barometer.

The merits of bones as indicators of fair or foul weather have been vouched for by the captain of an Italian steamer carrying a cargo of bones from the South American port of Buenos Aires to New York. When the ship was sailing toward a storm recently, the skipper stated, the bones creaked and moaned, and when fair weather was ahead they were silent again.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

A PECULIAR WOMAN.

The Born Parisienne, Her Moods, Her Smile and Her Charm.

The Parisienne is not and never has been representative of the Frenchwoman, although she might be described as the distilled essence of all that is French.

She is too volatile to be typical of the women of France. She is also bizarre, and the Frenchwoman, broadly speaking, never is. She is gay and morbid at one and the same moment. She is eternally young, yet born with the cynical wisdom of ages. She is brave to the point of folly. She is free from any taint of provincialism and in a way stands on a small pinnacle apart from the rest of womankind with a smile that has some fellowship with that of the sphinx. Her charm is world renowned and indisputable and of a peculiar kind.

She is not beautiful, and she is never merely pretty, but charm runs in her blood, and it is as natural for her to use it as it is for the sun to shine. Everything about her is witness to this attribute, and she herself accepts it as a law written by unseen hands, unchangeable as that which rules the "orderly procession of the stars" and powerful as that which brought her into the world and will one day send her out of it.—Pall Mall Gazette.

JAPANESE TEAPOTS.

All Sorts of Shapes and Sizes In All Manner of Materials.

In Japan teapots may be had in any shape, in any design, at any price. One model is a huge caldron-like affair that will hold three gallons, while others are so small that a thimbleful may be said almost to make them overflow.

The Japanese have teapots in the shape of birds, beasts and fowls. Fishes and frogs have lent their forms to others. A beetle design is very popular, as is one depicting a fat, squirming eel. Buddha himself has been pressed into service as a model. Swans, correct to the last curl of neck and feathers, form teapots so small that they can be hidden in the palm of the hand. There are lotus bud pots and pots in the shape of teahouses.

All manner of materials are included in the composition. Inlaid silver, hammered copper, iron exquisitely wrought and all the different kinds of Japanese pottery have been used in the manufacture of teapots. Several favorite designs bring $100 apiece, but so cheap is artistic handiwork in the far east that many others may be bought for a few cents.—New York Press.

A Blow From a Lion's Paw.

A man entered a London theater in the early morning and found to his horror that four lions, which were housed there, had broken from their cage. One gave him a blow with its paw, then took him in its mouth. The blow from a lion's paw is said to be, after the stroker of a whale's tail and the kick of a giraffe, the strongest thing in nature, so that the victim was dead when the keeper went to the rescue. Only one lion had concerned itself with the man and was now sitting over him as a dog sits over a bone. Two of the lions were playing on the stage with a "property" garland, and the fourth was seated in the royal box, placidly surveying the gambols on the stage and the terrible banquet in the auditorium. The murderer relinquished its prey immediately its master appeared, and all four bolted for their den like children detected in some misconduct.—St. James' Gazette.

JAMMED ON AN ICEBERG.

One of the Most Curious Arctic Experiences on Record.

"This is the most remarkable escape from imminent danger in the whole annals of arctic adventure," said Sir Clements Markham, the explorer, in describing a thrilling incident to illustrate a lecture on icebergs before the Royal Societies club.

"It concerned," he said, "their steam tender, the Intrepid, commanded by Lieutenant J. B. Caton. A vast floe drove her against a berg with a frightful crash. Destruction seemed certain when the little vessel was seen to rise to the pressure. She was forced forty feet up the side of the iceberg, masses of ice from the floating floe running ten feet above the bulwark, then the piled up mass from the floe sank down, leaving the ship suspended on the side of the berg, her only supports to keep her stationary in this dangerous position being two small wedge pieces, one at the stern post and the other at the bow. She was in imminent danger of falling over on her broadside from that height.

"The boats had been got out, but they were smashed to pieces by the ice. Three times the ice floes pressed against the berg, and, with the boats gone, the loss of the ship would have entailed that of all on board. Suddenly the pressure eased off, and the Intrepid was launched into the sea from her lofty position without injury. Lieutenant Caton and others had walked under her keel while she was thus suspended on the side of the iceberg."—London Chronicle.

He Was Very Economical.

James Tyson, the richest man Australia ever produced, although lord of £5,000,000, remained a simple bushman to his last day. A shabby suit of cheap ready made clothes was his only wear, and a boot lace formed the guard of a silver watch which, as a young man, he had bought for a sovereign. He ate the same fare as his own laborers, and it was his boast that he had never entered a theater or tasted intoxicants of any kind; that he had never used soap—he preferred sand—nor worn a white shirt or a glove.

Antiquity of Chairs.

Chairs were in use in Egypt so long ago as 3399 B. C. The Chinese employed them from about 1300 B. C. In India they were used and are mentioned as dating from 1100 B. C. House chairs with backs were in use in India A. D. 300. They are known to have been employed in Rome so early as A. D. 70, being mentioned by Pliny at that date. Chairs with foot rests were used in Rome A. D. 150.

A Paragon of Patience.

"He's the most patient man I ever knew."

"That so?"

"Yes; he can even herd a bunch of people together to have a group picture taken without losing his temper."—Detroit Free Press.

Slow.

He—Why do you call Mrs. Flash slow? She—Why, it has taken her forty-five years to reach the age of thirty.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XIII.—Second Quarter, For June 30, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Comprehensive Quarterly Review—Golden Text, Matt. v, 17—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

LESSON I.—The appearances of the risen Lord, I Cor. xv, 1-11. Golden Text, Acts ii, 32, "This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we are all witnesses." Always emphasize the gospel as set forth in this lesson and remember that everything depends on a risen living Christ, the same Jesus who lived on earth as a poor man, now at the right hand of God in the place of all power and still a real man, the Son of Man, waiting for the time to return and bring His kingdom.

LESSON II.—The use of the Sabbath, Mark ii, 23 to iii, 6. Golden Text, Mark ii, 27, "The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath." Consider the daring pride of man in judging the Lord of the Sabbath for using His own Sabbath, but they knew Him not and judged Him to be a mere man like themselves, yet a great teacher. He made so manifest their hypocrisy and formality and religious pride that they determined to kill Him.

LESSON III.—The appointment of the twelve, Mark iii, 7-19. Golden Text, John xv, 16, R. V., "Ye did not choose me, but I chose you and appointed you, that ye should go and bear fruit." Mark the words, "Unto Him, with Him, that He might send them forth to preach and to have power" (verses 13-15). He Himself is the great and only center, and apart from Him there is no fruit nor service nor anything worth mentioning.

LESSON IV.—The beatitudes, Matt. v, 1-12. Golden Text, Matt. v, 8, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." What a blessed time it will be on the whole earth when the principles of this sermon are lived out! Meanwhile, as heirs of the kingdom, we should manifest these principles in our daily life, true poverty of spirit being the foundation of all, such a self renunciation that He may be seen in us.

LESSON V.—Poverty and riches, Luke vi, 20-26; xvi, 19-31. Golden Text, Luke xii, 15, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." This is part of a discourse similar to the Sermon on the Mount and illustrated by the story of the rich man and Lazarus. There is no life apart from Christ, and true riches are found only in Him.

LESSON VI.—The law of love, Luke vi, 27-38; Rom. xiii, 8-10. Golden Text, Rom. xiii, 9, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." In I Cor. xiii, we are taught that without love nothing counts, not even giving away all we have, and our bodies to be burned. The only pattern of love is the love of God in Christ, and He expects us to love others as He loves us.

LESSON VII.—The old law and the new life, Matt. v, 17-26. Golden Text, Rom. xiii, 8, R. V., "He that loveth his neighbor hath fulfilled the law." The law of God is holy and just and good, but because it is so perfectly holy no mere man can keep it, and the one thing it does for us is to shut our mouths and bring us all in guilty before God, and then we are ready to receive the righteousness of God as a free gift.

LESSON VIII.—Truthfulness, Matt. v, 33-37; Jas. iii, 1-12; v, 12. Golden Text, Eph. iv, 25, R. V., "Putting away falsehood, speak ye truth each one with his neighbor, for we are members one of another." The tongue is not our chief trouble, but the power back of it, and when it is set on fire of hell (Jas. iii, 6) it does give a sample of hell on earth. Let the Prince of Peace, the Lord of Glory, control it, and all will be well.

LESSON IX.—Hypocrisy and sincerity, Matt. vi, 1-18. Golden Text, Matt. vi, 1, R. V., "Take heed that ye do not your righteousness before men, to be seen of them, else ye have no reward with your Father who is in heaven." The word to Abraham is still in force, "I am the mighty God, all sufficient; walk before me and be sincere" (Gen. xvii, 1). Not as pleasing men, but God, must be our motto (I Thess. ii, 4).

LESSON X.—Hearing and doing, Luke vi, 39-49. Golden Text, Jas. i, 22, "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." All who truly receive Christ are saved fully, freely and forever by His finished work, and that alone, but all such must prove before men the reality of the new life by walking in the good works prepared by God for them (Eph. ii, 10; Tit. iii, 8).

LESSON XI.—Christ's witness to John the Baptist, Matt. xi, 2-19. Golden Text, Luke vii, 28, R. V., "Among them that are born of women there is none greater than John, yet he that is but little in the kingdom of God is greater than he." When the kingdom comes the least in his glorified body shall be greater than John was in his mortal body, and John himself will be greater than ever before.

LESSON XII.—The penitent woman, Luke vii, 36-50. Golden Text, I Tim. i, 15, R. V., "Faithful is the saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Even such as she was can find a place in His kingdom, but such as self righteous Simon cannot enter. Behold this woman so occupied with and devoted to Jesus Christ that she is oblivious to all else!

Down to Earth.

"Sometimes I feel sure," said Bilkins, "that I once sat on a throne and waved a scepter."

"And now," remarked his cheery wife, "you are going to stand on the back porch and wave a rug beater."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ding, Ding!

Blobbs—If you were going in for music, which instrument would you choose? Slobbs—Well, I've always thought I would like to be a soloist on a cash register.—Philadelphia Record.

Setting Him Right.

The Husband—I was taken by surprise when you accepted me. The Wife—You were taken by mistake, John; don't make any mistake about that.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Good Salesman.

"That rich man has been able to marry off all his homely daughters."

"That is what I call 'scientific salesmanship.'"—Exchange.

Eggs a la Cupid

A Case Where Two Cooks Are Better Than One

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Just when and where and how Guy Hayes and Amy Wasson met does not appear. It might have been at a church sociable, or it might have been at the dancing class, or it might have been on the baseball grounds, for Guy was given to athletics, and Amy was an attendant upon the games. Be this as it may, they were seen together often, so often that a rumor was started that they were engaged.

"Come in Saturday night," said Amy, "and I'll make you something very nice."

"What is it?"

"A new dish."

"What kind of a dish?"

"You'll have to find that out when you come."

"Well, I'll be there, and I expect a treat, for I hear you're a fine cook."

"Please cork the alcohol bottle and put it in the cupboard," said Amy Wasson as she lighted the burner under the copper chafing dish.

Guy Hayes obeyed and then returned to the table where Amy stood, an enchanting figure in a pale gray gown, with a wisp of a lace apron tied about her slender waist with rose tinted ribbons.

"Next?" he inquired, surveying the various dishes of ingredients for the mixture Amy was about to concoct.

There were a fat cake of cream cheese, a dozen eggs, a pitcher of cream, salt, paprika and a cake of butter.

"You may whisk the eggs presently—now, you may break six into this dish—and don't forget that you are to operate the coffeepot."

Guy surveyed the round table with doubtful eyes. On one side the chafing dish hissed; near by a copper kettle



"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE TO NIGHT?"

boiled furiously over another alcohol flame; beside him was a French coffeepot waiting for the boiling water.

"It's like watching a three ring circus," he remarked as he broke the eggs carefully as directed and tossed the shells into the glowing fire at his back.

"It's better than a three ring circus, for you can have something nicer to eat than pink lemonade and peanuts," declared Amy as she dropped the cheese into the melted butter in the pan.

"What do you call it?" asked Guy, more because he wanted to hear her voice than because he cared what it was. Anything that Amy cooked was ambrosia to him.

"Eggs a la Cupid," answered Amy, bending above the sizzling mess in the pan. "Bess Delham gave me the recipe and—now, the cream, Guy. Thanks!"

"Want the eggs beaten?" asked Guy.

"Yes, indeed, of course! I'm all ready for them. Hurry!"

Guy beat furiously and spattered eggs over his shirt front and on his coat sleeves. It mattered nothing. It was for Amy.

The charming cook added the eggs and hung breathlessly over the mixture. She added salt and paprika and stirred gently. It foamed and creamed and grew smooth and delicious looking. By the time Guy had toasted two pieces of bread the coffee was ready and the toast was ready for the eggs a la Cupid.

Just as the last drop of delicious mixture was poured on the last piece of toast the door opened and the maid ushered in another young man.

It was Henry Blair.

Henry was Guy's deadly rival for the hand of Amy Wasson.

Guy got up reluctantly and gnawed his lip when Amy gave cordial greeting to the newcomer.

"You are just in time to taste a new dish!" she cried gayly. "Mr. Hayes and I have just concocted it."

Mr. Hayes greeted his rival with becoming solemnity and received a cold stare from Henry in return.

"Er—indeed! What do you call that?" he asked, with faint interest. He had preferred to be entertained in the drawing room, where he would be asked to sing, and when he sang then his voice and eyes could do deadly execution with Amy's heart. Who could be sentimental over a chafing dish and the odor of cooking food? He wrinkled his nose fastidiously.

"Eggs a la Cupid," said Amy, offering him one of the plates. She had hastily set another place at the table.

"Ha!" said Henry and then stopped abruptly.

Now, if Hayes hadn't been sitting there like a solemn owl Henry might have utilized that moment to have made some headway with Amy. Eggs a la Cupid was a phrase to conjure with. But he couldn't conjure with his rival glowering there.

Guy gave his plate to Amy and declined to taste the dish. He drank coffee and ate toast, but none of the egg dish was left, and that which was spread on the pieces of toast was quite cold by this time or rather tough.

"I'm so disappointed in it," mourned Amy. "It ought to be light and fluffy."

"Tastes like one that Bessie Delham makes," observed Henry carelessly. "Hers was quite foamy though."

"She gave me the recipe," said Amy coldly.

"Ah, did you make it?" queried Henry, surprised. "I thought Hayes must have concocted it."

"Why?" asked Amy, with sparkling eyes.

"Oh, because it's sort of in his line you know," murmured Henry, with a glance at Guy.

"Oh, no," said Guy coolly; "we manufacture soups down at our plant—not anything of this sort."

"Pardon," murmured Henry as he passed his cup for more coffee.

"Is it true that you are going to sing in vaudeville, Henry?" asked Amy presently. There was a wicked light in her blue eyes.

Mr. Blair's light eyebrows nearly disappeared in his fringe of blond hair.

"Me sing in vaudeville?" he demanded ungrammatically. "I never dreamed of such a thing, believe me, Miss Amy. Why do you ask?"

"Why, it's sort of in your line, you know," said Amy sweetly, and Henry accepted the rebuke and ate the unpalatable remains of his meal in amiable silence.

Guy Hayes' hopes went up by leaps and bounds. Amy had arisen in defense of him! She had rebuked Henry Blair in his presence—she had done it for him!

Then the remainder of the evening which Guy had expected to have enjoyed in a tete-a-tete with Amy, was spent in a general conversation.

After awhile they went into the drawing room, where Henry distinguished himself in his customary manner by singing love songs in a sweet baritone voice.

Guy could not sing a note.

Amy was fond of music.

Henry was a singer. He was the son of a rich man. He came of an old family, so old, in fact, that he appeared to think it was not necessary to be polite to his fellow men unless they could show a family tree of equal growth. He went to the same private school that Guy Hayes had attended, and it was he who had attached the nickname of "Soup" to Guy, whose father was a manufacturer of canned delicacies.

Guy remembered all these things, and his exuberant mood changed to one of depression. Of course Amy had defended him because she was kind hearted, not for any personal interest in him.

He took his leave while Henry was still there. He thought Amy's farewell was cold.

After his departure Henry Blair entertained his hostess with many anecdotes about Guy Hayes. He told of their school days—of the nickname of "Soup," which still clung to Guy, and many other mean things that no one except a very small minded young man would have remembered or cared to repeat.

Amy listened, but did not smile. She appeared bored. Henry was not surprised. Who wanted to discuss a bore like Hayes when one could talk to Henry about his affairs?

Guy Hayes did not see Amy again for a fortnight. Occasionally he met Henry Blair, and that gilded youth regarded him so coldly that Guy came to the conclusion that he had been put quite to rout by Miss Wasson.

In fact, that very night after Guy's departure Henry had proposed to Amy and had been refused.

Then one day Guy met Amy on the avenue.

"I was on my way up to see you," he said as he held her hand in his.

"Come this evening, and I will cook you some eggs on the chafing dish. You were cheated out of your share the other evening," said Amy kindly.

"Thank you. I'll come," promised Guy.

"Please cork the alcohol bottle and put it in the cupboard," said Amy that evening, and as Guy obeyed her he remembered that it was exactly what she had said, word for word, tone for tone, that other evening when Henry Blair had happened in and spoiled the occasion for Guy.

"What are you going to make tonight?" he inquired as he returned to the table.

"Eggs a la Cupid, of course," said Amy, dropping in the cake of cream cheese.

Guy watched her in silence as she stirred. The deep flush that came into her cheeks was caused by something more than the heat from the chafing dish. Suddenly he passed around the table beside her and laid his hand over hers that held the spoon.

"Amy," he whispered, "doesn't that recipe say that two hands are better than one at stirring eggs a la Cupid?"

Amy didn't draw away. Indeed, her cheek neared his until they touched.

"If it doesn't read that way it ought to," she murmured.

Hard Metals.

In one respect the diamond has always stood pre-eminent in the mineral world—that of hardness. Other substances have rivaled it in beauty, and at least one, the ruby, outranks it in cost, but none in the whole list equals it in hardness. Since the invention of the electric furnace, however, which is capable of producing a heat equal to 7,000 degrees F., at least two products have been prepared which have supplanted the diamond even in hardness. Experimenters have succeeded in producing titanium in the electric furnace in its pure form it is much harder than steel or quartz, and when combined with silicon, to form a silicide of titanium, or without boron, to form a boride of titanium, it surpasses the diamond itself in this quality.—Harper's.

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